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NOVEMBER 16, 1955
PRICE

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRINCESS MARGARET

Beginning . . . new life story of the Princess who sacrificed love for duty.
See page 12.

OUR NEW SERIAL: **MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR** by the author of "THE CAINE MUTINY"

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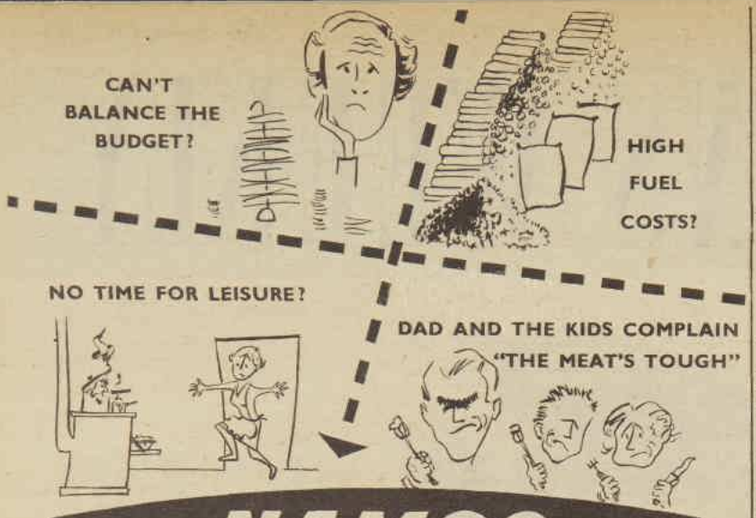

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Corned beef 20-30 mins. per lb. — 10-12 mins. per lb.	Cottage Pudding 2 hrs. — 30 mins.
Beef stew 2½ hrs. — 15 mins.	Chocolate Pudding 1½ hrs. — 20 mins.
Roast chicken 1½ hrs. — 20 mins.	Rice Custard 1 hr. — 4 mins.

VEGETABLES (Old Way — Namco Way)	SOUPS (Old Way — Namco Way)	FRUIT (Old Way — Namco Way)
Peas 20 mins. — 2 mins.	Split pea 4 hrs. — 15 mins.	Apricots 10 mins. — 1 min.
Carrots ¾ hr. — 3 mins.	Chicken 2 hrs. — 15 mins.	Peaches 15 mins. — 2 mins.
Beans 20-25 mins. — 3 mins.	French onion 1 hr. — 5 mins.	Apples 10 mins. — ½-1 min.
Potatoes 20-30 mins. — 5-8 mins.	Vegetable 2-3 hrs. — 20 mins.	Pears 20-30 mins. — 2-3 mins.

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SPAGHETTI ITALIENNE

1 lb. minced steak.
1 onion diced.
1 carrot diced.
1 parsnip diced.
1 turnip diced.
3 stalks celery diced.
1 clove garlic.
1 small tin tomato puree.
1 small tin tomatoes.
Salt and pepper.
Dash tobasco sauce.
Dash chili sauce. Bay leaf.

METHOD
(1) Brown meat and vegetables (except tomatoes) in little fat in pressure cooker.
(2) Add flavourings, tomatoes, tomato puree to cooker.
(3) Pressure cook 20 minutes.
Serve over cooked spaghetti, top with grated cheese.

Spaghetti:
Pressure cook spaghetti in 3 cups of boiling salted water for 6 minutes.

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NOVEMBER 16, 1955 — Vol. 23, No.

MARGARET'S CHOICE

PRINCESS MARGARET'S decision is one that will long be remembered whenever the conflict of love and duty is discussed.

It is obvious that she wished to marry Group-Captain Townsend, and that he wished to marry her. There can be few people, even those who sternly reject the remarriage of divorced persons as wrong, who do not sympathise with them both.

It must have been a sad and difficult decision for the Princess to make. Yet, in the light of all the possibilities, it was the only choice which could bring her peace of mind.

For happiness, as millions learn on their way through life, is not possible except with peace of mind.

Undoubtedly the Princess must have been deeply affected not only by her religious convictions but by love for her family. She probably found herself unable to support the knowledge that such a marriage would cause unhappiness to her sister, the Queen, to her mother, and indeed to all the members of the close-knit Royal Family.

It would have meant separation from that family, whatever the individual views of its members. The public life of Royalty is necessarily so closely bound up with its private life that no other outcome would have been possible.

It is difficult to assess what would have been the future of the Princess and Peter Townsend together, but one thing is certain: their future would have presented greater hazards to continuing contentment than those of the ordinary run of marriages.

Love, to withstand such hazards, must be of a kind rarely encountered in life. It is possible that in choosing the path of duty the Princess will, in time, find that she has chosen real happiness.

Millions will wish that this may be so.

Our cover:

● When we received this Cecil Beat[illegible] study of Princess Margaret, taken to m[illegible] her 25th birthday, speculation on the outco[illegible] of her romance with Group-Captain Pe[illegible] Townsend was at its height. The serio[illegible] thoughtful expression that the Princess sho[illegible] in her portrait proves to be curiously app[illegible]priate to the historic decision she has ma[illegible] in sacrificing love for duty.

This week:

● For some time we have been receiv[illegible] inquiries from Australia and overseas r[illegible]garding the closing date for entries in t[illegible] 1956 Portrait Prize. The answer and ot[illegible] details are given on page 33. The Port[illegible] Prize for 1955 produced the biggest batch [illegible] foreign-language letters we have received [illegible] a number of years. For many languages [illegible] found translators in our own office; for so[illegible] we had to call in outside assistance. Af[illegible] a while we began to assume that a[illegible] letter in a foreign language must be a requ[illegible] for information about the competition, but o[illegible] which showed up amid a translated ba[illegible] proved to have nothing to do with art. [illegible] was from two Portuguese sailors, asking f[illegible] penfriends.

● Turn to page 23 for the second [illegible] our weekly Baby Talk Contests. Ea[illegible] week prizes totalling £100 are offered. Resu[illegible] of the first contest will be anounced in t[illegible] issue of November 30.

● First instalment of "Marjorie Mor[illegible]ingstar" begins on pages 8 and 9. Th[illegible] best-selling new novel will be run in eight lo[illegible] instalments. Make sure of your copies of th[illegible] paper by ordering it ahead from your new[illegible] agent.

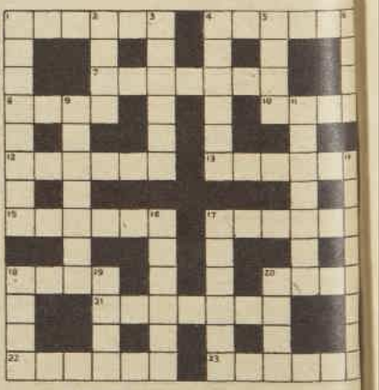
Next week:

● Last month the Queen Mother wen[illegible] into residence for the first time [illegible] the Scottish Castle of Mey, which she boug[illegible] in 1952. The castle has since been redec[illegible]ated and restored. Its story is told next we[illegible] in a two-page feature illustrated in color.

● Debbie, our teenage cook, sugge[illegible] home-made candies as Christmas gif[illegible] She gives instructions on how to make the[illegible] and shows how to present them attractivel[illegible]

● A Sydney couple have built a beautif[illegible] modern home on a site which w[illegible] originally a quarry. Color pictures show t[illegible] house, and an accompanying story tells h[illegible] the owners supervised the construction.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. No. Not hounded. Just obstinate (6).
4. Italian town, colorful when burnt (6).
7. To make humid (7).
8. Five hundred to rent and trickle (4).
10. The listener starts to deserve (4).
12. Carve in relief, finishing with the manager (6).
13. Right to come in between the fish and the joint (6).
15. If you see it from the back it's dull brown at this inn famous in Chaucer's tales (6).
17. Vital parts of the body used as musical instruments (6).
18. Make twice an extinct bird (4).
20. Daze in hollest unction (4).
21. This flower could be a big one (7).
22. Is this a sunburnt sailor or a Scotsman's garment? (6).
23. Birds minted in the U.S.A. (6).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. You may call such result a lifeless calorie (4, 4).
2. This Dickensian nurse is useful for rainy days (4).
3. You may say it about a dentist, a sergeant, a farmer, or a miner (6).
4. Fixed starting point for a golfer to rest on (6).
5. The sea-eagle swallows the navy with ease (4).
6. A French negation in a little while (4).
9. Received into the mind (7).
11. A seat of emotions equally advanced (7).
14. These French follow a German industrial city to produce perfume (8).
16. Haul on a fabulous beast (8).
17. Fruit produced in an African State (6).
18. Man's original material (4).
19. Death has no fragment (4).
20. Caruso did it well (4).

T	Y	R	O	L	E	A	N	M	E	A	N
R	A	I	S	■	P	O	■	■	■	■	■
E	X	T	E	N	D	S	■	R	E	G	A	L
A	■	■	E	■	O	■	I	■	E	■	■	■
S	H	A	M	■	O	I	O	M	E	D	E	S
U	■	I	■	A	■	L	■	A	■	■	E	■
R	E	L	E	N	T	■	A	G	N	A	T	E
E	■	■	■	O	■	R	■	E	■	B	■	D
S	K	I	T	T	L	E	S	■	O	B	O	L
■	■	■	M	■	H	■	C	■	S	■	W	■
S	T	A	L	E	■	O	U	T	W	O	R	N
■	■	■	G	■	R	■	U	■	U	■	O	■
A	B	E	T	■	S	P	A	N	G	L	E	S

Solution to last week's crossword.

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The words that Ellen had written on the paper were apparently funny enough to make the old coachman laugh heartily.

A Pair of Innocents

A charming and amusing short story

By DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BECK

IT really is astonishing (said my very elderly aunt) how girls go about on their own these days. A pair of them will dash off to Switzerland, or the Pyrenees, and clamber on the mountains, and nobody seems to wonder whether they might come to grief.

Now, when I was young, things were different. So, so different. It was considered daring, fast, merely to wish for a Continental holiday. I never dreamed I should get the chance of one. You can imagine my delight, therefore, when an aunt of mine offered to pay for a fortnight in Austria.

At the time I had just left school. Ellen, a cousin a little older than myself, was staying with us. She had blue eyes, a lot of brown hair, a slim figure, and a tendency to model herself on the heroine of the novel she happened to be reading. It could be a little puzzling, now and then, because one week you might find her trying to be mysterious and slightly sinister, and the next gracious and very spiritual.

One hot August afternoon my father's elder sister, Aunt Rachel, came to the house. Though her husband was English, his mother had been Austrian, and Aunt Rachel had several relations by marriage living out there. We had an enormous respect for her, as somebody well versed in the mysteries of foreign travel.

She gave us that neat, efficient smile of hers, and said to my mother: "Would these two care for a week or so in Innsbruck?"

Would we, indeed!

Aunt Rachel went on to explain. She was leaving in the middle of the month, and she would be glad to take us and pay all expenses.

Ellen's current heroine was calm, cool, somewhat aloof, but the news was so wonderful that for a few moments she clean forgot her role.

"Oh, Aunt Rachel!" she burst out. "How wonderful!"

As for me, I wanted to dance. In fact, I believe I did dance.

"Mother, you will let us, won't you? Oh, we can, can't we?"

Mother agreed, and told Aunt Rachel it was more than generous of her, not only spending all that money, but accepting the responsibility of looking after two girls on foreign soil.

Aunt Rachel replied: "They will be no trouble at all," and her smile implied that nothing ever could go wrong while she was in charge. She told us we would be staying at a small but well-run boarding establishment known as the Braunhof, and gave us an idea of what clothes we ought to take out with us.

After she had gone, and I was still beside myself with excitement, Ellen said: "Lucy, must you behave like this?"

"I can't help it! I want to jump over the moon! Don't you?"

"My dear coz, can't you see that you're acting like a child? I'm enormously grateful to Aunt Rachel, and looking forward to it, but——"

"But what?"

She said: "Do remember you're grown up. I don't ask you to be blase, but at least try to be a little more self-possessed. Personally, I believe in a touch of the aloof in everything—especially when dealing with men."

That came as a shock. The idea of Ellen dealing with any men at all, and then being aloof with them, was odd, to say the least of it.

Her hand went up to her hair, and she said with a suggestion of the languid: "Natural dignity is a woman's greatest asset. She should never be at a loss in any situation."

She must have taken that idea straight out of her novel, and meant to live up to it. In view of what happened in Austria, that was a pity.

We reached Innsbruck late one evening, and were driven to the Braunhof in an open carriage. The pension stood in a quiet road, not entirely built up. At the beginning of the road was a vacant plot surrounded by a low wall, and altogether it was most peaceful.

The next day Aunt Rachel took us around the town.

After dinner in the evening we sat in the drawing-room. There were several English people at the Braunhof, including a young man named Henry Warwick. I can see him now.

He was tall and slender, with a wide but shapely mouth. I expect he was about twenty-five. We learned from somebody staying there that he was with a branch of a British firm having interests in Austria.

Ellen was attracted to him immediately. She did her utmost to pretend otherwise, but I had known her long enough not to be deceived. I could see her concentrating on conveying the impression that she was at least twenty-one or twenty-two.

Presently he got into conversation with us, and looked a great deal more at Ellen than at me. He was obviously drawn to her, and the harder he tried to rouse her interest the more she pretended to be unaware of it. After a while he sighed and turned to me. "I suppose you've left school?"

I said, "Yes," and Ellen smiled at me with a kind of inward, benevolent amusement, as if her own schooldays lay regretfully far behind.

"And are you enjoying your stay in Austria?" he asked me, though his eyes were on Ellen.

I said: "It's glorious!"

Ellen then said: "Innsbruck has a certain charm, a change from the sophistication of London."

"You've travelled a great deal, I expect?"

Luckily for her, Aunt Rachel was out of the room. She

To page 42

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Already he knew he had to protect her against the cold winds of sadness and disappointment.

GOLDEN WILLOW

A short story BY DOROTHY EDEN

THERE were only the two of them in the lift when it stuck between the third and second floors, Mick Ferguson and the girl.

Mick pressed the ground-floor button and then the button of each floor in turn. Nothing whatever happened.

"Well, here we are," Mick said. "Old Faithful's stuck again."

The girl looked at him. "Does it often do this?"

"Oh, every month or so. I hope you're not in a hurry. We're liable to be here anything up to six hours."

"Six hours!" Her voice was full of dismay. She was a scrap of a thing, very young. Her fair hair was coiled in a chignon. In her thin face everything seemed too wide—her mouth, her eyes, the almost straight line of her eyebrows.

Mick noticed those things almost mechanically because he was used to observing women's faces. He drew them for magazines. Usually the ones he drew required to be much more glamorous than this one. It was a pity. He could have whiled away the time in sketching her.

There were voices from down below in the lift-well. The lift-bell rang futilely, and someone shouted up: "Hang on, there. We'll soon get you down."

"You see," said Mick, "someone will fix it. We just relax."

The girl giggled faintly.

"Like being down a coal-mine?"

"Exactly. We're doomed to die of black-damp."

Then she sat cross-legged on the floor, clutching a brown-paper parcel to her. Suddenly Mick found he did not want to draw her. She had a curious formal grace sitting there. She could have been a skinny leprechaun sitting on a toadstool.

"I'm Michael Ferguson," he said. "More commonly known as Mike. I draw."

"How do you do?" she said politely. "I'm Nicola Brown. That Brown part isn't very good, is it? I may have to change it."

"Being snobbish?"

"No. When I become a prima ballerina." She clutched the scruffy parcel, which, of course, contained ballet shoes. "It doesn't seem as if I'm likely to be one now. If you're more than ten minutes late for rehearsals, that's the end. Five minutes may be a little unjust, but ten is fair, Mr. Sebastian says."

Mick responded by shouting, "Hurry up down there. We have urgent appointments."

There were various clankings and the hollow voice came back, "Hold your horses. We're doing all we can."

Mick sat on the floor in the opposite corner. "Can you play two-up?"

"No, but I can learn."

"Good! Now, we're playing for money, so listen carefully."

At the end of an hour and a half Mick had won, on paper, fifteen shillings and sixpence.

Nicola sighed. "This isn't my lucky day. It's Friday the thirteenth, did you know? It's always been an absolutely disastrous day for me. Oh, well, I suppose I can go home to Aunt Patience."

"You mean you'll really be sacked?"

"Sure thing! Mr. Sebastian is a tiger."

"What were you in this show?"

"A tree."

She stood up and assumed a pose, arms held out, toes pointed.

"Of course, the costume made it realistic," she said.

Mick reflected. "It would take you some time to be a prima ballerina via that wooded road."

"It would have been a beginning. It's only a pantomime Mr. Sebastian is doing, but it would have been a beginning."

She sighed, and suddenly the lift clanked and shuddered and began to move downwards. When the doors opened at the botom they were overwhelmed with profuse apologies by the manager.

Nicola smiled with her unexpected formal grace.

"It was nothing at all. We had fun. Excuse me now. I have to telephone."

She disappeared into the telephone-box. Mick had no need to wait. He was not staying at the Grange Hotel. He had merely called to see George Horton, an old friend, crippled by an accident, who had a suite of rooms on the third floor. But he waited until the girl emerged from the telephone-box and walked swiftly to the swing doors.

There was no earthly reason why he should feel obscurely guilty about her plight, but somehow he did. She was too young and too thin.

He caught her outside the doors.

"Any good?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Didn't I say? Mr. Sebastian keeps his word, and there are other trees in the wood."

Rather to his own impatience, Mick heard himself saying, "Then you'd better eat with me."

"Thank you, but I'm in your debt already."

"So you are! You can give me an I.O.U. payable on your first night as prima ballerina. In the meantime, you have to stay alive."

She said, "All right," vaguely, as if suddenly it didn't matter much.

He took her arm and piloted her across the road to a cafe.

He ordered a substantial meal. He had a feeling that to succeed, even as a tree in a pantomime, one ought to have more flesh on one's bones.

Nicola looked at the food on her plate, smiled brightly, and began to cry.

"Hey!" said Mick abruptly. "What about this Aunt Patience?"

The answer was difficult, muffled.

"She doesn't care about ballet—or me—very much. It would be going back to what I got away from. And that would be rather awful."

"Agreed," said Mick. "Well, there are other ballets—not other Sebastians, heaven forbid!" (How did I get into this? he asked himself silently. Me playing the sentimental uncle, or what-have-you, to a waif!)

"The practical thing," he went on briskly, "is to get another sort of job. What sort of tree were you supposed to be, anyway?"

"A palm," she murmured.

"That's plain ridiculous. Now, I see you as a birch, no, a golden willow—you know, the kind that shines like sunlight in the winter-time. But a palm! No, quite out of character. Anyway, this tree business is crazy. I thought you wanted to dance."

She was drying her eyes surreptitiously.

"I'm sorry, Mick," she said. "I won't cry any more, but I can't eat. Thank you all the same. I'll remember the fifteen and six when I'm a prima ballerina, like you said. Now, do you mind if I go?"

"Look!" He started up. "Have you somewhere to live?"

She looked at him with her curious, memorable dignity.

"Of course," she said. "Goodnight, Mick."

He had a feeling that he ought to have followed her and made sure that she wasn't planning to sleep in the park. Anyway, the accident with the lift hadn't been his fault. If she were really starving he had tried to buy her a meal. He had done what he could.

His own flat seemed a little emptier than usual that night. Weeks ago he had put the photograph of Sylvia away upside down in the tin trunk that held all his accumulated junk. Now, for some reason, he had to get it out, delve among books and old sketches, until he had her lovely pictured face in his hand and his heart, or his flesh, was being tortured afresh.

"Never trust blondes," he muttered to himself, and suddenly tore the photograph savagely in two. "Never trust any woman."

And he switched on the light over his drawing table and began, with practised hand, to sketch the healthy curves of one more female figure. Keep women on paper. That was the safest place for them.

It was a fortnight later that he had dinner at the Grange with George Horton, and the girl who waited on their table was Nicola.

She gave a small smile at his exclamation of recognition.

"I couldn't pay my bill here, so I suggested that, since it was their job that had caused me to lose my job, they give me something to do," she explained with her natural dignity.

"And the dancing?" Mick asked.

"Something will turn up." Her slight figure in the waitress' uniform had a great deal of grace. Again the smile of the golden willow came into Mick's heart. The cold winds of ill-fortune were blowing on her, but she kept her radiance.

It wasn't his imagination that she had a kind of shine in the gloomy dining room. They must have fed her better, for her cheeks had lost their hollowness. Now he did want to sketch her.

"She practises in her spare time," George was saying.

Mick turned on him. "How do you know?"

George, with the patient smile of a cripple, said, "She talks to me sometimes. She's a nice kid. Didn't you used to know someone in the dancing world? Couldn't you help her?"

It was a long time since Mick had seen Angela Bray—not since the Sylvia days. Angela had been Sylvia's most intimate friend. She knew everything that had happened, so, although it roused the old, angry pain to talk to her again, it had the merit of no explanations being needed.

"Mick, where have you been all the time?" she cried, when Mick telephoned her.

"Just around," he said.

"But no one ever sees you nowadays. Never mind, darling, we do understand. Sylvia has gone to the States, by the way."

"Oh!" He found it surprisingly difficult to keep his voice impersonal. He even felt impersonal. "A job?"

"Yes, a job, I think. Mick, I'm having a party tomorrow night. Do come. Please! Everyone would be so delighted."

"What, at seeing my ugly face? I might at that, too," he said suddenly. "Can I bring a girl?"

"A dozen dancing girls, if you like."

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"Well, that's what she is, as a matter of fact. Or hopes to be. I'll be seeing you, Angela."

So now Angela knew that he was soliciting a job for a protegee.

Well, what did it matter? That was the truth. But he still didn't know why he was doing it—except that the cold winds shouldn't get too bitter for the frail willows.

He had expected Nicola to be the trouble, but she wasn't at all. Her face, which was plain and yet very far from plain, lit up, and she exclaimed, "A party! Oh, how wonderful! I adore parties!" And she promptly spilt the soup on the tablecloth, and George said in his patient voice, "If you're like that before a party, Nicola, what are you going to be like after?"

"I'll lose my job," Nicola said happily.

"Perhaps it won't matter," George said.

Mick grunted. Angela had some influence, but not that much. And she had to like the girl.

What the child would have to wear to a party hadn't occurred to him. That didn't matter, either, for she wore a simple green blouse with a black skirt, and everyone looked at her at once.

They surged round Mick, welcoming him back after his long absence, but it was really Nicola they were looking at. He knew that, because the same thing had used to happen when he had come into a room with Sylvia. He had sworn it would never happen again. It wouldn't after this one night.

"What sort of dancing does she do?" Angela asked.

"Ballet."

"Have you seen her?"

"No. It's because we got stuck in a lift together and she lost her job."

Angela looked at him with raised brows.

"Well, I'll take her into the studio later."

The evening presently became a noisy and rather exhausting blur. Everyone was just starting to talk to him about Sylvia and then biting their tongues, and because it was painful to him to see people embarrassed on his behalf he kept having another drink.

Angela had taken Nicola away, and when she had come back various young men had clustered round her, and her face had grown so flushed and excited that Mick had left her to have her fun. But it had to end some time.

He edged his way to her side.

"Time we were going," he said.

Her face fell. "Oh, Mick! I hate to leave the party."

"Parties can't last forever. Come along."

She put her hand in his. "All right, Mick."

On the way home she fell asleep in her corner of the car and outside the Grange he had to shake her awake.

"Breakfast starts at eight!" he hissed.

She sighed and said again, "Mick, I hated to leave the party."

But she climbed out of the car and went inside, and he thought, muzzily, that that cancelled out the time she had left in tears. He should have been happy, but all he felt was a dull, flat weariness after too many drinks.

In the morning Angela telephoned.

"Is your little one pleased, Mick?" she drawled.

"My little one?"

"Your adorable little Nicola, who really can dance very competently. Amos Leigh has promised to fit her into his new ballet. That's something, isn't it?"

"That is something," said Mick, knowing he should be grateful, and not merely dull and heavy-headed. "Thank you, Angela. The kid needed a break. I'm really grateful."

"You don't need to be, darling. We're all so delighted you're becoming human again."

So that was it. They thought he was in love with Nicola. How very naive of them! Because their minds worked that way, they imagined his did, too. Well, what did it matter? He had stopped behaving like a Greek tragedian and that was something.

It was much later that Nicola telephoned. She was quite breathless.

"Mick, I'm so sorry I couldn't ring earlier, but I slept in and everything went wrong at breakfast and one of the housemaids was ill, so I had to do her work. And then Miss Bray rang and, honestly, I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels."

"Shouldn't dancers be on their toes?"

"Oh, Mick, that's just it! I've got a job, and I know you did it for me. I can't think why, but it's heavenly. I'm going to work so hard that in just no time I'll have honored that I.O.U."

"Sketch me, quickly," said Nicola, arranging herself on the sofa, but Mick muttered in answer, "I can't hurry.

"Play safe and live on the ground floor," Mick commented dryly.

She laughed on a little high gasp of pleasure and was gone. He found himself wishing he could have seen her face. But it didn't matter. It was out of his sphere. He drew the healthy, dumb, blond type of face. No advertising company would want Nicola's ethereal rapture.

Jobs seemed to be in the wind, for that day he was asked to do the illustrations for a Spanish book that promised to be very successful. It involved a trip to Spain. He was away two months. When he got back there was a note from Nicola waiting for him. It read: "Dear Mick, we open on the fifteenth. Please come. Nicola."

He thought that the ethereal quality of Nicola's dancing might be a piquant change from the virility and hardness of Madrid, and decided to go to the show. It never occurred to him that Nicola, who was absorbed in her ambitions, might have missed him. He discovered that afterwards.

In the meantime, he was amused and pleased to see that Nicola had been given a small solo part, and that she danced exquisitely. In the interval, Angela Bray tapped him on the shoulder.

"Mick, what fun seeing you here! Did you come back specially for the first night?"

"Specially?"

She laughed, her broad, intelligent face too knowing.

"And why not specially? She's really enchanting. Amos is delighted with her."

Mick grunted. Angela mistook his annoyance for embarrassment.

"Mick, everyone has to kill his ghosts. Thank goodness you've dispatched yours."

She was referring to Sylvia, of course. It was true that he had dispatched her. He hadn't thought of her with that old bitter pain for weeks. Even now, when he deliberately conjured up her fair, provocative face, it failed to hurt him. And there was nothing to this suggestion about Nicola. She was no more to him than a swan on a stream, a golden willow on a grey day.

Or was she?

He saw her after the show and she flew into his arms.

"Mick!" she cried. "You came!"

"I happened to be in town," he said gruffly. Her body in his surprised arms was as small as a bird's. She smelt of scented dusting powder. The eye-shadow had melted and run slightly on her cheeks. She wasn't real. She was a small, mobile doll off the stage, a breathless doll with smudged eye-shadow and a palpitating heart.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't be here," she said.

"Would that have mattered?" He was genuinely surprised.

"Of course. Mick, there's a party afterwards. Come with me."

"I don't care much for parties."

"But I love them. Do come." Her eyes pleaded. He heard himself saying, to his immense astonishment, "If you sit for me for a sketch afterwards."

"But of course, Mick. Of course."

The party was a haze of drinks and food and congratulations. It was only afterwards, in his small, sky-lighted studio, that things became real.

Nicola sat on the sofa, her full skirt flowing about her. Her head drooped.

"Sketch me quickly, Mick," she said.

"I can't hurry," he muttered, gathering drawing paper and pencils. She didn't seem to know she had that grace. It was unconscious, but always there, no matter how she sat or stood. Like a flower. Or a tree. No one would want these sort of sketches. They weren't even commercial. But he had to do them.

"Mick, I'm tired." Her forlorn voice came from a long way off.

He looked up.

"I'm terribly sorry. How long have I been?"

"An hour and a half. I'm dead."

She stood up, making a little rueful gesture. Then she swayed. He caught her. She leaned quietly against him.

"Mick, I love you."

"No!" he said violently.

"I do. I must. You can't stop me."

"No!" he said again.

She straightened herself, then went quietly to gather up her coat and bag.

"Nothing will ever stop me," she said.

She still lived at the Grange Hotel. All the way there in his car he talked to her emphatically, persuasively.

"You don't really love me. You're only grateful to me. And you don't even have to be that. I didn't do anything beyond happening to know Angela Bray. If it came to that, I could have thought of introducing you to her before George made me think of it. If you love anyone, it ought to be George. That is, if you're going to love anyone out of gratitude," he finished lamely.

She answered nothing at all. He thought she had fallen asleep, as she had done the last time he had driven her home, but when he stopped the car outside the Grange she opened her eyes and gave him that starry look.

"It's you," she said, and got out of the car and ran up the steps and disappeared into the hotel.

He wouldn't see her again. He made that decision at once.

A month went by. When he called to see George Horton he did so in the evening while Nicola was at the theatre. Then George told him that Nicola had taken a flat of her own. So now the chance of his encountering her again was extremely slight.

He didn't feel guilty about it. If she really loved him she was young enough to quickly get over it. She would come to thank him. She was a dancer. The next fifteen years of her life lay on the stage. She might one day be great. It would be senseless and selfish to take that away from her.

What had he to offer instead? A cottage

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Cyclamen . . . an **electric** blue-red by Michel. You'll revel in the excitement of this glorious shade . . . respond to its compelling, but fervently feminine, charm.

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RETALIATION

Teenager story of the month

By PATRICIA RANKIN

19-year-old Sydney typist

SHE had it all planned, all planned beautifully. All that was needed was great care and she would have committed the perfect crime.

It hadn't been easy. It had taken time to study Joyce's movements and habits, but now she had got the scene of the crime fixed and the exact time for the crime to be committed.

Joyce always worked back late on Wednesdays, and at about 7 o'clock was the only person in the building. It would be quite easy to get in and out of the office undetected.

Although Ruth would never admit it to herself, her motive for murder was jealousy. She was jealous of Joyce because of her job and because of George. Luck was always in for Joyce, while for herself there seemed to be nothing but the worst of all bad luck.

When the position of head dress designer fell open, the job by rights should have been given to Ruth. She had been longest with the firm and had talent. But Joyce had got the job. She also had George, for although he had taken both of them out at various times, she knew she held second place to Joyce.

Most people would have thought the whole thing most unlucky and been terribly miserable, but they wouldn't have done anything about it. But Ruth saw no point in that faint-hearted attitude, for there was so much to gain, and, as she had arranged everything so carefully, nothing to lose.

As she was jolted along in the rickety tram on the appointed night, she ran through in her mind all the little details that would ensure that she would commit the perfect crime. Her mind always had been quick and alert, and she was certainly no fool. She couldn't possibly fail.

She walked quietly along the long corridor of the dark, deserted building. Joyce never did like working back late, Ruth thought. Joyce was the nervous type with the most vivid imagination.

Well, Ruth's lips formed themselves into a thin smile; she really did have something to be nervous about after all. She opened the door to the office and walked in.

Joyce looked up, startled. "Hullo, Ruth, forget something?"

"I hope not," Ruth said.

She walked up to the desk. Opening her handbag, she drew out the stocking—and swiftly the deed was done.

To make it appear as if the murderer had been searching for something, she scattered on the floor some papers from the filing-cabinet, untidied the desk drawers, and scattered the papers that were lying on top of the desk.

Looking round the office, she made sure everything was in order. She had left no fingerprints, and the stocking would not give her away. It was one of a pair which hadn't been used, and the other she had burnt. There was nothing, she thought, with a final glance back from the door, that could lead anyone to suspect her of this crime.

And she was right, for no one did suspect her, and a few days after Joyce's death she took over as head designer.

. . . . . .

As she sat at the desk and looked round her office Ruth felt a wave of satisfaction. She had seen a lot of George in the last few days, too. Of course he had been greatly upset by the murder, but he couldn't bear sitting around thinking about it, and Ruth, he said, was just the person to console him. She was so understanding.

As the days went by Ruth almost forgot about the murder. She wasn't the nervous type, and never let anything prey on her mind. Of course the papers had featured the murder on their front pages, but, so far, they said, no clues had been revealed as to the identity of the murderer.

Of course they hadn't, for she had arranged everything perfectly. She had committed the perfect crime.

After working at the new job for some days Ruth found that there was so much work to be done that she had to work back on Wednesdays, as Joyce had done.

As she sat at her desk one night she remembered that it was exactly six weeks since Joyce's death. She had been sitting at this very spot. Ruth could see the scene so vividly, could see the scattered papers on the floor, the stocking—

A sound made her look up—wasn't it footsteps she could hear stepping quietly along the corridor? But it couldn't be, for she was the only person in the office at this time of night—like Joyce had been the night she was murdered.

She must calm down, she told herself, I'm getting nervy—like Joyce. But Joyce had reason to be nervous.

She could still hear the footsteps, or was it her thumping heart she could hear?

As she sat, her hands grasping the edge of the desk and her eyes fixed on the slightly open door, she could almost see Joyce's face staring at her, her eyes filled with terror as she had drawn out the stocking.

The footsteps had stopped now, and as she kept staring at the door she could feel the sweat on her forehead and could hear her heart pounding. The door opened slowly. She wanted to scream, but no sound would come, and still the door kept opening—slowly.

It was George who entered. So he had found out the truth and was going to do to her what she had done to Joyce. He walked towards her, and, not able to contain her fear any longer, she screamed.

. . . . . .

"You know, Inspector, I never suspected she had committed the murder. She was always so calm and sure of herself," George said.

"The whole thing is rather a shock to me," he went on. "I just went up to ask her out for a cup of coffee when she finished work, and the next thing I knew she was screaming out that she only did it because of me, and admitted that she had killed Joyce."

"It often happens that way, Mr. Marsden. She may have felt sure of herself, but subconsciously she had the fear of being discovered. When she saw you come in, it seemed to her as if the crime was being re-enacted and her nerve gave way. One's mind is a funny thing, and it is apt to play tricks on us if we're under some sort of strain. She may have committed the perfect crime, but, fortunately for us, that was one thing she overlooked."

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There was nothing, Ruth thought, with a final glance back from the door, that could lead anyone to suspect her of this crime.

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Marjorie Morningstar

In this great story Herman Wouk writes of women and love as forcefully as he wrote of men and ships in "The Caine Mutiny"

An intuition about her future came flooding into her mind. This pretty girl in the mirror was destined to be an actress, nothing else.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4928409

New serial by HERMAN WOUK .... author of "The Caine Mutiny"

CUSTOMS of courtship vary greatly in different times and places, but the way the thing happens to be done here and now always seems the only natural way to do it.

Marjorie's mother looked in on her sleeping daughter at half past ten on a Sunday morning with feelings of puzzlement and dread. She disapproved of everything she saw. She disapproved of the expensive black silk evening dress crumpled on a chair, the pink, frothy underwear thrown on top of the dress, the stockings like dead snakes on the floor, the brown, wilting gardenias on the desk.

Above all, she disapproved of the beautiful seventeen-year-old girl lying happily asleep on a costly oversize bed in a square of golden sunlight, her hair a disordered brown mass of curls, her r. mouth streaked with cracking, purplish paint, her breathing peaceful and regular through her fine, little nose.

Marjorie was recovering from a college dance. She looked sweetly innocent asleep, but her mother feared that this picture was deceptive, remembering the drunken male laughter in the foyer at 3 a.m., and subdued girlish giggles and tip-toeing noises past her bedroom.

Marjorie's mother did not get much sleep when her daughter went to a college dance. But she had no thought of trying to stop her; it was the way boys met girls nowadays. College dances had formed no part of the courtship manners of her own girlhood, but she tried to move with the times. She sighed, took the dying flowers to try to preserve them in the refrigerator, and went out, softly closing the door.

The slight noise woke Marjorie. She opened large, blue-grey eyes, rolled her head to glance at the window, then sat up eagerly. The day was brilliantly clear and fine. She jumped from the bed in her white nightgown and ran to the window and looked out.

It was one of the many charms of the El Dorado that it faced Central Park. Here on the seventeenth floor there was no one to peer in on her nakedness but the birds of the air. This fact, even more than the spacious view of the green park and the skyscrapers, gave Marjorie a sense of luxury each day when she awoke. She had enjoyed this freedom from prying eyes for less than a year. Marjorie loved everything about the El Dorado, even the name. "El Dorado" was perfectly suited to an apartment building on Central Park West. It had a fine foreign sound to it.

There were two categories of foreignness in Marjorie's outlook: high foreign, like French restaurants, British riding clothes, and the name El Dorado; and low foreign, like her parents. By moving to the El Dorado on Central Park West her parents had done much, Marjorie believed, to make up for their immigrant origin. She was grateful to them for this, and proud of them.

What a wonderful day it was for horseback riding! The warm breeze smelled of new grass, here seventeen floors above the murmuring auto traffic. The sky was bright blue, with little white tufts of cloud, and the green park was tufted with white, too, where cherry trees were blossoming. She felt unbelievably good as recollections of last night came back to her. She hugged herself with pleasure, crossing her arms and clutching her bare, pretty shoulders with her hands.

Her dreams of the gawky days of thirteen and fourteen had come true and more than true. Four years ago she had scampered and squealed with other skinny, dirty little girls in the playgrounds of Bronx public schools. Last night she had walked on the moonlit grounds of Columbia College.

She had faintly heard the young men who lived in the dormitories shouting and laughing, a wonderful rich male noise. She had danced in a wood-panelled hall decorated with colored lanterns and great blue flags, and sometimes she had been only inches away from the smiling band leader, a famous man. She had danced with dozens of boys.

Even when the band was resting a victrola had played, and there had been more boys to dance with her to the thin, scratchy music. One of them, the son of the owner of a great department store, was going to ride with her today in Central Park.

She picked the black dress off the chair and smoothed it gratefully. It had done its work well. Other girls had floundered through the dance in wretched tulles and flounces and taffetas, like the dresses her mother had tried for two weeks to buy for the great occasion. But she had fought for this tube of curving black crepe-silk, high-necked enough to seem demure, and had won; and she had captivated the son of a millionaire. That was how much her mother knew about clothes.

There was a rap at the door. "Marjorie, are you up?"

"Just getting into the shower, Mom." She darted into the bathroom and turned on a drumming rush of hot water. Sometimes her mother came in and shouted questions at her through the shower curtain, but she didn't today.

Marjorie returned to the bedroom and waited for a moment, watching the doorknob. Then she walked to the full-length mirror on the closet door, and draped the black dress against her bosom, pleased by the contrast it made with her naked shoulders and tumbling hair.

At this moment—it was quite an important moment in her life—she grew hot and prickled all over. An intuition about her future came flooding into her mind, like sunlight at the drawing of a curtain. She was going to be an actress! This pretty girl in the mirror was destined to be an actress, nothing else.

Since entering Hunter College in February of the previous year, Marjorie had been taking a course of study leading to a licence as a biology teacher, but she had long suspected that she was going through empty motions, that chalk and blackboard weren't for her. Nor had she been able to picture herself settling into dull marriage at twenty-one.

From her thirteenth birthday onward a peculiar destiny had been in her blood, waiting for a proper time to crop out, and disturbing her with premonitory sensations. But what she experienced on this May morning was no mere premonition; it was the truth bursting through. She was going to be an actress! The daydreams of her childhood had not been mere dreams after all.

In the light of this truth—for it was not a resolve, not a decision, but rather a sudden insight into an existing truth—all her life seemed to take shape. Puzzling things were explained. Contradictions melted away.

This was why she had triumphed at Columbia last night, and this was why she had been such a fish out of water all her life in the Bronx. This was why without effort she had been the star of all the playlets at school and in summer camps. Even as a child she had had a quick mind, a gift of mimicry, an excellent memory, and self-possessed charm. Some instinct had taught her early to imitate the speech of her English teachers. Long before her family moved to Manhattan she had been half-mocked and half-admired in the highly critical society of the Bronx gutters, where her nickname had been Lady Pieface. Now, in an amazingly short time, she had transformed herself into a Central Park West charmer, the belle of a Columbia dance.

She had sometimes wondered at her own remarkable advance—her quick mastery of collegiate slang, her grace on the dance floor, her polished charm of gesture, above all her unfailing run of bright talk, which always sounded clever even when there was nothing in it. She knew that in truth she was still very much Lady Pieface of the Bronx playing a hastily learned part. But her performance had been getting better week by week, and last night she had scored an unmistakable smash hit.

The wonder of all this vanished, on the supposition that she was an actress discovering her powers. Any other supposition no longer made sense.

She dropped into the chair at her desk, letting the dress fall over her piled-up, unfinished homework. White steamy clouds from the shower, shot through with yellow bars of sunlight, were filling the room. Marjorie kept staring at herself in the mirror through the vapors, unmindful of the roaring waste of hot water.

Had there ever been successful Jewish actresses? Of course: Sarah Bernhardt, Rachel—and now that she thought of it, rumor described half the great stars of Hollywood as Jewish.

But her name wasn't good. It wasn't good at all. There was wondrous resonance in Sarah Bernhardt, stark elegance in Rachel—whereas her own . . . Marjorie Morgenstern . . .

Then came the confirming flash, the white streak of revelation. Such a simple change! Not even a change, a mere translation of the German compound, and her drab name turned into an incantation, a name that could blaze and thunder on Broadway. She pushed aside the dress, seized a pencil, threw open her biology notebook to a blank page, and hastily printed Marjorie Morningstar.

She stared at the name, sprawled in dark blue ink over the light blue lines of the page.

Then she wrote under the name May 7, 1933.

She ripped the page out of the book, folded it, and locked it in he rosewood box where she kept George's love-letters. Then, singing, she disappeared into the foggy bathroom.

Mrs. Morgenstern had eaten breakfast several hours earlier with her husband, who was unable to sleep once the day dawned, Sunday or not. Calculating the time it would take her daughter to shower and dress, she placed herself at the breakfast table again a few seconds before Marjorie came out of her room. In her hand was a cup of steaming coffee. She was not lying in wait to grill Marjorie. Surely she was entitled to an extra cup of coffee on Sunday morning.

"Hello, mother, dear." Marjorie draped her jacket on the arm of a chair.

Mrs. Morgenstern put down her coffee with a gasp.

"That sweater, Marjorie."

"What about it? Don't you like the color?" She knew what her mother didn't like. She had spent the last few minutes at the mirror worrying about the sweater. It perfectly matched her British boots and breeches and tweed jacket, and the russet band on her perky hat—all new, all being worn for the first time. It had looked charming in the shop, this cat-smooth russet cashmere, and the size was correct. But the fit was snug; mighty snug.

Marjorie knew that a pretty girl in a tight sweater created a commotion. It was very vexing, she thought, and so silly; in the South Seas nobody would think twice about it. She had decided to brave it out. Her mother might not like the sweater, but Sandy Goldstone probably would.

"Marjorie, people will think—I don't know what they'll think."

"I'm a big girl, Mama."

"That's just what's bothering me, dear."

"Mom, for your information, girls don't ride horses in pink quilted housecoats that make them look like tubs. They wear sweaters."

Mrs. Morgenstern, short and stout, was wearing a pink quilted housecoat. But this kind of argumentation was standard between them; she took no offence. "Well, papa will never let you out of the house. Is that all you're having for breakfast? Black coffee? You'll be a nervous wreck by the time you're twenty-one. Have a bun, at least. Who was at the dance?"

"The junior class of Columbia College, Mama, about two hundred and fifty boys, with girls."

"Anybody we know?"

"No."

"How can you say that? Wasn't Rosalind Green there?"

"Of course she was."

"Well, we know her." Marjorie said nothing. "How is it you're going riding? I thought your lessons were on Tuesday."

"I just decided to go today."

"Who with?"

"Billy Ehrmann."

"How come you're wearing your new riding habit?"

"Why not? Spring is here."

"You don't have to impress Billy Ehrmann."

"Well, I've got to start wearing it some time."

"Yes, once you've learned to ride. But what's the point, just for a lesson in the armory?"

Here Mrs. Morgenstern was driving to a material point. Marjorie had been taking the armory lessons in a borrowed old habit of an El Dorado neighbor, Rosalind Green. Her mother had bought her the new outfit on the understanding that she wasn't to wear it until she graduated to the bridle paths of the park. Marjorie could lie to her mother cheerfully, and with a good conscience, but she had several minor lies going, and it seemed a weariness to take on another.

"Mom, I'm not going to the armory. We're going riding in the park."

"What? You've only had three lessons. You're not ready. You'll fall off the horse and break your neck."

"That'll be something to look forward to." The girl put her cup down with a clink and poured more coffee.

"Marjorie, I am not going to let you go riding in the park with that fat, clumsy Bill Ehrmann. He probably can't ride any better than you."

"Mother, please. We're riding with two other couples and a groom. We'll be safer than in the armory."

"Who are the others?"

"Well, there's Rosalind and Phil."

"Who else?"

"Oh, some fraternity brother of theirs." Marjorie was determined to let her mother know nothing whatever about Sandy Goldstone.

"Who?"

"Oh, some fellow. I don't know his name. I know he's a very good rider."

"How do you know that if you don't even know his name?"

"For heaven's sake, Mom! Billy and Phil said so."

"Was he at the dance? Did you meet him there?"

"I think maybe I did. I don't know. I met a hundred boys." The telephone rang, and with immense relief Marjorie

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NEW! RICHARD HUDNUT announces improved, Lanolized

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For bleached, tinted, brightened, colour-rinsed or lightened hair use the "Easy-to-Wave Hair" kit.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE ONLY 12/-

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THE cost of living is certainly very high and some extra money each week would be welcome in most homes. But it is practically impossible for anyone to obtain a part-time job, and therefore those women who are not prepared to forsake their homes completely throughout the day are sometimes very hard up. A part-time job is really all that any married woman with a husband at work needs, so I think that a rule should be made that married women (except in special circumstances) should not work over six hours a day. This would make more jobs available and children would see more of their mothers. Any mother who unnecessarily works full time should be prepared to spend a considerable proportion of her earnings on the employment of domestic help to care for her home and family.

£1/1/- to "Dodo" (name supplied), Yowie Bay, N.S.W.

WE'VE all heard of the "problem child," but wouldn't it be nearer the mark to talk of a "problem mother"? The more I watch these misbehaved young ones blatantly defying their mothers, the more I realise that this defiance goes back a long way and should never have been allowed in the first instance. Problem child? No! How can a child be a problem when he has not learned to think for himself, to reason, or to plan. That comes later and there are plenty of problem children who have had good minds turned in the wrong direction. Problem mother? Yes! How can a grown woman be so much at the mercy of a child? It is incredible to think that a grown woman could be dragged down to her child's level. When the child rules the mother, little credit can be given for the parents' intelligence.

10/6 to "Kinda" (name supplied), West Wyalong, N.S.W.

YOUR panel about neighbors using one's phone (The Australian Women's Weekly, 14/9/'55) reminds me of a true story I heard about Mr. B. His neighbors were without a telephone and in a friendly moment Mr. B. said they might use his. Outgoing calls were bad enough as they increased in number. But what worried Mr. B. was that he was continually receiving calls for this particular neighbor, often in the middle of a meal. It wasn't a case of "May I speak to Mr. H.?" but "Is that you, Harry Boy?" One day, more exasperated than ever, Mr. B. made it clear that his was a private house and that at great inconvenience he would have to fetch his neighbor to the phone. "But that is such-and-such a number," said the caller. "Just so," said Mr. B. "Well, that's the number I have on Harry's notepaper," was the reply. I leave you to guess what Mr. B. said to "Harry Boy."

10/6 to Miss Elsie Hollis, Chaldon, Surrey, England.

SINCE reading the astonishing article in The Australian Women's Weekly, "Fairies at the Bottom of Her Garden," I made up my mind to write this letter. No doubt Miss Johnson will get letters from a few Australian "nuts." It takes all types to make a world. My husband is a tractor driver in the desert and my life is somewhat lonely, but if the day ever comes when I see "fairies" I will know it is definitely time to leave the desert. For the rest of your wonderful paper I say "thanks." It passes many a long hour away.

10/6 to "Desert Dweller" (name supplied), Tintinara, S.A.

I AM writing to deplore the practice of many present-day employees "lifting" from their employers. This habit is widespread and is apparently taken for granted by some employees. Recently a woman who is in a position of trust complained to me that all she was able to take from her place of employment was brown paper and safety pins. It might not be a bad idea for some newspaper or magazine to publish a list of the Ten Commandments, for I'm sure a large number of people are not acquainted with them—particularly the one "Thou shalt not steal."

10/6 to "Fair" (name supplied), Tumut, N.S.W.

Playing safe

SPEAKING as the mother of four small children, my advice to "Concerned Mother" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 19/10/'55) would be to ignore the neighbors' well-meant advice and follow your mother instinct to keep your child out of danger. Medical statistics show that accident is by far the most common cause of death and injury among children. Those under four years are particularly prone. Teach your toddler to look both ways before crossing the street, even while he is holding your hand. The habit will remain when he is old enough to go by himself. This inferiority-complex stuff has been vastly overdone. You will not give your child one by a little commonsense concern over the preservation of his life and limb at the age of two and a half. He may develop one if he is maimed as the result of an accident, and you would never forgive yourself.

10/6 to "Doctor-Mother" (name supplied), Lane Cove, N.S.W.

"CONCERNED MOTHER" is quite right in not letting her two-and-a-half-year-old play on a busy street with other children. He is very young and the risk would be enormous, besides the worry his mother would suffer. There is a very simple solution. Invite a playmate into the child's own backyard. All children love sand, pieces of wood for bridges, roads to be used when running those tiny car models up and over. In hot weather nothing pleases them more than a big dish or baby bath filled with water and tiny boats, ducks, or pieces of wood to sail on it. If there is no yard (Heaven forbid!), your son and playmate should have a room or porch to rumpus in.

10/6 to Mrs. Keith Mills, Corryong, Victoria.

Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

I HAVE found a good remedy for the problem of dividing anything among our children, whether it is the left-over party cake or a collection of crackers. Let one child divide the spoil into shares and another have first choice. There is always one who likes to have the responsibility of apportioning, with the satisfaction of knowing that he will not be cheated. It seems to work out best when only two or three children are involved, and there is never a sign of a complaint that someone else got the biggest or the best.

£1/1/- to "Mum" (name supplied), Albany, W.A.

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BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

TWO SCENES near Tumut, N.S.W., one of the most beautiful districts in Australia. Above is the crossing at Jounama Creek at the foot of Talbingo Mountain. Miles Franklin, famous Australian author, specified in her will that her ashes be scattered at this crossing. Picture by Ron Roberts, of Northbridge, N.S.W. Below: A farm on the Tumut-Gundagai Road, near Minjary. Picture by Dr. Allan Lilley, of Edgecliff, N.S.W.

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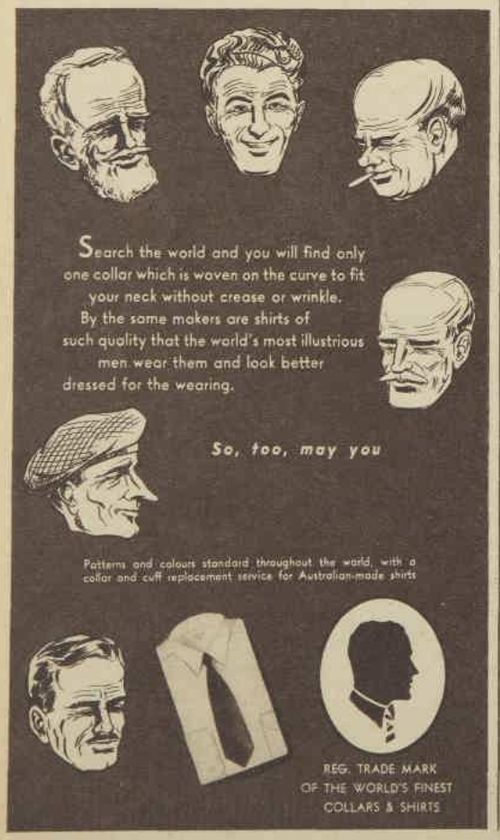

THE PRINCESS *who chose duty*

What does the future hold for Princess Margaret? It is clear that duty will always play a large part in it, for in renouncing the man she loved she has obeyed that stern duty inherent in her from the moment of her birth 25 years ago in Scotland.

By ALICE HOPE

THEY called her Margaret Rose—the little Princess who was born in a four-poster bed at Glamis Castle in Scotland as a thunderstorm racked the skies on the night of August 21, 1930.

Margaret she was called after a Queen of Scotland; Rose for the House of York. Her father and mother were the Duke and Duchess of York, second son and daughter-in-law of the Sovereign, King George V, and she was the first Royal baby to be born north of the Border since the birth of Charles I at Dunfermline in 1600.

Margaret, or Marguerite, was her mother's name, too, and Rose was the name of the Duchess' favorite sister, the Lady Rose Leveson-Gower. It was the first time that a British Princess had been called Rose.

There had been the usual family arguments and discussions about a name for the new baby, and at one time it was very nearly decided to call her Anne, the name which, in years to come, was to be given to her little niece, the Princess Anne, daughter of Queen Elizabeth II. But the Duke decided for all of them when he said firmly: "She shall be Margaret Rose, and I'm not going to have her saddled with a string of other names, either." So another precedent was set, and this child of the House of York had two names only—Margaret Rose.

Quickly the people of Britain took to their hearts the romantic little Princess. The Duke of York and his charming Duchess were well-loved figures in the land, and their first-born, Elizabeth, who was four, was already the nation's darling.

Sisters' bond

AT Glamis Castle when the new baby was born, Elizabeth was taken by her nurse to peep at her sister in the white-frilled cot in the room next to her mother's. She put out a tiny, very gentle finger and stroked the soft cheeks. Then, with a kiss like the touch of a bird's wing, the child brushed the baby's lips. And there was born a great bond between those two sisters. It is a bond that never flags, for when sisters really love, there is a union of the flesh and mind none can explain and nothing can touch.

Princess Elizabeth early developed proprietorial rights over the new baby. "I'm four, and I've got a baby sister," she would announce when allowed down to the drawing-room to meet her mother's guests. And when the baby was very new, Elizabeth said one day: "Her name's Margaret Rose. But I'm going to call her 'Bud,' because she isn't a real rose yet. She's only a bud."

The little Margaret Rose was ten weeks old when she was carried by her nurse, with her parents, the Duke and Duchess of York, her grandparents, the King and Queen of England, and her sponsors around her, to the golden lily-font in the private Chapel of Buckingham Palace for the christening.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, then Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, who was friend and counsellor to the Royal Family, conducted the ceremony, and sprinkled Holy Water from the River Jordan on the head of the baby, who stirred in her sleep. The tiniest drop fell on to her robe of priceless lace and satin, now growing cream with age. It had been made for the christening of Queen Victoria's children.

Margaret Rose was a lively child, and by the time she was a year old had made remarkable progress and whenever the nurse's back was turned would be off on a voyage of exploration through the nursery door. Already, as a devoted circle round her noted, she was quite plainly interested in music. There was a radio in the green-walled Royal nursery, and the nurse said, "Margaret coos with pleasure whenever dance music is played. But when there is an organ recital she cries loudly!"

The Duchess took her little girls home to Glamis from their London residence at 145 Piccadilly as often as she could, much to the delight of their grandmother, who adored them. The Countess of Strathmore also observed with approval that the baby was "definitely musical." "I do declare," the Countess said on one occasion when Margaret was only a year old, "that she was humming the 'Merry Widow' in her cot."

The "prodigy," as her father fondly called her, presided over her first birthday party at Glamis. The cake was a simple sponge made in the kitchens of the Castle and it was lit by a single wavering candle. Elizabeth blew it out, though the baby tried hard herself.

There was one frequent visitor in Scotland who was particularly bewitched by the younger Princess. This was Sir James Barrie, who was a great friend of the Duke and Duchess. He described the little Margaret of those early days as "the most gracious lady in the land." And he took great delight in telling this story of her third birthday.

Alice Hope, the author of this new life story of Princess Margaret, is a journalist on one of London's oldest papers. She has moved in Court circles ever since Margaret was a child, so her knowledge of the Princess is intimate, authoritative.

He had gone to visit the family and the baby was sitting gazing entranced at one of her birthday presents. It was a tiny toy table, and on it stood two miniature flower-pots each about the size of a thimble. "Is that really yours?" Sir James asked the child. And solemnly she replied, in the gentle manner of true Royalty, "It is yours and mine."

A year or so later, Margaret said of Barrie, whom she adored, "He is my greatest friend and I am his."

Sir James later shared his play "The Boy David" with his little admirer, and her gift from the royalties, formally presented to her in a bright new box, was 170 pennies—untold riches for a child who had never before possessed more than sixpence.

King George V loved to have the Duke and Duchess and their children at Windsor Castle for weekends. They would have tea with the old couple, and Margaret would first drop a wobbly curtsy of respect to the Sovereign and then climb on his knees. She called him "Grandpapa England," and she could twist him round her little finger.

King George V at this time was growing frail. His Kingship lay heavy on his shoulders, and it was a source of sorrow both to him and to Queen Mary that their eldest son, David, seemed to have other interests than the Throne. There was a haunting atmosphere of disquiet within the intimate family circle.

But for the two children of the House of York, life was gay and carefree during these early years.

Liked dancing

DANCING lessons were a special delight and Margaret had begged to be allowed to join her big sister at the weekly sessions with Mme Vacani. The Duchess, knowing the value of deportment and bearing, sent her baby along. A group of friends gathered together for the lessons, and among them was the girls' cousin, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone. The "big Margaret" was eight years older even than Elizabeth, and she seemed almost grown-up to the youngest member of the party. Nearer to the age of Margaret was Lady Doreen Hope, the daughter of Lady Linlithgow, and then there were the Ladies Sarah and Caroline Spencer-Churchill.

While the older girls learned more mature steps and even Scottish reels, the little ones solemnly performed "Here we go gathering nuts in May." They pointed tiny, shaky toes and tripped their measures with delicious, painstaking care. Of course, they were adorable in their little frilly frocks, white socks, and black dancing slippers. Sometimes the row of Nannies round the wall would be joined by the row of Mammas.

Margaret, although the youngest, was one of the quickest to adapt herself to this absorbing new pastime. Her sense of rhythm was as marked as her musical ability, and already she could mimic astonishingly well. Back at the nursery fire, after lessons, she would have her family in gales of laughter as she went through her performance. Her father, too, from whom Margaret had largely drawn her gift of mimicry, would cut short his official time at his desk to be with this fascinating, quicksilver infant of his. She became the darling of his days, as Elizabeth, with her charm and thoughtful ways, was his pride.

From room to room Margaret would dance and sing

Continued on page 15

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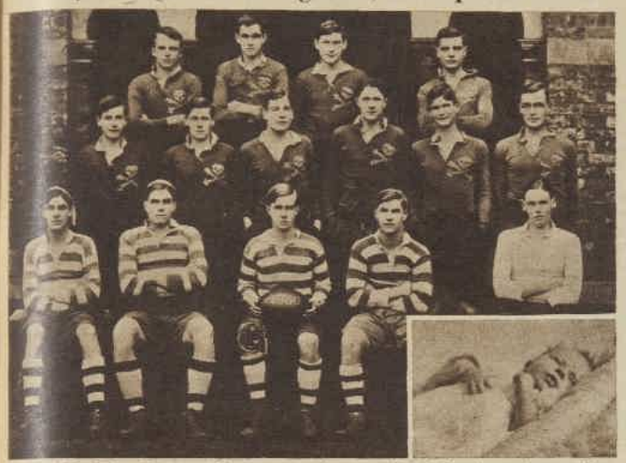
Early years of Margaret, Peter

Peter Townsend, the man whom Princess Margaret loved and renounced, is shown in these pictures in his childhood and youth. Margaret is also shown as she was in those same years before destiny brought them together, then parted them.



● *1930. When Princess Margaret was born at Glamis Castle on August 21, Peter Townsend (extreme left, second row) was 16, and proud of his sinister togs in a junior football team at Haileybury Public School, near Hertford.*

● *1932. Townsend (centre), born in Rangoon in November, 1914, was in a senior team at Haileybury when Margaret, shown above with her mother, was two.*

● *1933. Townsend was still at school preparing for Cranwell Flying College. He later taught King George VI, father of Margaret (inset, with Elizabeth), to fly.*

● *1940. Wing-Commander Peter Townsend was wounded by a cannon shell. His heroism won him a post as equerry to King George VI—and his introduction to Margaret, seen with her paints.*

● *1935 (above). Townsend's last day at school. Margaret was just beginning studies with a governess.*

● *1931 (right). Townsend (second from left, back row) used a length of string to hold up his trousers.*

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By courtesy of The Glass Container Manufacturers Institute Inc. (U.S.A.)

Could it taste so wet and wonderful in anything but glass?

And it isn't only the fresh, clean taste. It's partly the way it looks in the frosty bottle that makes it seem twice as good. Nothing else, you know, is quite as satisfactory for protecting the flavour of soft drinks as glass. Ask for more of your favourite soft drinks bottled in pure, clean glass.

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THE PRINCESS WHO CHOSE DUTY

Continued from page 12

Often the maids stopped their work to say: "Look at that child, and just hear her, too. She's got a voice like a bell and feet as light as feathers."

When she was three, all the maids of 145 Piccadilly joined together and bought her a book of nursery-rhyme songs. It was gaily illustrated and became a great treasure to the Princess, who would coax her mother to play favorite tunes for her. She loved to sit at a little stool by the Duchess' side and sing to the piano.

A great friend of her mother, the Lady Cynthia Asquith, speaking of Margaret Rose at this time, said: "If anyone has the gift of continuous conversation, it is this vivacious and exceedingly communicative child. She is full of character and has a great talent for mimicry."

These were golden days . . . the years before the Throne of England rocked and a King left our shore one midnight to became an exile from his land. The two little girls, one day in blue, then in pink, and then in cherry-red, were seen at parties and pantomimes, the circus, and the zoo.

Princess Margaret's first experience of Royal pageantry came with the wedding of her uncle, the Duke of Kent, to the beautiful Greek Princess Marina. The marriage was at Westminster Abbey in 1934 and Margaret was too young to be a bridesmaid like Elizabeth. But she was dressed in a white satin pelisse bordered with beaver and they brought a special stool for her from Buckingham Palace so that the child could be perched at her mother's feet.

Margaret was dress-conscious even at that early age. She had trouble with her skirt and was seen to be constantly hitching it forward to cover her knees. Her big blue eyes followed the lovely bride as she walked slowly towards the altar. Margaret was to follow her Aunt Marina with admiration for many years to come, for the Duchess of Kent was always to be a leader of fashion.

Crowds cheered

BACK at Buckingham Palace after the bride and bridegroom had appeared, Grandpapa England lifted the tiny, fairy-like figure of Margaret up on to the balcony for the crowds below to cheer and cheer. "What are they shouting for, Grandpa?" she asked. "For you and for your new Aunt Marina," was the soft response from the ageing man.

To her great pride and joy, the next year Princess Margaret was allowed to be a bridesmaid at another wedding, that of her uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, to the Lady Alice Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch.

With this event in the young Princess' life came her introduction to fashion. Norman Hartnell, then just beginning his career as a Royal dressmaker, made the Duchess' wedding dress and also the dresses of the two Princesses. Vividly Hartnell remembers the small Margaret. She was like quicksilver then, darting to and fro in his salon, peeping curiously at this pretty dress and that lovely fabric.

They took their duties very seriously on the great day and as there had been several rehearsals there were no slips. Princess Elizabeth, always the more serious, had constantly instructed her sprightly sister: "Now, Margaret, be sure to copy me and you'll be all right."

Again, after this wedding, there were more appearances on the balcony and again the people cheered their little Princesses, who stood side by side with the bride and bridegroom and the Royal Family. It was a pity not to show the bridesmaids' frocks again, so the girls wore them at Christmas for the family party.

This was the last Christmas the girls were destined to spend at Sandringham with their beloved Grandpapa England, for the next year King George V passed away.

Then there was set in motion the inexorable march of destiny for this family of four. Then there began the chain of events which led them eventually to the Throne and Buckingham Palace, to Elizabeth becoming Queen of England and to Margaret becoming the sister of the Sovereign.

New governess

THE girls had a governess at 145 Piccadilly. She was Miss Marion Crawford, an Ayrshire girl who had a degree from Edinburgh University, and they called her "Crawfie," an affectionate diminutive. Crawfie taught the girls the background of their Royal heritage and told them of Kings and Queens of the past. The governess knew, as all the world was soon to know, that though Uncle David had become King Edward VIII and his Coronation was being planned, he was chafing at the restrictions the Throne was imposing on him. The new King was deeply in love with American-born Mrs. Simpson and he made no secret of his feelings for her. Yet marriage between the King of England and a woman who had been through the Divorce Courts was impossible and the Sovereign had to be told that he must choose between his Throne and the woman he loved.

It thus came about that the King who was never crowned gave up the Throne and his brother took on his duties. In his historic broadcast the Duke of Windsor reminded his people: ". . . My brother has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me; a happy home with his wife and children."

It was goodbye then to the warm, homely surroundings of 145 Piccadilly. Goodbye to the square of town garden and the iron railing through which the children used to peep at the outside world. Life on a bigger, grander scale was opening up for the two Princesses. They were going to the Palace.

It is said that when the girls were told they were about to give up their friendly, comfortable home in Piccadilly for the great grey building at the end of the Mall, they exclaimed in horrified tones: "What, live in the Palace FOREVER!" It had to be so, of course. Already the new King had assumed the responsibilities of State and was sitting at the desk that his brother and their father had used before. Already the Ministers, the ambassadors, the plenipotentiaries were in constant conference.

"Where's Papa?" the puzzled Margaret would say when, day after day, her father was with his Ministers. "Oh, he's being King," Elizabeth, with the wisdom of her superior years, would answer.

Elizabeth's newly appointed tutor, Mr. Henry Marten, Provost of Eton College, one day produced a bag filled with small, colored counters. Princess Margaret at once called them confetti. They represented Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, and there was a different color for each. Crawfie, the girls' governess, relates how the two would take these counters by the handful and fit them into a sort of jigsaw puzzle. If they did it correctly, there would be a complete pattern showing the relationship of one Royal personage to another throughout all the centuries.

Buckingham Palace quickly became home to the children, for youth settles down easily to new ways of life. Their parents gave a party to the ambassadors and gravely the girls played their part as hostesses. "Charming," the French ambassador's wife murmured as they practised their French on her. They had a "mam'selle" governess now, and their accent was a good deal better than that of most girls of their age. Already Margaret was showing signs of being a good linguist.

Like other girls

NEARLY opposite the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace there is a shop called the Girl Guide Headquarters. In it are stocked the uniforms and the equipment for all Girl Guides and Brownies, and it is a Mecca for everybody in the movement. The Queen, who in her youth in Scotland had been an ardent Guider and a District Commissioner, often passed this shop window now that she lived at Buckingham Palace and an idea, long cherished in her mind, was taking shape.

"How would you like to be a Girl Guide and a Brownie?" she asked her daughters one day. That meant doing something that hundreds of other girls outside the Palace did, and naturally the Princesses were delighted. The outcome was the formation of the First Buckingham Palace Girl Guides Company.

One day Margaret startled her family by asking to go "on the tube." She had heard all about the underground railway in her lessons and she wanted to see the escalator and the moving trains for herself. Her mother said "Yes," and so, with Lady Helen Graham, the Queen's Lady-in-Waiting, and Crawfie, the two girls set off on their expedition. They took the car and went to St. James' Underground Station, where Margaret was allowed to put the pennies into the ticket machine. As the youngest member of the party she was also given the privilege of holding the tickets and proudly thrust them out for the collector to punch. The man looked hard at the quartet, and said nothing.

It was from Queen Mary that Elizabeth and Margaret learned all about the coming Coronation of the King and Queen at Westminster Abbey. Their grandmother had a Coronation Peep-Show which, when opened out, extended the whole length of her sitting-room. It showed the entire procession in color and had been made for the children of Queen Victoria. The girls studied it with solemn care, picking out the dignitaries of Church and State, the Coronation emblems, and the brilliant uniforms.

Toured London

THEN, too, her grandmother loved to show the Princesses the world outside the Palace, especially London, the city of history, of grey splendor and of endless romance. Now the Dowager Queen, always in her beautiful long, pastel-colored gowns, with her fading hair impeccably coiffured beneath the ubiquitous toque, became a familiar sight as, with the two Princesses at her side, she toured the town.

When King George VI was crowned in May, 1937, both Princesses went to Westminster Abbey with their parents.

Although they knew by heart how the Coronation procession would look, they had not anticipated the electric atmosphere that prevailed in London that day.

Elizabeth and Margaret rode to Westminster Abbey. It is recorded by Crawfie that the Princess Margaret bobbed up and down in her seat so joyously that her coronet was tilted over one ear. It was quickly put right by her watchful sister.

"Five hours," Elizabeth had said. "That's how long we shall be at the Abbey. I do hope Margaret can keep awake." Margaret did and her reward came when on the homeward journey she rode by the side of her father and mother in the Coronation Coach. Later, the little Princess came out with the rest on to the balcony, to the delight of thousands who stood packed shoulder to shoulder to cheer their new Sovereign and his family.

"Was it too long for Margaret?" Crawfie asked the elder sister when they came back from the Abbey.

"She behaved wonderfully, Crawfie," Princess Elizabeth said. "She was very, very good."

NEXT INSTALMENT

The meeting that led to the romantic crisis in Princess Margaret's life.

SMART, CHIC

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These Paddle Jaunties are scientifically constructed to lasts and standard foot measurements of Australian girls . . . inbuilt comfort with your fashion-right sandals.

Right. P196
In cherry red, turf tan, winter white, black patent or white buck.
Sizes 11 to 7.

Left. PC199
In turf tan, cherry red, white buck or two-tone winter white and cherry red, or winter white and saddle tan.
Sizes 11 to 7.

Left. P191
In winter white with multi-coloured Swiss straw over-bands and fawn mesh vamps.
Sizes 11 to 7.

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MUM keeps you nice to be near

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"Crazy" pictures won him London job

PERPETUAL MOTION. Camera study by Bill Angove, of Perth, Western Australia. He achieved this study by keeping the shutter of the camera open while his model moved from standing full face position to a profile study, seated.

BILL ANGOVE

"Crazy" pictures photographed in Australia by West Australian Bill Angove, above, have been acclaimed in London as the work of a genius. Angove, a prominent member of the West Australian Camera Club before he went to England, said each time he showed his pictures at the Club, the members called them "old Angove's crazy pictures." But when Howard Byrne, a Canadian who runs a big West End photographic agency, saw the pictures we have reproduced here, he gave Angove a job on the spot. Angove describes himself as a "frustrated painter."

SPILT MILK. This smug-faced cat and the spilt milk were drawn on newsprint by Angove; only the milk jug is real. Angove has recently worked with Cecil Beaton.

APPLAUSE. Paper cut-outs of hands of all sizes, ages, and shapes and a laughing mouth add up to this intriguing surrealistic study of audience applause.

FANTASY. A tribute, photographically, to Judy Coleman, Perth musician. Angove took this study after Mrs. Coleman composed a piece called "Fantasy."

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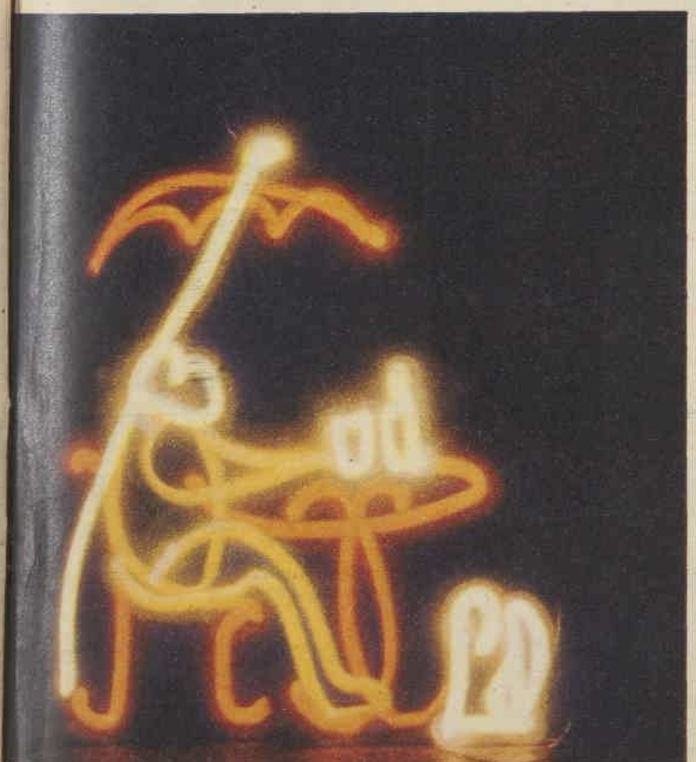
"HORROR." Angove's grimacing mask (above) in sinister colors demonstrates his versatility. Angove made the mask himself from papier mache, painted it as the focal point of his horror study. He found the other objects for his striking composition—the paper snake, the old-fashioned spectacles and photo album — about the house.



MAN AT BOULEVARDE CAFE (above). This photograph was made in total darkness with a torch. The shutter of the camera was opened and yellow and red filters were placed alternately in front of the lens for the different colored sections.

MORNING ARCHER, right. Study of ballet dancer Judy Schonell, of Perth. The first exposure was made with a red filter for the background. The second exposure was made in darkness, and the bow drawn with a lighted torch.

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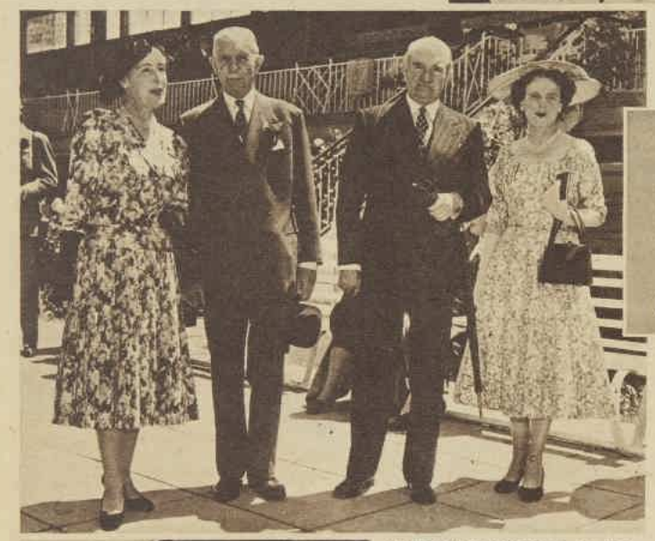
CARTWHEEL HAT of fine black straw was the choice of Mrs. Leo Curtis, of Melbourne, on Oaks Day at Flemington Racecourse. Touches of black accented Mrs. Curtis' spotted white silk suit.

OSTRICH FEATHERS were coiled round the brim of Mrs. Graham Nathan's striking hat, which she wore to the races on Oaks Day at Flemington, Melbourne.

FROM NEW YORK came the hat worn on Oaks Day by Mrs. J. A. Gage, wife of the American Naval Attache. A feature of the hat was the carnation hanging from the brim.



GOVERNOR-GENERAL Sir William Slim (second from right) and Lady Slim (left) on Oaks Day at Flemington with the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

MELBOURNE weather seems to resent strangers who flock to the city for the Melbourne Cup meeting. But the sun did shine on Oaks Day so that feminine punters could wear their summer finery.

After a week with parties and dances each night the Tom Carlyons held their usual gay "after the Oaks" cocktail party.

Marie and Tom greeted their guests when they arrived with the welcome news that a fire was blazing in the billiard-room, as the night had turned chilly.

Sir Norman and Lady Nock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, jun., Mrs. Redmond Green, formerly Nan Connor, and her husband, and Mrs. Sylvia Quist, who came with her Melbourne host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, were from Sydney.

Melbourne hostesses plan to get into training early next year for their busy time ahead with the Melbourne Cup and then the Olympic Games, which commence on November 22, 1956.

The V.R.C. plans an additional Cup meeting towards the end of November so that visitors who come to Melbourne to see the Games and who miss out on the regular Cup meeting on November 6 will have an opportunity of attending a big race meeting.

• • •

VIVID colors have been brightening the party scene lately . . . Mary Stephen wears an empire-line gown of peacock-green silk, with a slight train . . . Wendy Lloyd Jones dramatises her wonderful suntan with a strapless, bouffant gown in candy-pink silk . . . and Karma Abrahams' tangerine delustred satin features a pin-tucked bodice trimmed with a large flat bow.

TASMANIAN GOVERNOR Sir Ronald Cross (left) and Lady Cross with Sir Ronald's A.D.C., Captain Roger Parker-Jervis, on Oaks Day at Flemington.

LONG-LINE SUIT of beige linen was worn to the Oaks Day races by Mrs. Everard Baillieu, of Melbourne, and formerly of Sydney, who is with American visitor Mrs. H. J. Heinz.

MR. and Mrs. John Gilfillan, of Wahroonga, have decided to call their two-weeks-old daughter Fiona. The Gilfillans — Mrs. Gilfillan was formerly Leonie Devereux — have an almost-four-year-old son, Sandy.

• • •

VISITING relations in Finland will be one of the highlights of Helen-Margaret Manners' voyage overseas. Helen-Margaret left on board Southern Cross — and she has already booked her passage home on August 27 in the Himalaya.

• • •

DATES for your diary . . . November 12, for the Women's Hospital (Crown Street) annual fete, to be held in the grounds of the Lady Wakehurst Hospital, Waverley . . . November 26, for the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital Younger Set's informal dance at the Newport Surf Club.

SYDNEY RACEGOER [illegible] Melbourne for the Oaks Day races Mrs. W. Rowland Smith, of Killara, chose a small, raspberry straw hat with her cream wool coat.

NOVEMBER 26 is the date chosen by June Hungerford for her marriage with Ronald Macintosh, of Ashfield, at Epping Presbyterian Church. June, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hungerford, of Epping, will be attended by Mrs. George Mulvaney and her fiance's sister, Mrs. Edward Cox.

• • •

NEWLYWEDS . . . present touring the South Coast, Peter and Lesley Gambrill's future home is in Queenscliff . . . Ron and [illegible] Nichols are honeymooning at Jervis Bay . . . Frank and Thelma Ward will make their home at Byron Bay.

Anne

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Surprise! This world famous name **DUNLOP**

now presents FASHION CONSCIOUS

CASUALS

. . . the lightest, most flexible shoes on earth — *made to look better longer*

JOSIE by Dunlop
—in White, Blonde or Daffodil Yellow.
Price : 53/4

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—in Black and White Check Raffia with glossy Black heel strap and platform cover or with White Nubuck heel strap and platform cover. Also Red and White Check Raffia with White Nubuck heel strap and platform cover.
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—in White, Blonde, Red, Blonde/Carnation or Blonde/Honey.
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—in Carnation Red.
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TWO-BAR BACKLESS SCUFF by Dunlop
—in Red, Blonde, glossy Black, White or Yellow.
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MISTRAL by Dunlop
—in All Blonde, All White or Blonde/Carnation.
Price : 53/4

the most walkable shoes on two dainty feet

To walk in Dunlop Casuals and Scuffs is pure joy—it's comfort, comfort all the way—right from the very first step because these cool and light leisure shoes are as flexible as your feet. Look at them! What style, what colour. Here at last is fashion you can really relax in.

Dunlop Casuals and Scuffs have a long-wearing secret—they're soled with exclusive Dunlop WEARITE. It wears more than twice as long as leather.

DUNLOP CASUALS

AVAILABLE IN HALF SIZES

with exclusive cushion ease platforms

COMFORT FROM THE FIRST STEP **DUNLOP CASUALS NEED NO BREAKING IN!**

* *Prices slightly higher in country areas*

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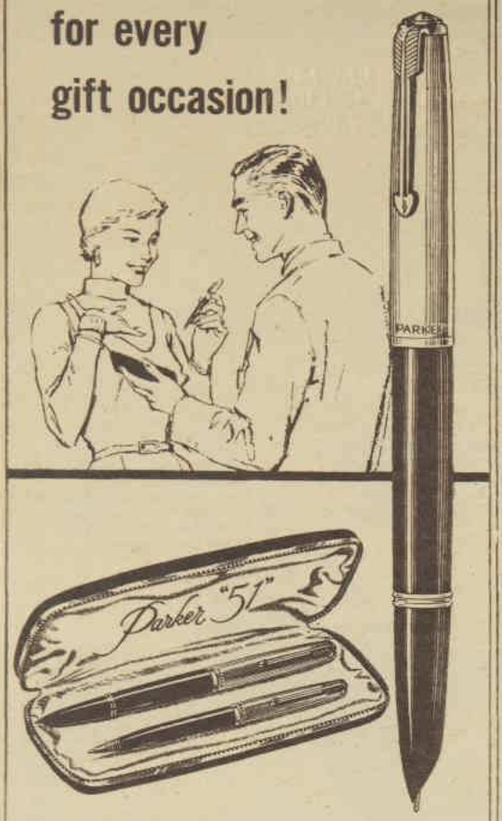

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WITH PARKER'S EXCLUSIVE ELECTRO-POLISHED POINT!

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For best results in this and all other pens, use Parker Quink, the only ink containing solv-x.

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PHILIPS light
PHILIPS

Russians know nothing of Margaret's romance

Two weeks in Moscow ended for me as my plane touched down at London airport and news of Princess Margaret's renunciation of Group-Captain Peter Townsend broke.

THE SHATTERED love story of Princess Margaret is unknown in Soviet Russia. Above, Margaret is shown leaving the home of Mrs. John Lowther, who entertained the Princess and Peter Townsend at the height of the crisis.

I HAD flown back from Helsinki after a long train journey out of Russia, over the frontier into Finland from the Soviet Union, where, for two weeks, I had been cut off entirely from news of the Margaret - Townsend romance and, in fact, of the Royal Family.

For two weeks I had been in the Soviet Union, where no word is published on British Royalty.

I had given British pennies to teenage students, who questioned me about the figurehead on our coins. I had taken great pains to explain this was our Queen. I found the younger generation didn't even know we were a Commonwealth with a young sovereign.

There was no news of the crisis in Russia; in fact, the Russians I mentioned it to, both young and old, were not only in complete ignorance, they were frankly disinterested.

It was wasting time and breath asking for news or trying to explain why to a British woman this was something close to our hearts and our way of life.

No Russian girl could understand the implications of a young Princess in love with a war hero, yet unable to marry him because she was Royal and had her religion as well to consider.

It was outside their comprehension that such barriers to romance could exist.

But I feel certain Margaret's love story will find favor in Russia, not because she renounced her lover for the Church and the Commonwealth, but because the Russian loves a love story with an unhappy ending.

On the first night of my visit to Moscow I went to the Bolshoi Theatre to see their famous ballerina Ulanova in "Romeo and Juliet," with music by Russian composer Prokofieff.

Bulganin and Molotov were in the box formerly used by the Czars. It was a gala night, for the Burmese Premier was on a State visit.

Shakespeare's story of the young lovers was unfolded with a strictly Russian interpretation in which the Montagues and Capulets fought a long and arduous battle through three acts.

Hundreds took part in the fighting until right triumphed. After that lengthy introduction, Ulanova appeared as a graceful Juliet. She danced beautifully, fluttering like a leaf in the wind, fluid and eloquent.

The next day I talked to Ulanova in a brief interview about Romeo and Juliet.

It is from her words that I predict Princess Margaret will be written into history to be read in the Soviet Union without understanding of the high religious ideals that made her sacrifice possible.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
who has just returned from a tourist trip to Russia

"Juliet was a revolutionary character," Ulanova said.

In Russia today few of the younger generation are churchgoers. There are many churches, but they are sparsely filled with older people who have grown up with religion and which the Soviet allows them to follow freely.

Some of their sons and daughters learn of religion in the home.

Mostly, the young man and woman, educated to a materialistic way of life, have a faith and pride in their leaders and their country that leaves no room for religion.

GALINA ULANOVA, Soviet Russia's prima ballerina. She holds the title of People's Artiste of the U.S.S.R., Ballet Soloist of the State Academic Bolshoi Theatre of the U.S.S.R.

None of the young married women I met in the Soviet Union had been married in church. None had been to church except to see the exceptionally beautiful ones as museums.

The white dresses, the veil, and the dainty little Russian crown a bride once wore were despised by the intellectuals.

Lydia, who was married in East Berlin to an Army major who is now lecturing in political economy, said, "A few girls are married from church, but they have been over-influenced by their aged parents."

I asked another girl, Olga, whom I met at the theatre, to take me to church on Sunday.

She said she would have done so, but Sunday was a busy day for her. She explained she had once been to church, but only from curiosity.

Religion played no part in her life, she said.

She turned to portraits of Stalin and Lenin and said, "These are my inspiration."

Sunday was indeed a busy day for Olga, with a morning's shopping, a fashion parade to choose her winter coat, a visit to the State-controlled "little dressmaker," then the afternoon at the Moscow Dynamo Stadium to see the great international soccer match, Russia versus France.

In the evening Olga minded her child, since her mother, who is the unpaid baby-sitter in her home, was going out.

Later, when her mother came home, Olga and her husband, an airline pilot, were going out to dine, with champagne and caviare, and dance to some of the new, gay music that is filtering through from the Western world but is acclaimed as the work of Soviet composers.

It was hard to throw my mind back to the Soviet Union from Fleet Street, where news of Margaret's renunciation was keeping the newspaper offices working at lightning speed, and realise that the biggest story I was to hear would not ruffle the surface of Soviet life.

The country I had left would be going about its work of life without any knowledge of the high ideals of a young girl who had put her Church and the Commonwealth before her own happiness.

In the Soviet Union, if the news should filter through, I knew there would not be the slightest concern, not the least trace of emotion.

Without religion they would be baffled, and the intellectuals probably scornful.

Only in history books will the story of Princess Margaret and Peter Townsend be known.

By that time it will be presented to suit Soviet taste, that Princess Margaret — like Shakespeare's Juliet — might well be a revolutionary character with lofty ideals for a common cause.

Her sacrifice for her Church will never be understood or if it is known.

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Big crusade revives nation's faith

ABORIGINAL FAMILY leaving Goulburn Island to attend a Mission to the Nation meeting. Since the Mission was launched in November, 1952, the missioner, the Rev. Alan Walker, has held special campaigns in one hundred and fifty-two towns.

AUSTRALIAN MISSIONER the Rev. Alan Walker speaking to a Saturday afternoon football crowd of 30,000 at Unley, South Australia. Other Mission pulpits have been public halls, factories, railway yards, theatres, and circus arenas.

Hard-hitting parson talks to one million people

by DOUGLAS GOLDING

The final women's meeting of the longest and most costly religious crusade in Australia's history took place at the Sydney Town Hall this week.

When the Methodist Church launched its Mission to the Nation in November, 1952, it was planned to last six months and cost about £40,000. Instead it has lasted three years and cost nearly £200,000.

IN these three years the missioner, the Rev. Alan Walker, O.B.E., the hard-hitting 43-year-old parson who paid his way through theological college by hawking fruit and vegetables around the streets of Sydney, has travelled more than 100,000 miles and spoken to 1,000,000 people.

The Mission to the Nation was launched when plans for an interdenominational campaign collapsed because of organisational difficulties.

The Methodist Church has provided the personnel, and its 150,000-odd members most of the finance, but the Mission's aim from the beginning was "not to make Methodists, but to win men and women back to the Church of their own denomination," Mr. Walker said.

Other denominations have lent buildings and given the Mission much publicity, while leaders of all Protestant groups have been guests of honor at gatherings throughout Australia.

Comparatively few of the meetings have been held in churches, although in the capital cities churches and their halls have held the overflow of congregations numbering up to 25,000 people.

In nearly every city of the hundreds visited by Alan Walker or the national secretary of the Mission, the Rev. Rex Mathias, of Melbourne, or both, the meetings have been on "neutral ground"—in town halls, picture theatres, circus arenas, public halls, and marquees.

Mr. Walker says that on the average about three times as many attendances are recorded in cities where the Mission has operated on neutral ground as in the places where only church premises were available.

"The average Australian is a fundamentally honest sort of bloke," he said. "Often he feels that entering a church constitutes a declaration of faith, and if he hasn't that faith he feels hypocritical in entering."

The result has been attendances which have amazed the Mission organisers and which were responsible for their extending the Mission from six months to three years.

Young people queued for more than two hours before the doors opened at the Melbourne Town Hall for the Mission's first meeting in 1953, singing hymns as they waited. In Sydney the queue began at 2 p.m., seven and a half hours before the service began.

Waited in queues

The Mission has gone wherever it could get a hearing. Alan Walker has preached at half-time at big football matches, in schools, railway yards, wharfies' pick-up centres, at interval of a Brisbane vaudeville show, at race meetings, factories, and many construction projects.

But Mission organisers wanted their campaign to reach beyond those who could attend meetings. So they began a series of half-hour broadcasts which went over as many at 64 stations each week.

Each "Drama With a Challenge" was a self-contained play on a topical theme, with its message pointed in a one-minute address from Alan Walker. These were broadcast at peak listening periods, and a market survey estimated the total weekly audience at 1,000,000.

Three thousand delegates from all over Australia, from islands north of Darwin, and from New Guinea, Tonga, and Fiji paid their own fares to Sydney last January for the National Youth Convention at Sydney Showground.

For a week delegates discussed the application of their religion to modern problems and means of extending the influence of the Church in their own districts.

The Mission's big city meetings have followed the same general pattern each year—a Sunday procession and opening service, lunch-hour question-and-answer meetings, and evening rallies during the week, a citizens' dinner, and special meetings for women and for young people.

Alan Walker is the thirteenth member of his family to enter the Church since his great-grandfather, Johnny Walker, turned to religion after an all-night binge at a funeral on his father's property at Hawkesbury River, N.S.W.

Alan Walker was not a success at school and left early to take his first job—selling ties in a Sydney store.

When aged 18 he entered the ministry and became assistant-director of the Young People's Department of the Church after only three years in parish work.

His brilliance attracted the attention of the late H. M. Hawkins, then N.S.W. Minister for Social Services, who, with another friend, lent him the money to go overseas for a year's study.

Alan Walker worked short terms in seven British community churches, attended a religious conference in Switzerland, and a Hitler peace rally at Nuremberg.

On his return he became minister at the N.S.W. mining town of Cessnock. For his M.A. degree (he matriculated and took his first degree between lectures at Leigh Theological College) he produced and published the first of his eight books, "Coaltown," whose thesis was that the bitterness of coalfields life could be dispelled by the amenities and broader outlook the Coal Board has since introduced.

He was then appointed to Waverley Mission, which he built up into a thriving seven-day-a-week community centre with men's and women's groups and a variety of youth clubs which catered for about 2000 people each week.

He was still there when his Church detached him for his Mission job. From his parishioners, business executives, flat-dwelling professional classes, workers of all occupations and wage levels, and youths from nearby slum areas he learnt, he said, "at least as much as I taught."

What he learnt best was a forthright and reasoning approach to the problems he sees in Australian society and in the Church, for some of his strongest words have been directed not at the community as a whole but at his own ministers and Church leaders for their failure to move with the times.

Alan Walker's willingness to debate controversial topics has won him the sometimes grudging support of almost every section of the Australian community.

Political, business, civic, public service, and trade union leaders promised support and material assistance at the Mission's inaugural dinner, and in many cases have more than honored their pledge.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, advanced the time of an election policy speech by half an hour, with the co-operation of the Australian Broadcasting Commission and commercial stations, so the first Mission broadcast could go on.

Promoters of speedway racing at Sydney Sportsground cancelled a Saturday night meeting so the noise would not disturb the Festival of Youth in the Showground adjoining.

Valuable halls and stadiums have been lent free of charge for Mission meetings.

This help, Mr. Walker says, springs from a general recognition of Australia's weaknesses as a nation and the value of genuine Christianity as their cure. "The needs of Australia will be met not by morality but by religion, not by ethics but by faith."

The final week of the Mission, in Sydney from November 6 to 13, began with a procession of floats depicting the central messages of the Mission.

After meetings in the Town Hall, a youth rally in Prince Alfred Park—Sydney's first drive-in gathering of any kind — and lunch-hour addresses by ministers and laymen from 19 special open-air pulpits the Mission will be over.

But for Alan Walker it will be time to begin packing again. For next year he will speak at an adult convention in Melbourne then leave to lead another Mission to the Nation in the United States.

SHOWGIRLS pour Alan Walker a cup of coffee in their dressing-room at the Tivoli Theatre, Brisbane, after he had spoken in the interval at a "Naughty 'Nineties" revue.

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The creamiest, easiest, most economical Ice Cream you've ever made

Carnation 'One-Whip' Ice Cream...

This is it! — the famous "one whip" ice cream, made so quickly, so easily, with fast-whipping creamy Carnation Milk. One tall tin of double-rich Carnation makes two full refrigerator trays of luscious, nourishing ice cream . . . the kind you never dreamed you could make at home.

RECIPES

CARNATION "ONE WHIP" VANILLA ICE CREAM

1 large tin Carnation Milk; 3 tablespoons castor sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 teaspoon gelatine; 1 tablespoon boiling water.

Set refrigerator at coldest point one hour before mixing ice cream. Pour Carnation Milk, castor sugar and vanilla into ice cream tray. Thoroughly dissolve gelatine in boiling water and, while still hot, stir into milk mixture. Place ice cream tray in refrigerator and chill for fifteen minutes. Pour into mixing bowl and beat until stiff. Freeze rapidly at low temperature.

FRUIT SALAD ICE CREAM

1 large tin Carnation Milk; 1 cup sugar; 1 small lemon; 1 small orange; 1 banana; 1 passionfruit.

Set refrigerator at coldest point before mixing ice cream. Pour undiluted Carnation into ice cream tray and chill until ice crystals form. Transfer to chilled bowl and whip until it begins to thicken. Add sugar. Whip until dissolved and then add juice of the orange and lemon. Continue beating until thick. Stir in mashed banana and passionfruit pulp. Freeze rapidly at low temperature.

ICE CREAM VARIATIONS

1. Add 1 cup tinned pineapple, apricots or peaches, well-drained and finely chopped.
2. For delicious Chocolate Ice Cream, add 4 heaped teaspoons of drinking chocolate.
3. Banana Ice Cream: Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 3 ripe mashed bananas.

QUICK CHOCOLATE SAUCE

4 ozs. dark chocolate; ½ cup Carnation Milk, undiluted; ¼ cup sugar.

Place chocolate in top of double saucepan and heat until dissolved. Add milk and sugar and continue stirring until well blended. Serve hot or cold over ice cream, puddings, etc.

Carnation Milk — from 'Contented Cows'

Carnation MILK

Carnation is double-rich milk in liquid form . . . so rich you can whip it like cream. Nothing is removed except water. All the good food values . . . cream, minerals and vitamins . . . are fully retained. It's homogenised to break up cream particles, so that the last drop is as creamy as the first. In tall 14½-oz. economy tins or convenient 6-oz. table size tins.

Keep 3 tins handy — 1 for cooking, 1 for creaming, 1 as a standby.

ACWW/11/56

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"Baby Talk" Contest No. 2

What is he saying?

Clever captions for picture will win big cash prizes

Our new "Baby Talk" contest, announced last week, gives every member of the family the chance to try for weekly cash prizes totalling £100.

FIRST prize is £50, with three awards of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

To enter "Baby Talk" Contest No. 2, all you have to do is look at the Constance Bannister study above and imagine what the baby might be saying if he could talk.

With those eyes and that well-fed clubman's jowl, it could be anything.

The whole fun of the contest is that the babies could make adult remarks. And keep them short, pithy, and to the point—not more than 15 words.

You might see young Butch, above, as a golfer, a corporation president, or a happy family man. Write your caption to suit whatever role you see him in.

Here are some suggestions: "Glad you see it my way, old man, I thought you would."

"A nice piece of rib roll, madam? Certainly."

"Well, thanks, I don't mind if I do."

"Baby Talk" Contest No. 1, published last week, closes on November 14. The winner will be announced in our issue dated November 30.

"Baby Talk" Contest No. 2 will close on November 21. The winner will be announced in the issue of December 7.

Send in as many entries as you like, but be careful to attach to each group of entries the identification coupon published on this page.

The prizemoney will be won by the entries that are judged brightest and most apt.

ENTRY COUPON
The Australian Women's Weekly Baby Talk Contest
No. 2
November 16, 1955

HOW TO ENTER

1. **Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.**
2. **Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon at the foot of this page.**
3. **Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.**
4. **Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 2 close on NOVEMBER 21. Winners will be announced in our issue dated DECEMBER 7.**
5. **The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.**
6. **Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.**

SINCE IT LOST THAT CARBOLIC SMELL . . .

Wives, as well as husbands, love Lifebuoy's grand new perfume...

Smell it! We haven't found a soul who doesn't like Lifebuoy's fragrant new perfume. But — if you look beyond your *nose* — you'll find this Lifebuoy gives protection that lasts far longer than ever before.

Enjoy it! A new deodorising discovery called Puralin makes the difference. You'll step from your shower protected for hours. Lifebuoy is now the *modern* way to stay sweet and clean.

Be Popular! Get Lifebuoy and let *the whole family* — not just the men — enjoy a daily refreshing Lifebuoy shower. New Lifebuoy is the soap of considerate people. You can sail through hot Summer days knowing it gives complete protection from "B.O."

Contains PURALIN to stop "B.O." hours longer

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"Morning-Bath Freshness"

LASTS ALL DAY LONG!

Protect yourself against your most intimate enemy with Odo-ro-no for a full 24-hours!

ONLY ODO-RO-NO gives you such safe, sure protection from perspiration and unpleasant odour for a full 24-hours a day! Quick-acting, gentle Odo-Ro-No won't harm your skin or clothes—and gives you a wonderful, secure feeling of "morning-bath" freshness all day and all night! Go and buy Odo-Ro-No next time you're shopping—start using it right away. Odo-Ro-No ensures that you're always "nice to know"!

Odo-ro-no

ODO-RO-NO CREAM—2/7; 4/6
ODO-RO-NO SPRAY—6/3

Be sure it's a Gor-Ray

WHAT happier partner could there be for a blouse or jumper than a GOR-RAY skirt? With their youthful fashion lines, pleated or plain, full or pencil-slim, these wonderful skirts are the first choice of the elegant woman. Cut with traditional skill from the finest English pure wool materials, a GOR-RAY is a fashion 'must'.

G4

GOR-RAY Skirts are better!
NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Go ahead, step outside and see what it looks like in the daylight."

MOTHER

"Are you all right? Mum, SPEAK to us! What's for dinner?"

It seems to me

By Dorothy Drain

IF members of the Indian tea delegation, now visiting Australia, read their papers they can find better than statistical evidence of this country's rank as fourth in the world for tea consumption per head.

Last week in Brisbane a safe-breaking gang made cups of tea after breaking into a theatre and a railway station.

Meanwhile one of the Sydney dailies has carried a lively correspondence from people complaining about the tea-interval in courts of justice.

One can understand the burglars' desire, for tea, but not their habit of using it as a job signature. Surely it would be wiser to carry a vacuum flask with the tool-kit.

As for the courts, the main complaint of the letter-writers is that the time spent on the break is expensive for litigants. No doubt that is so, but the expense could be worth while.

If I were in search of justice I would be happier to think that the dispensers of it were soothed with tea rather than seething like meatless tigers, which is the way most Australians feel when deprived of their morning or afternoon cup.

* * *

THE art of conversation is said to be dying. In fact it's been said to have been dying for many a long year.

If there's one thing that will kill it stone dead it is a newly invented electronic gadget which, according to a report, not necessarily reliable, may be able to pick up a conversation in a room after the speakers have left.

Its value in spy circles would, of course, be considerable. Adapted for social uses it would prove fascinating at first to listeners, who would, however, quickly tire of hearing no good of themselves.

Muteness would be the rule between "these four walls" and the only secrets worth hearing would be whispered in 40-acre paddocks.

* * *

FROM Paris comes news that fishermen on the banks of the Seine are now using perfumed artificial bait.

How smart and how Parisian!
The humble worm doth wane,
The while the fish feel dizzy in
The waters of the Seine.
His end's the same with scented bait,
And yet, poor fish, how chic a fate!

* * *

THAT doctor who blamed over-eating on the housewife should not go unanswered.

He was discussing the fact that many Americans are overweight.

"The housewife prepares the food, fixes the quantities, and times the meals," he said. "She shapes the food habits of a nation."

And who shapes the habits of the housewife, dear doctor? None but the man of the house.

If you don't believe it, just try to fob off a steak-and-apple-pie man with a nice, low-calorie, health-giving, hunger-inducing lettuce salad.

NO personal story since the Abdication has had the universal dramatic appeal of Princess Margaret's romance.

Even people who maintained themselves as tired of the subject, or asserted they did not care which decision the Princess made, were easily drawn into discussion and argument on the day of the announcement, and for a few days after.

The dilemma of the Princess had all the ingredients of a 19th-century romantic novel without the happy ending.

What makes it especially interesting is the fact that so many questions remain unanswered. Did the Princess change her mind at the last minute, or did she know what the end would be, but wish, as any girl might, to see Peter Townsend for the last time?

Perhaps 100 years after, if diaries are kept in the Royal Family, the details may be known.

The Princess has had sympathy from all over the world, though she may reflect, if she is given to cynical reflections, that sympathy in misfortune is always more plentiful than approval of happiness.

* * *

AN American delegate to the North Pacific Fisheries Conference in Tokio, Mr. Milton E. Brooding, said that the United States was very concerned about its loss of salmon.

Salmon which spawned in American rivers was disappearing, he said, adding: "We know that salmon shoals leave our shores and spend most of their life cycle in the high seas. They are capable of migrating long distances."

Red salmon, probably, or, at the very least, parlor-pink salmon.

* * *

RHINOCEROSES in a remote district of Kenya have been attacking giant bulldozers being used to clear the bush. Drivers say they are now accustomed to these animals charging headlong at the machines. Rhinoceroses are described as "notoriously temperamental."

Life's sad for a rhinoceros,
He isn't ornamental.
No wonder that it's cross he is,
They call him temperamental.

And yet he is a synonym
For one unhurt by malice,
And all because the skin on him
Is somewhat tough and callous.

The hide of a rhinoceros . . .
How carelessly we label!
He cannot make a lot of fuss,
But how he hates the fable!

Perhaps he loves this great machine,
In spite of seeming fierce.
The sight may salve his hate and spleen . . .
It's uglier than he is!

FASHION NOTE

Lovely Jeanette Elphick models next season's fashions six to nine months before release. Like many other famous models she finds the work most exacting—but most interesting.

One of the many things a top model has to pay special attention to is her hair. But this is no problem for Jeanette, who says: "Every week-end without fail I shampoo my hair. I use 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo, because it's so wonderfully foamy and cleansing — leaves my hair soft and fresh."

Your hair will look alive . . . *shining clean*, after just one shampoo with "Vaseline" Brand Liquid Shampoo. "Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd.

have you tried NIVEA in this new form?

For sunburn, chapped skin, use soothing NIVEA Creme or NIVEA Skin Oil. Containing "Eucerite," it replaces the skin's natural oils.

Skin needs NIVEA

End discomfort of DISTURBED NIGHTS

Are you a prey to disturbed nights? Does gnawing backache keep you from enjoying peaceful sleep? These uncomfortable symptoms are frequently a sign of listless kidneys, which can also cause leg pains, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, etc. Try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for prompt relief. They remove waste matter from the blood and promote healthy kidney action. Sufferers all over the world have gained blessed relief from Doan's. Get Doan's today!

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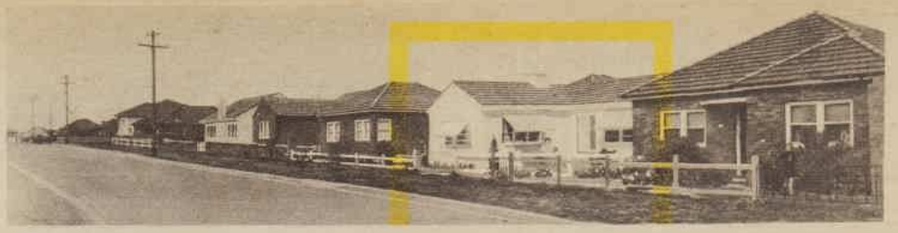
In this street one house stands out



Close-up of house shown in photograph above

... the house with the canvas

AUSTRALIAN MADE CANVAS

Do you live in a suburban street — like so many of us — where the houses are prettily painted, the lawns and gardens are trim, and yet there is a certain sameness about them — a little stodginess? Do you wonder what you can do to give your own home a little lift?

Try canvas awnings! Their big vigorous splash of colour makes a house come alive! A little home with awnings has a gaiety as if it were flying a private flag at every window. A big home with awnings looks more complete — you'll wonder why you never thought of them before.

In the new range of canvas colours there are bold brilliant colours that fit so well with the new trends in home decoration — your canvas dealer is bound to be able to show you just the one you want — and the style of awning that will suit you best.

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SHAIKH HAMAD and his father, 76-year-old Shaikh Mohamad Bin Eisa Al-Khalifah, at a dinner-party given in their honor at a Sydney restaurant. Shaikh Hamad spends most of the year travelling the world with his father.

JASIM, personal attendant to the old Shaikh, tries to dodge the camera. He travels everywhere with his employer.

No desert tents for this shaikh

One of the big drawbacks to being a reporter is that you lose many illusions. Yet another of my youthful beliefs went overboard when I met smooth-talking Shaikh (not Sheikh) Hamad Mohamad Al-Khalifah, who comes from oil-rich Bahrein in the Persian Gulf.

By HELEN GORDON, staff reporter

"THE SHEIKH" of romantic legend—of E. M. Hull and Rudolph Valentino — rode a wild Arab stallion and showered burning kisses on lovely captive ladies as he whirled them off to his silken tent in the desert.

Not so Shaikh Hamad. No desert tents for him, no horses either. He rides in a big, two-toned American car—the latest model.

"Valentino's 'Sheikh' was a Hollywood phony," Shaikh Hamad says firmly. "No one at home behaves like that, not these days. Maybe some of the Shaikhs carried on in this way a long time ago, but not now.

"By the way, I'm not a 'sheek,' I'm a 'shayeech,' spelt shaikh, and pronounced with a 'ch' like the Scottish loch.

"Also, I might add, I have only one wife," said the Shaikh.

"I think one wife is enough. By our laws we are allowed four wives, but most people have only one. That is the modern trend. One of my uncles has four wives, but he is most unusual.

"My father has only one wife. There are 12 of us in his family, eight boys and four girls. The eldest is 60 and the youngest 17.

"We marry inside our own family. My wife is my second cousin. We never run out of relations to marry, because we are a big family—about 650 to 700, I think, including cousins."

The 33-year-old Shaikh spends seven or eight months of each year travelling round the world with his father, Shaikh Mohamad Bin Eisa Al-Khalifah, and the old Shaikh's personal attendant, Jasim.

This he does out of affection for his father, and family duty.

"I took my Bachelor of Arts degree at Stanford University, California, the best university in the States," said the Shaikh.

"Stanford was wonderful; I knew all the girls, and had lots of friends.

"When I graduated in Arts from an American university," said the Shaikh, "I came home to Bahrein, got married, and was all set up to take a government job when my brothers said to me: 'Father is getting old and he won't stay at home. He is very restless and always wants to travel. One of his sons should be with him.'

"I was the only son who hadn't settled down into a job, and, anyway, it is the custom to follow the wishes of your elders, so I've been travelling with father ever since."

Just then there was a knock on the door of Shaikh Hamad's hotel suite, and a grey-haired, genteelly spoken lady in a black dress entered.

"Pardon me," she said, "but I would like to get the Shaikh's autograph."

"O.K.," said the Shaikh, "I'll fix it for you."

"I hope it will be no trouble to him," said the lady. "You see, I work on this floor of the hotel, and the autograph is for my grandchildren. Our Prime Minister is in this book."

"O.K.," said the Shaikh.

"And if you could get the Shaikh's son to sign his autograph, too, I'd be most grateful," the lady persisted.

"Ma'am," said the Shaikh, "I AM his son."

"Oh, dear," the lady giggled, "everyone in the hotel thinks you're his secretary. You're not dressed like a shaikh. No, not at all."

Gesturing disappointedly at the Shaikh's beige business suit, the lady left.

Shaikh Hamad shrugged and continued:

"I don't get much time to myself while I'm travelling with father. First I am his son, then I am his secretary. I order his meals and make sure he is comfortable. I am a medical aide when he gets sick. I have to be handy all the time in case he wants me.

"Last time we were in Paris I wanted badly to go to the Louvre and have another look at Mona Lisa. That picture really gets me. But my [illegible] couldn't go, no time."

"Then we were in San Francisco just before we came to Australia, and I saw a film about Paris, showing some of the pictures in the Louvre.

"I nearly jumped out of my seat, I tell you. There she was, right in the middle of the screen—Mona Lisa. I felt I could have jumped out of the audience and stood right in front of her. It was as good as being in Paris.

"You like Mona Lisa? Good. Great minds think alike. But maybe in the case of you and me, I should say, 'Fools never differ'."

Shaikh Hamad and his father stayed four days in Sydney, had a look at the Zoo and the oil refineries at Kurnell.

"Father likes the Zoo," the young Shaikh said. "We saw some bustards, a sort of turkey that we hunt at home with falcons and hawks. Father thought the platypus and the kangaroo were very strange-looking animals."

From Sydney they will go to Singapore, Bombay, then home to Bahrein.

"I'm dying to get home," Shaikh Hamad said. "I want to be there in time for the birthday of my son, Rashid. He will be two just before Christmas. Last year I was in Tokio when he turned one and I sent him a rocking horse.

"I don't feel very well today. I stayed up very late last night writing a poem. It is in Arabic, and can't be translated without losing some of its feeling, and it is about Bahrein and how much I am missing home.

"I am very homesick."

CELLULOID SHEIKH Rudolph Valentino clinches with his co-star in early film "Son of the Sheikh." Shaikh Hamad describes the former screen idol as a "Hollywood phony."

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Rosewall's 21st-birthday barbecue

● Australian Davis Cup star Ken Rosewall celebrated his 21st birthday at a gay barbecue party given by Mr. and Mrs. Nugent Cameron at their home in Sherwood, Qld. Shortly afterwards he announced his engagement to Wilma McIver, of Ashgrove, Qld.

HAPPY COUPLE Ken Rosewall and Wilma McIver at the barbecue party in his honor at Mr. and Mrs. Nugent Cameron's Brisbane home. Ken and Wilma have now announced their engagement.

ABOVE: Host Nugent Cameron with Mrs. C. A. Edwards, wife of the Q.L.T.A. president, and Mrs. H. Harrett. BELOW: Ken MacGregor and Margaret O'Donnell.

AUSTRALIAN Davis Cup team manager Harry Hopman admires the 21st-birthday cake held by hostess Mrs. Nugent Cameron. The cake represented a tennis court, with green coconut lawn.

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Mary Hordern's

● The covered look is one of the new Paris trends for the beach. A high-cut neckline occurs repeatedly, and long supple tunics refresh the eye with a new kind of chic. Trouser fashions come in all lengths (two are sketched at left and above) from very short to ankle-length. The shorter the trouser the longer the top. An umbrella is often part of the summer beach scene.

● From Madeleine de Rauch comes the long, buttoned sweater-tunic and matching knee-length trouser (above left) and the belted towelling beach-jacket (above right) designed to be worn over short shorts or a bathing suit of identical length.

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Paris Notes

● Givenchy's corn-colored straw beach-hat (right) has umbrella-like proportions and ties for security with a parma violet-colored cotton scarf.

● Givenchy designed the beach tunic (above centre) with its non-chalant lines of easy freedom; it can be worn over a swimsuit or shorts. The tunic blouse in multi-colored stripes (above left) is designed for the same purpose.

● Black printed on dead-white cotton is chosen for the feminine wrap-around skirt (above). It is worn with a cool white shirt. A large beach umbrella in black completes the ensemble.

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SMILE?
She never should!

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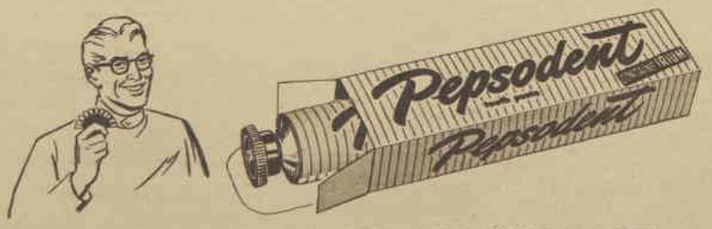

FOR WHITER, YOUNGER-LOOKING TEETH
USE PEPSODENT

Pt.130.WW.143g

Worth Reporting

SOMEWHERE near the northern borders of Greece is a colony of new Australians — the only group living outside Australia.

They are not New Australians as we know them.

They are the people of Kollinai, a remote village near the site of ancient Sparta which has been "adopted" by the Australian and Greek War Veterans' Association and renamed New Australia.

The adoption is a "thank you" to the villagers for their heroism after Greece came under German occupation.

Villagers risked their lives giving food and shelter and medical treatment to hundreds of Australian and New Zealand soldiers who used Kollinai as a back door to safety.

In 1943 the German Intelligence got wind of the movement. Kollinai was razed to the ground and 150 villagers were hanged in retribution.

The Australian and Greek War Veterans' Association, which had its first general meeting in Sydney in September, also aims to give assistance to needy Australian and Greek ex-servicemen, war invalids, widows, and orphans, and to erect a monument of white Greek marble in Australia commemorating those who fell during the Campaign.

Later they hope to sponsor Greek ex-servicemen who wish to migrate to Australia.

The association is working in co-operation with the Pan-Hellenic Union of War Veterans, whose secretary, Mr. Sarantis Grivas, came to Australia in March.

During his 10 months' visit, Mr. Grivas is collecting a list of the names of all Australians who served in Greece.

The Pan-Hellenic Union will present each Campaigner with an inscribed medal and certificate of gratitude at a special ceremony next year, possibly coinciding with the Olympic Games.

★ ★ ★

A COLLEAGUE of ours entered a tram in Sydney the other morning and came face to face with a small green lovebird.

The bird seemed to be the tram-driver's pet, or was, at least, a friend of his.

Travellers were fascinated, but neither driver nor bird seemed aware of any incongruity. The driver simply drove the tram, and the bird sat on a rail in the driver's cabin watching the people get in and out.

A tray of birdseed had been provided, but the lovebird, a messy eater, had scattered it all over the cabin.

"All the best players started as caddies, dear."

SMART women in Russia and Britain will be wearing the same styles next year.

The Russian textile delegation visiting Britain recently has ordered copies of 38 frocks designed by Marcusa of London. The copies will be made in the Russian women's average dress size—40in. hips, 38in. bust.

Battle with "Witch's Curse"

GILBERT and Sullivan enthusiasts acquainted with the plot of "Ruddigore" will sympathise with the Blackheath Musical Society.

For eight months, members of the society have been preparing "Ruddigore" for production during Rhododendron Week at Blackheath, in the Blue Mountains of N.S.W., from November 12 to 19.

The main obstacle they've had to overcome has been the "Witch's Curse," a vital part of the plot of "Ruddigore," and, the Blackheath Musical Society believes, a traditional feature of the production of the opera.

We've received a sad letter from Mrs. Jeanne Pennell, a member of the Society, telling us all about it.

". . . Any company producing this particular opera is beset with unexpected difficulties, and this has certainly applied in our case. A search of the mountain towns failed to reveal a tenor suitable for the leading role of Richard Dauntless until rehearsals had been under way for four months. Our soprano was unable to begin the role of Rose Maybud until the same time.

"This set the whole production back. Then, just two months before opening night our leading soprano was rushed to hospital with appendicitis.

"Six weeks before opening night the Bad Baronet was involved in a motor accident, broke a hip bone, and is now out of the show altogether."

Australia's Grandma Moses?

WITH a camel-hair brush and a lot of oil paint, 88-year-old Mrs. Lena M. Ardle, of Croydon Park, N.S.W., is making a fair bid to become Australia's Grandma Moses.

White-haired, pink-cheeked and plump (she enjoys cooking as much as painting), Mrs. McArdle comes of an old pioneering family, and some of her scenes show the Hawkesbury River country as she remembers it from girlhood, when aborigines still lived in the area.

Starting to paint only four years ago, Mrs. McArdle spends her time covering paper with gaily splashed flowers (cassias, Japanese lilacs, roses and flannel flowers), with scenery, sometimes remembered and sometimes adapted from colored photographs.

She likes decorating cards, too—last Anzac Day she sent 150, lettered with the words "Lest We Forget" to the Repatriation Hospital at Concord.

Book News

By Susan Barrie

LIFE in a small New Zealand town in the 'twenties provides the material for Ruth Park's new novel, "Pink Flannel," and she has certainly drawn much of it from her own childhood spent in a similar setting.

Miss Park herself describes the book as "a piece of light music"—and the description fits it well. After her earlier novels, "Harp in the South" and "Poor Man's Orange," with their stark atmosphere of the Sydney slums, this new work is unpretentious.

Through the imaginative eyes of Jenny, an eight-year-old orphan, we see the quaint, colorful inhabitants of Te Kano. They range from the Misses Admiral, four young, pretty aunts by whom Jenny is adopted, to her formidable Swedish grandfather.

The light-hearted mood of "Pink Flannel" is accentuated by its illustrations — drawings by Phil Taylor.

Angus & Robertson. (Our copy from the publishers.)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

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To see you dressed for a special occasion in your Super Lavenelle frock, you'd never know that its high fashion looks are far from matched by its low budget price. Super Lavenelle's subtly slimming folds look and feel like the most expensive silk, yet it holds its shape, its delicate colours and its strength through countless washings. And it takes seconds to iron a Lavenelle frock—those creases simply fall out under a warm iron.

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Dress by Adelyn available in Fractional Fittings.

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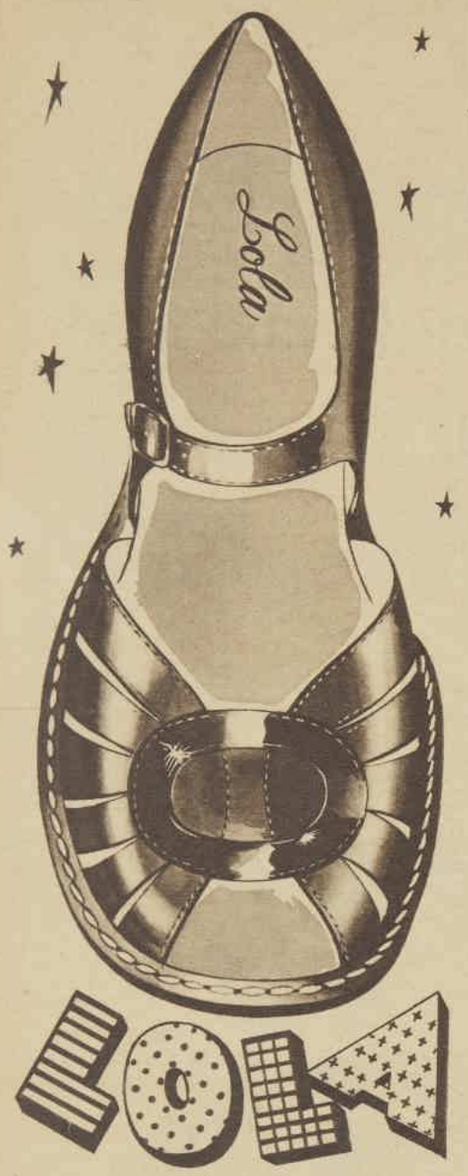
BIG fashion news for little feet



the colourful name in Kiddies fashion footwear

"LOLA" FASHION SHOES FOR CHILDREN ARE AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE

33/142 A

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Readers are still sending stamps for personal replies to their letters. Here's another plea not to send the stamps and not to ask for a personal reply. I am sorry it is not possible to reply except through this page.

HERE is this week's batch of letters:

"I WAS going with a girl for 14 months and gave her up all at once. She was the first girl I ever had and I gave her up because her family was not good enough for me. Every time she sees me now she won't speak to me or even look my way. Just lately I am getting to hate nearly every girl I see. I have asked four girls out in the past three weeks, but they have refused every time. I have been told that I am too proud to really fall in love and that I like myself too much."

R., Launceston, Tas.

You certainly like yourself too much. You're as conceited a boy as ever crossed any girl's path. But exactly what are you asking?

Are you asking why you hate girls . . . why girls won't go out with you . . . why this girl cuts you every time she sees you? You haven't made yourself clear at all.

If you're not exaggerating in your letter—if you mean exactly what you have written, no more and no less—I think you've got a fair-sized personality problem, and you need more help than a few paragraphs in a paper to straighten you out.

Probably, however, you're just an average boy, but a bit more bumptious and conceited than most.

Do get off your mountain peak. People with inflated egos are terrible bores.

Next time you're telling yourself how wonderful you are, consider what a wretched letter-writer you are. You can't spell, your grammar is shaky (I had to tidy it up), and your handwriting is a mere scratch.

But remember this: If you've got the capacity to hate, you've got the capacity to love.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

DEBBIE, our teenage chef, makes Sausage Macaroni and Tomato Bake as a weekend special.

Ingredients: Three-quarter to 1lb. sausages (beef or pork), 2 large tomatoes, 1 cup macaroni or spaghetti (broken up), 1 onion, 1 egg, ½ pint milk, salt, pepper, ¾ cup grated cheese, parsley.

1. Drop macaroni or spaghetti into large quantity boiling salted water.
2. Add peeled and sliced onion and cook quickly 12 to 20 minutes until macaroni is tender.
3. Drain thoroughly in colander.
4. Add beaten egg and milk.
5. Flavor to taste with pepper and stir in half grated cheese.
6. Prick sausages with fork, cover with hot water.
7. Bring to boiling point and simmer 10 minutes.
8. Drain, remove skins, cut into thick slices.
9. Arrange half macaroni in greased ovenware dish, cover with sausages.
10. Add balance of macaroni to dish, then cover with sliced tomatoes.
11. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with remaining cheese.
12. Bake in hot oven 35 minutes and serve garnished with parsley.

"RECENTLY I have had invitations to several parties with a friend. As I am not going steady with one boy, but am quite friendly with several, I should like to know if it is correct to ring up and ask one to go with me or if I should just refuse the invitation. I have been out with several of the boys I know, but my girl-friends tell me that it is not correct to ring up a boy and ask him out."

Liz, Adelaide.

Your girl-friends mean that it is not quite the thing to ring a boy and ask him to take you out. This is quite different to asking him to accompany you to a party as a friend.

Don't refuse the invitation. Simply tell the boy you've been asked to bring a friend to a party on whatever date it is, and would he like to go with you.

"WOULD you please tell me the right age to become a radio announcer and what education is needed?"

"Unsigned," Queensland.

If you haven't already got your Leaving Certificate, you will have to sit for an entrance examination before being taken on the permanent staff of most radio stations.

The qualities you need for the job are briefly: Good, clear voice quality and correct pronunciation.

I suggest that you call at the offices of the Australian Broadcasting Commission in the capital city of your State, and fill in an application form for an audition, giving details of voice training and educational standard.

If your audition is successful you may be taken on as a cadet announcer and given thorough radio training.

Stories by teenage writers

SOME important points have been overlooked when submitting teenager stories lately, although they appear in the accompanying panel. Please note them.

TEENAGERS are invited to submit short stories for publication.

Stories should be about 1500 words long. Each one must bear the author's name, address, and age, must be typed or written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope big enough to hold the manuscript in case of return.

The story must also have a statement written and endorsed by parent, guardian, or teacher that the story is the teenager's original, unaided work and is not adapted from or based on any story read.

Brief comment will be given on any stories that merit it. Otherwise, criticism cannot be given. Stories are judged at full adult publication standard.

Stories written on both sides of the paper cannot be considered at all.

Stories must be endorsed as original, as explained in the panel.

Criticisms are given only if a story shows good promise or is very near publication standard.

The following are specially commended for their stories:

A.A., Salisbury, S.A.: Very near publication standard. Style good, but ending too flat.

S.P., Randwick, N.S.W.: Promising. Some effective writing. Too melodramatic.

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Don't let small blackheads de-glamorise *your* skin! Now—use this special greaseless treatment for *clearing away* those blackheads. It's recommended by leading skin specialists. It's quick and it's *effective*.

Every night and morning, after you wash your face—gently rub snowy-cool Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. Then—leave on a deep coat of the cream for one minute. The "keratolytic" action of this *greaseless* cream dissolves off oily dead skin flakes that clog pores and encourage blackheads. Wipe cream off, and rinse face with cold water. See your skin look fresher, brighter, clearer—*right away!*

PV59

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OUR £2000 ART AWARD

The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1956

To commemorate the establishment of our £2000 international Portrait Prize, The Australian Women's Weekly has presented the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. with the two winning portraits of the 1955 award.

Entry forms for the 1956 prize may now be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly offices in each State, at major art galleries and societies here and abroad, or by writing to "Portrait Prize," Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

THIS year's two winning portraits — "Arrangement in Green," by Jack Carington Smith, of Hobart, which won the £1500 award, and "Judy Barraclough," by Judy Cassab, which was awarded £500 — will be hung in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. at the end of our travelling art exhibition.

The exhibition, comprising 50 paintings selected from more than 500 entries submitted for the 1955 Portrait Prize, has already been shown in Sydney.

It closes in Brisbane on November 20 and then will be sent first to Canberra, then Melbourne, Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth.

Closing date for entries in our 1956 Portrait Prize — the richest in the Commonwealth and one of the biggest portrait awards in the world — is July 28, 1956.

Entries, suitably framed, must be delivered to the National Art Gallery of N.S.W., in Sydney, between Monday, July 23, and Saturday, July 28, 1956.

No entries will be accepted at the Gallery after 3 p.m., July 28.

Special arrangements are being made in London and New York to set up collection depots for the bulk handling and shipment of the expected big number of overseas entries.

Prizemoney of £2000 and conditions for our 1956 Portrait Prize are the same as last year.

The sum of £1500 will be awarded for the best portrait of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or child up to 10 years, or of a child under 14 years. The remaining £500 will be awarded for the best portrait by a woman artist.

If the winning portrait is painted by a woman she will receive the total prizemoney, i.e., £2000.

Portraits can be in oils, watercolors, or in pastels.

They must be the original work of competitors and must have been painted during the 12 months preceding the dates fixed for sending in entries.

The portraits must also be painted from life, must form the major part of the composition, and be no smaller than 12in. x 16in. A painting of the nude figure will not be accepted as a portrait.

Competitors are restricted to two entries.

The name and address of the competitor and the title of the portrait must be printed clearly on the back of each work.

With each entry competitors must also send in a statutory declaration stating that the work complies with the conditions of the competition.

The judges of The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1956, will again be the directors of the National Art Galleries in the six Australian States.

However, there will be a new Victorian judge.

Mr. Daryl Lindsay, Director of the National Gallery of Victoria, retires at the end of this year. He will be replaced on our judging panel by his successor, Mr. Eric Westbrook, at present Director of the Auckland Art Gallery, New Zealand.

The five other judges are:

Mr. Hal Missingham, Director, National Art Gallery of N.S.W.;

Mr. Robert Campbell, Director, National Gallery of South Australia;

Mr. Robert Haines, Director, Queensland National Art Gallery;

Mr. Laurence Thomas, Director, Art Gallery of Western Australia; and

Dr. W. Bryden, Director, The Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery.

The decision of the judges will be final and binding in all matters relating to the awarding of prizes and the subsequent selection of works for exhibition.

After their decision is announced, selected entries will be hung in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. in Sydney for a minimum period of one month.

They will then be exhibited in other Australian capital cities.

ARTIST Ming-Chiao Kuo, of Formosa, at work on the painting he submitted for our 1955 Portrait Prize. The completed portrait, entitled "Mother's Love Through Stitches," is shown at right.

SITTER. Mrs. Wang, of Taipei, a family friend, sits for Mr. Kuo, 37-year-old Formosan artist. A graduate of Peiping Art College, Mr. Kuo works as a designer with a major construction firm.

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with CANE-ITE

the only wallboard that insulates as it decorates

Building or redecorating? Line your walls and ceilings with Cane-ite and you've done two big jobs: one, the room has a bright modern look; two, it's insulated against summer heat and winter cold. That means it will be 10–15 degrees cooler this summer (and warmer next winter) because half an inch of Cane-ite gives the same insulation as a brick wall eight inches thick! It's white-ant proofed too and comes in easy to handle, convenient sized sheets.

How to buy Cane-ite Insulating Wallboard.

Hardware stores and builders' suppliers sell three types of Cane-ite: Primed Cane-ite (ready for painting), Natural (suede-like finish) and Pre-finished Ivory Cane-ite. Easily sawn, nailed and painted. Sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 feet lengths. 3 or 4 feet widths.

Insulate your home tonight.

Takes only half an hour with easy to handle, pre-packaged Cane-ite Ceiling Batts. Climb up through the manhole and place them end to end between ceiling joists. No nailing, no sawing. A whole room insulated (5-10 degrees cooler now, warmer next winter) and ceilings protected against roof leaks for about £3 (10' x 10' room).

Cracked walls and ceilings:

Cover them with Cane-ite wallboard. Gives the room a modern beauty treatment and insulates it at the same time. (10-15 degrees cooler now, warmer next winter.) Timbrock cupboards make this a cosy corner for books and music.

Make lino last years longer.

Cane-ite Lino Base makes perfect surfaces of "problem" floors, gives lino (or carpet) a resilient cushion base that makes it stay "new" years longer. Few minutes laying the convenient size sheets adds years of wear to your lino.

Improve your home with these other C.S.R. building products

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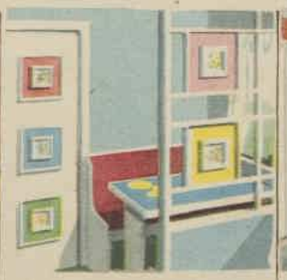

Screen the breakfast nook with framed tiles mounted on squares of gaily painted Timbrock. Use Timbrock Shorts for this — no waste and so easy to handle. Timbrock Shorts are good for all small jobs.

Build plaster smooth SEAMLESS walls in half the building time with Recessed-edge Gyprock Plaster wallboard. Fire proof Gyprock walls and ceilings can never crack. Square edge Gyprock also available.

Design your kitchen floor! Experts will lay an American-style floor of C.S.R. Vinylflex (plastic asbestos) tiles that will outwear any other type of floor covering. So very easy to keep clean, too. Nine colours.

Other C.S.R. Building Materials: (1) Low Density Cane-ite. (2) Cane-ite Acousti-Tile. (3) Ceilsound Plaster Acoustic Tile. (4) Concord and Brunswick Plasters. (5) Fibrock Asbestos Cement Sidings, Flat Sheets and Corrugated Roofing. (6) DeLuxe Fibrock in 6 decorator colours.

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

The influence of the squaw skirt is evident in many new teenage fashions this summer, and I have chosen this theme for a young reader. Here is her letter and my reply.

"WOULD you please suggest a design for a summer frock with a full skirt? I always admire the American teenage fashions, so perhaps I could have an American style. Would it be possible to obtain a paper pattern for the frock you suggest?"

The one-piece summer dress I have chosen in answer to your letter is sketched at right. The sleeveless, scoop-necked bodice-top accented in white is good fashion here, or in the U.S. The squaw-type skirt is a very popular fashion theme among young Americans. I hope you will like the design sufficiently well to copy it. You can obtain a paper pattern for the dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Lines below, right, give further details and how to order.

D.S. 168. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast, and 8yds. bias binding. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep. Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I HAVE some Roman striped cotton for a summer skirt and would like to have a fullish skirt, but just a little different from all-around gathers. Could you assist me in this matter?"

I suggest you have your skirt made with a matching cummerbund, the skirt smoothly fitted to hipbone level, and then springing out in flared fullness.

"WHAT would be best to wear with a taffeta cocktail frock with a wide neckline? I can't decide between a necklace and earrings."

Slim, deep earrings look very effective (as sole jewellery) to wear with an open decollete neckline.

"I AM writing to ask your advice about the color and material for a summer frock. I just want a simple style."

A coat-frock would look very new, made in lavender cotton. Have the dress made beltless, well fitted to the waistline, and finished with below-elbow-length sleeves. An oval neckline with a self-material collar is current fashion news and would add an extra touch of chic.

"WOULD you mind letting me know if the fashion of mother and daughter dressed in the same frocks has gone out of style?"

Look-alike family fashions are still popular, although actually more so in California than in this country. I personally think identical styling for mother and daughter, or big and little sisters, looks very attractive, especially in pretty summer cottons.

"I WANT to have a dress made with a matching velveteen coat, and would like your advice. I wear bright colors and like original styles. I am in my thirties and take a 36in. bust size."

If you like bright colors, there is nothing newer or more becoming than flame-red. Have the coat made straight and rather narrow, finished with raglan sleeves, and fastened with jet buttons. Have an A-line dress in a matching colored material made with a sleeveless, V-neck torso bodice and unpressed pleats starting from where the torso ends.

THE SENSATIONAL

FINE New Zip

IN FASHION

'LIGHTNING' introduces the new coloured dress zipper with permanently coloured metal teeth — won't wear off, wash off or clean off. Many fashion shades to blend with every fabric colour.

Rely on the fine, free-sliding 'LIGHTNING' coloured dress zipper in the BLACK PACK — it will not let you down.

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ZF 1191

Beauty in Brief: Smooth skin for summer

By CAROLYN EARLE

There are several ways of removing superfluous hair, and there is no hard-and-fast rule about which one to use. The best idea is to choose whichever suits you best.

SHAVING with a razor is a quick, clean method of removing fuzz from the legs and under the arms, provided that the method does not stimulate the growth and also that you know how to handle a razor to avoid nicks and cuts.

The best time for this treatment is after the bath, when the growth is softened by water and responds readily to the blade.

Smoother than the razor are the depilatory and wax methods of removing unwanted hair. Depilatory creams, spread over the area with an applicator, and permitted to remain for a prescribed time, slough off the growth in practically no time at all and leave the surface of the skin quite sleek.

The chemical ingredients in depilatory creams destroy all hairs that grow above the skin's surface. Warm wax painted on, and allowed to set, strips off an average growth.

Cream depilatories usually have to be used once in two weeks, a wax less often.

For home grooming of the limbs, pumice stone is a good standby. Just be sure to soap the skin well before the treatment. It also helps to soap the pumice as well.

Flowers love **Florvita** *and thrive on it!*

Florvita keeps cut flowers fresher days longer. No more old fashioned burning, splitting or crushing stems, changing water daily, or plunging stems into hot water. Florvita is the ideal pick-me-up for house-tired flowers because it nourishes them and prevents them wilting and fading. Cut flowers retain their "fresh from the garden" fragrance longer, too.

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Wine really makes your meal

There's nothing quite so relaxing, so soothingly convivial as dinner and a fine Australian wine shared with friends. Wine is the healthiest of all drinks with meals . . . it improves digestion, promotes inner harmony, lends charm to the simplest occasion.

SAUTERNES, CHABLIS, HOCK, RIESLING, MOSELLE . . . these are the light and lovely White Table Wines, always served cold.

CLARET and BURGUNDY are the dry, light and fresh Red Table Wines. Jewel coloured and wonderful to look at, they altogether live up to their looks!

Cool, moderate, and so inexpensive . . . tall wine coolers are wonderful all summer, perfect for parties. Try this SPRITZER . . . fill half a tall glass with your favourite wine—red or white, dry or sweet. Add your favourite cordial or soft drink with ice.

If you'd like more recipes for simple wine coolers, write for the FREE booklet, SUMMER WINE DRINKS. Other Free Booklets: Wine Guide and Cooking with Wine.

Send your name and address to:

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Continuing . . . .

Golden Willow

from page 5

in the country, a dog, children. But not enough love to compensate her for what she was losing. She would want love. Didn't she know he had been rudely and cruelly cured of that sort of thing.

At first he worked enthusiastically on the sketches he had begun of her. Later he put them away. It was easier, if he didn't see anything that reminded him of her, not to feel guilty. Why, in the name of all that was sensible, should he feel guilty?

He had practically blamed himself when that lift had stuck, taking an engineering defect on his own shoulders. Now he was guilty because the chemical processes in a girl's mind had made her attach herself to him.

Nicola had a career. If she gave it up for marriage she would want a great deal of love. He would fail her in that, even had he wanted to marry her. He didn't want to. He didn't want to marry anybody.

So Mick's mind went round in circles. He grew morose and unfriendly, and took to sitting in cafe's sketching faces that had no future, because suddenly he had developed a great aversion for healthy blondes.

His sales fell off. He frequently forgot to eat, and lost weight. He decided abruptly to take another trip and was coming home with a visa to Portugal in his pocket the day he found Nicola on his doorstep.

She looked gay and inconsequential, her wide mouth smiling, a red beret at a careless angle on her small fair head.

"Hullo, Mick," she said. "George said you weren't eating, so I came round to see. Why aren't you eating?"

"I am eating," he said. "Anyway, what business is it of George's? Or yours?"

"I really don't know, except that I can cook a little. I have a recipe for a mushroom souffle, and it isn't Aunt Patience's, either. Would you like mushroom souffle at my place or yours?"

He saw that she carried a string bag containing packages. The cunning little scamp; she had come prepared for her culinary efforts. Her technique was so old, yet somehow it was cheering. It made him think suddenly of playing two-up in the lift, when it was she who had needed cheering.

He grinned back at her.

"Since you're here, you'd better stay."

He unlocked the door, and when he looked at her again her face had that look of excited radiance. Then suddenly he wanted to kiss her.

"The kitchen's on the left. Find yourself an apron. I have to work."

She smiled gaily. "I'll call you when I'm ready, and you have to come that instant. Mushroom souffle must be eaten the moment it's served."

It was impossible, however, to work, knowing she was in the kitchen. He wandered out to watch her, her slim figure enveloped in a checked gingham apron.

"How's the show?" he asked.

"Very successful."

"That's good."

"How are you, Mick?"

"Fine." He patted his pocket. "I've just decided to take a holiday in Portugal."

"That's nice. You look as if you need it. You really are thin. George told me." She took three eggs from a paper bag and broke them into a bowl. "Why are you thin, Mick?"

He frowned. "What about yourself?"

"Oh, I exercise violently all the time." She raised her eyelids, and her face had a look of unfolding, like a flower. "Mick, is it silly, but I still love you very much? Is it silly? Is it useless?"

"Quite useless."

"The other woman—Angela told me about her. Mick, all women aren't like that."

"That has nothing to do with it."

"Oh! Then if it isn't that, if it's me"—she bent her head—"then I suppose it really is useless." Suddenly she seized an egg-beater. "For goodness' sake, go away! I can't cook while I'm being watched. This souffle will be a failure."

He went back to his studio. But when she called him later the souffle really was a failure, and she was pink-cheeked with chagrin.

"It's your fault. You upset me. Oh, Mick, it's tough! It's too bad! I've never made a tough souffle before."

"It's fine," said Mick, eating a large mouthful.

"It isn't fine. You're only lying. Oh, Mick, I said I'd never cry in front of you again, but I have to. Mick, they want me to go to South America

". . . And another thing about this place: watch out for the old man—he sneaks up on you."

with a ballet company at the end of the week. They're giving me the lead. I'll be the—prima ballerina. And I don't want to be!"

She didn't cry, after all. She just looked at him with her white face, her anguished eyes. He couldn't stand it. He was full of anger and impatience. Hadn't she always wanted to be a prima ballerina. Yet now, when her chance had come, she looked as if it were the unhappiest thing imaginable.

"Now, that's a thing," he said, "for congratulations. You'll go, of course."

"Must I?"

"Certainly you must. Don't be a little idiot."

"All right," she said at last. "I'll go."

He didn't see her again, but she telephoned on Friday morning to say goodbye.

"I'll send a postal note or whatever they have in South America for that fifteen and six I owe you. Or would you rather have a stuffed snake or something? I don't know what one buys there. It's really awfully exciting. Mick, you won't hold that souffle against me, will you? When I come back I'll make you a real one. And then you will respect me, at least."

"I respect you now."

Her voice came back in a little, dying-away sound: "Too much, Mick. Too much."

So that was that. Nicola was on the next step of the ladder and he was on his way for a month of baking in the sun in Portugal. Everything was fine—like the jammed lift, like the tough souffle . . .

He made himself work hard all day, only stopping to go out and buy the evening papers at six o'clock.

Then the headlines met his eye. PLANE CRASH OFF KENTISH COAST — ALL ABOARD KILLED. And lower the salient facts: A passenger plane bound for Rio de Janeiro carrying, among other passengers, the members of a ballet company, crashed this afternoon shortly after taking off from the airport. There were no survivors . . .

He stood dazed in the street until passers-by began to look at him queerly. Even then he couldn't bring himself to walk back to his flat and climb the stairs.

He had killed her; he had been the too-bitter winter wind that had slain the golden willow. No, that was allegorical nonsense. It was just one of those quirks of fate. Or the destiny that had been mapped out for her the moment she was born. It was nothing to do with him, nothing to do with the fact that now at last he knew how much he loved her.

Now, when she would dance no more, he knew that her dancing had not been the most important thing, after all. Loving had been. She was made to love. And he had not allowed her to, or himself, either.

He couldn't face going back to the flat. He kept hearing her voice: "I hate leaving the party." Now the party was over. Over. Over.

He had to go back, of course. He couldn't stand like a lunatic in the street. The hammer strokes kept sounding in his head. The party is over, over, over . . . He climbed the stairs as if he were an old man. He unlocked his door and heard the telephone ringing.

They were ringing to tell him, of course. It would be George or Angela. They would say, "Mick, isn't it absolutely terrible . . ."

He clenched his fingers. But the telephone wouldn't stop ringing until he answered it. He lifted the receiver and thought he heard Nicola's voice laughing at him.

"Hullo!" he said tautly. "Hullo! Who is it?"

"But don't you remember, Mick. I'm trying to tell you. It was Friday the thirteenth. I couldn't possibly have flown on Friday the thirteenth. It's an absolutely disastrous day for me."

"Nicola!" he shouted.

"I only remembered at the last minute. There was an awful fuss at the airport when I wouldn't go." And then her voice broke. "Mick! Oh, Mick, Mick!"

He swallowed rapidly. He knew if he said the wrong thing she would break down completely with the shock and tragedy of it all.

"Look," he said, "Friday the thirteenth, walking under ladders, getting stuck in lifts, burning souffles, marrying prima ballerinas, it's all one to me."

He heard her whisper, "Is it, Mick?"

"Yes. Take 'em in my stride. Shall we go to the Grange for a meal? I have a feeling that lift is due to stick again tonight. And we won't waste time playing two-up."

"What . . . will we play?"

He tried to keep his voice light, but couldn't quite succeed.

"I've always thought that kissing you would be a very pleasant pastime."

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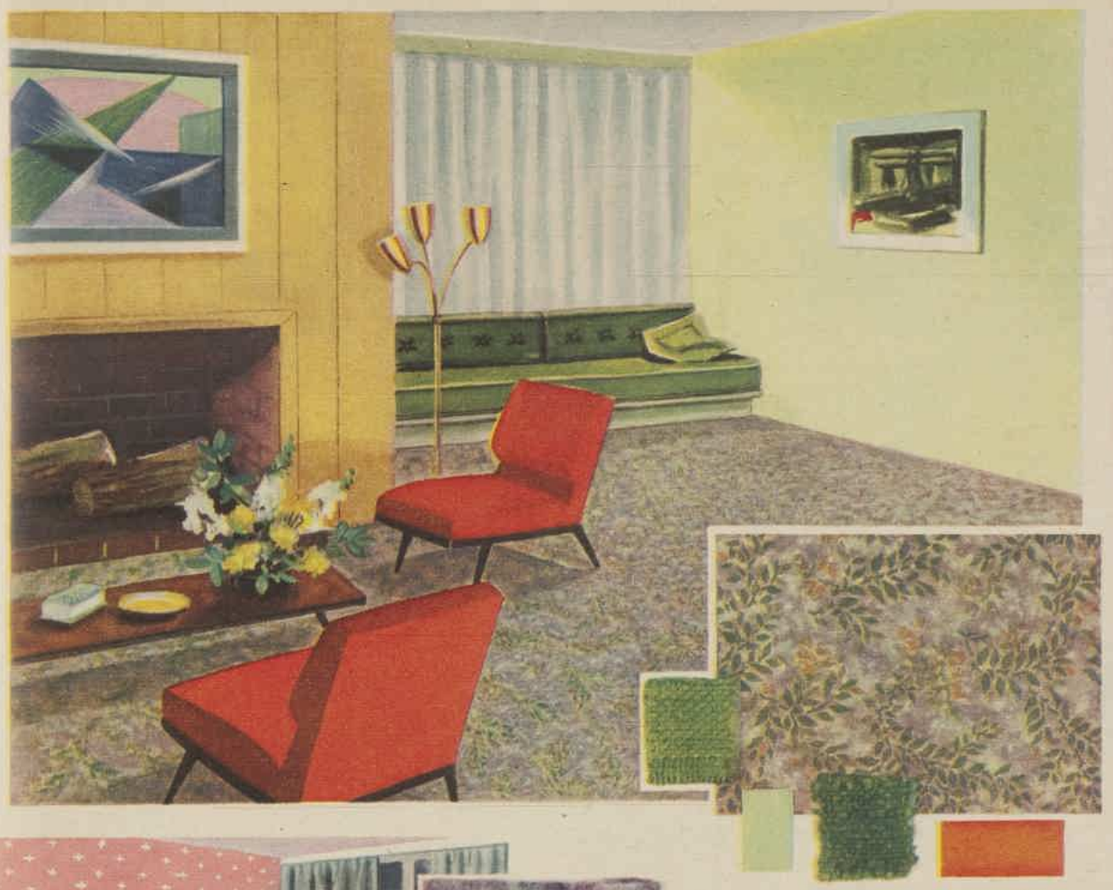

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If you cannot obtain the shade or pattern of your choice, write to Box 4281, G.P.O., Sydney, for the name of a supplier.

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Manufacturers of Marbled, Plain and Patterned Feltex

RUTH SLOANE, M.S.I.D.,
well-known Interior Decorator, tells you how to make the most of your home.

LIVING ROOM

A contemporary room at its best!

This is a room you will find simple to copy and I'm sure it will give you great satisfaction to live in.

As the area is quite large, we chose the new Wattle Gum Feltex 300/3, which has a most attractive pattern and colourings.

As in many modern homes, natural pine walls are a feature; here the fireplace walls were finished in that timber with the remaining walls painted a pale green chartreuse; a white ceiling completed the scheme.

The spacious window seat has two tones of green on it, the back cushion is olive green and the seat deep chartreuse.

Hanging behind it are very full white shantung curtains. These serve two purposes—they will give you a feeling of light and privacy and also dispense with blinds.

A really warm ripe apricot was the colour used on the furniture, making a delightful contrast to the rest of the room.

BEDROOM

This bedroom has a decided soft and feminine feeling about it, with a new approach in colour combination. For the floor we chose one of the newest shades from the Feltex range. It is bright Amethyst Marbled Feltex 722—which is ideal for the pretty bedroom so many women long to own.

As a change we used wallpaper here, which decorates as well as providing colour to the room. It had a wonderful background of shocking pink with a simple design of little white twinkling stars on it. The white emphasis was repeated on all furniture, accessories and woodwork.

Balancing nicely with the floor, the ceiling was painted very pale lilac and the contrasting colour note was created with curtains and bedspread in a very soft powder blue—truly a woman's dream!

DIVAN BEDROOM

In this unusual room we have tried to create the ultimate in modern decoration. It no doubt will not appeal to everyone, but I'm sure there are those who would like to create a dramatic effect at a reasonable cost.

Charcoal Marbled Feltex 707 formed the basis of our plan. With it we used pale whisper grey walls and antique white woodwork, creating a background for the drama to come, which we achieved with the black velveteen. Cafe curtains were made of this material and also repeated on two cushions.

The divan bed has a wonderful cover of heavy textured weave made in a combination of lime yellow and black and again repeated on the cushions.

Another important feature in this room is the very contemporary table lamp—the base is ebony black with an opaque shade of burnt orange velveteen, making a striking contrast against the pale grey walls.

One small orange cushion on the divan rounded out the whole setting in complete harmony.

Ruth Sloane

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You need a fan this Summer!

You can't be at ease in a hot-box . . . relax on the hottest summer evenings, cooled by the steady breeze of an Elcon Capri fan.

Elcon will always trump the pack . . . will make your guests PLEASED they come. For comfortable summer card evenings be cool with an Elcon Bel-Aire fan.

Listless children, unhappy in the swelter of a summer day, will certainly appreciate the pleasant, cool freshness of a home where a fully enclosed Elconaire fan is installed.

Boiling water, hot stoves and the lingering fumes of simmering food are the perfect recipe for ruined meals and tired wives. Your kitchen can be the COOLEST room with an Elcon exhaust fan.

Take the insomnia from summer with an Elcon fan. For a few shillings a season, every night can be swelter-free with an Elcon Bel-Aire fan.

Appetites vanish with temperature rises . . . but not when there's an Elconaire fan reproducing all the pleasures of seaside breezes.

Siesta and hibernation are remedies for summer heat . . . an Elcon oscillating fan will be preferred . . . will allow full enjoyment of rigorous games.

Treadling a sewing machine in the swelter of summer? No effort at all with Elcon Capri in the room, keeping the heat where it belongs —outdoors.

Dirty linen, steaming coppers, mercury at 99 — and washing becomes the hottest summer job. Install an Elcon oscillating fan . . . work pleasantly, dry clothes on wet days.

Perspiration clings . . . oppressive heat saps energy — an Elcon exhaust fan operating and work is easier, production figures rise.

Cool customers linger . . . fresh, clean air is the finest salesman — an Elconaire fan is the best investment for customer satisfaction; turnover increases, profits rise.

Efficiency whittled by summer swelter? An Elcon Capri office fan means effortless efficiency in the hottest heatwave.

This summer, decide to end the sweltering, energy-sapping days of past hot weather. Install an Elcon fan . . . from the complete range you can select a model, priced to suit your budget, planned to cool your home for years to come. It costs almost nothing to run an Elcon — only shillings for an entire summer.

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Be Cool . . . Keep Cool . . . with . . .

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number, 8. Lucky color for love, scarlet. Lucky colors for gambling, red, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Don't risk more than you can afford.	★ Make sure your income is enough to cover your budget requirements, as any occupational change or career adjustment should be handled with care.	★ At a family conference you may be able to give such a splendid suggestion that the worry about raising funds for a domestic purchase may solve itself without discussion.	★ If the man in your life becomes critical about your appearance, or objects to your choice of clothes, agree with him in theory only for politeness.	★ You can be the belle of the ball, but you'll have to earn it in one way or another. This could be through drawing others not so popular into your circle.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, blue. Lucky color for gambling, green. Best days are Wednesday, Friday. Show your love and gain happiness.	★ Plenty of activity and even some fun on the job are indicated by the aspects. Wish hard and try hard, but stick to conservative methods, don't cut corners.	★ Your opinion in regard to a neighborhood matter is likely to be aired, and it will carry weight with a number of people. Don't wait for someone else's suggestion.	★ The explosion caused by a bull in a china shop can shatter romance. Lovers' quarrels may be hard to repair. It's up to you to pick up the pieces.	★ You may be asked to help a good cause, yet find promised supporters are unavailable for various reasons. It might be possible to get new recruits among friends.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, silver-grey. Lucky color for gambling, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Work steadily towards your goal.	★ Don't get upset if there is an unpleasant situation in connection with your work or with fellow workers. Keep control over your temper and rely on yourself.	★ Balance your household budget one morning this week, then proceed in the afternoon to ask for the adjustment of a bill; errors may have crept in.	★ If your chosen one does not respond and you are finding your methods to attract his or her affection unsuccessful, apply a glamorous touch to personality.	★ Busy engineering something? There is top-speed activity in that organising brain of yours, but either people or times refuse to fit in. You'll discover how to do it.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, pale green. Lucky color for gambling, dark red. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. If one door shuts, another opens.	★ These favorable rays are stimulating alike to business, industry, advertising, selling, writing, and conferences. Be enthusiastic in granting favors.	★ Someone might make you a wonderful promise. However, it is likely to prove merely a grand gesture, instead of a serious promise to help you get what you want.	★ While modern etiquette permits of a wider latitude in relations with the opposite sex, boys do not like girls who pursue them, or ring them up at inconvenient hours.	★ If you're expecting your feelings to be hurt, they will be. Toughen up on that supersensitive attitude, and refuse to look on a disagreement in point of view as criticism.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Lucky color for gambling, purple. Lucky days, Saturday and Sunday. Your luck lies near at hand.	★ Graciousness and an affable smile are always an asset in the business world. If someone attempts to trick you into a shady money deal, say "No."	★ Be sympathetic to the ideas and desires of those with whom you live; this applies to both adults and children. Complaining and moaning irritates everybody around you.	★ Being by nature a wonderful, warm lover, you may, in your purposeful wooing, scare the game away. That object of your regard may have heard of a recent flutter.	★ It's teamwork that pulls off a stunt. If you're in the midst of a composite effort, give clear directions, be certain that everyone understands what is expected.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, bright green. Lucky gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday and Friday. Your luck will be in quick decisions.	★ Don't put off important work because you are tired or not in the mood; you'll only worry over it, and the longer you postpone it the harder it will be to tackle.	★ Are you old-fashioned and swayed by prejudices which impede your progress? You may be passing up new methods which you could use to give you more leisure.	★ A romantic friendship may suit you better than a passionate love affair, particularly if you are just starting out on your career, with your way to make in the world.	★ You seem slated for the utility rather than the decorative end on most occasions at present, but your turn to shine in a more glamorous manner will come up shortly.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Lucky gambling color, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Handle finances carefully.	★ Avoid being stubborn, even if you have reason to think the cards are stacked against you. If you are arbitrary, you may have to face a malicious intrigue.	★ Do not buy an article merely because it is a bargain. Regard it from the point of view of a permanent investment, likely to be useful over a long period of time.	★ Should your sense of social fitness or of delicacy in an awkward situation have been offended by your best beloved, it was probably through nervousness.	★ Lots of chances to step out, but you either don't care for the people or the activity is not your style. You can think up a white lie and stay away.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Lucky color for gambling, pink. Lucky days, Friday and Saturday. Have faith in your stars.	★ Put valuable property, either your own or that of your employer, under lock and key if it has been entrusted to you. Do your part faithfully to avoid blame.	★ If you or a member of the household go on a diet, obtain the doctor's approval first. Avoid discussing diets or creating an unhappy atmosphere at mealtimes.	★ If you and the object of your love spend most of your time in a twosome, you'll soon have no friends left. Observe the beloved against a background of mutual friends.	★ Should there be a catty woman among your acquaintances, keep clear of gossip. She will repeat and exaggerate, or twist into a totally different meaning, anything you tell.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Lucky gambling colors, red, mauve. Lucky days, Thursday and Friday. All things come to those who wait.	★ Before you say "Yes" to any proposition or suggestion, talk it over with someone whose experience is adequate for your purposes. Spend for future security.	★ Make sure that you are not shouldering too many family responsibilities alone. Glance around for ways and means to ease the burden.	★ There are gold-diggers of both sexes, and that fascinating new thrill may be just looking for a good time. Don't jump to romantic matrimonial projects.	★ You might win a prize in a competition conducted at some function which you attend. In sporting matters you could be quite successful in the third round.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky number for love, white. Lucky color for gambling, blue. Lucky days, Thursday and Sunday. Your luck lies in whom you know.	★ Some hoped-for addition to money reserves may come. Even if the amount is small, take it with thanks. Work accurately and systematically.	★ If buying or selling land, property, furniture, or equipment, you can show a profit just now. Look over the field for ruling prices before accepting the first offer.	★ If you are offended at what you think shows a lack of consideration on the part of your best beau, don't sulk around the premises until he clears out in disgust.	★ Right now it might pay you to investigate some new interest. If you've been taking life seriously of late, a fresh chapter will bring out new talents.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, grey. Lucky color for gambling, grey. Lucky days, Thursday and Saturday. The stars help who help themselves.	★ New tasks and obligations may require your special attention. Go straight to the mark and budget your time and energy in order to make sure you have a little leisure.	★ Straining at the domestic leash? That won't settle an issue due partly to your own impatience. Slacken tension, drop the subject until conditions are favorable.	★ You may shortly meet a member of the opposite sex to whom you are attracted at first sight. Neither of you appears able to escape from a powerful magnetic force.	★ Fun on the lighter side, involving little skill and no effort. You may drift along with the crowd, almost indifferent as to what form of amusement is their goal.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky colors for love, rainbow. Lucky color for gambling, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Look farther afield for your luck.	★ Cash in on your ideas while the going is good; you can bring any business affair to a successful finish and you should find a satisfactory deal most exhilarating.	★ Keep your ambition and enthusiasm sizzling. You may need both for dull days filled with routine household duties. Keep your hands off family problems.	★ Watch your step with the beloved. You may be so absorbed in some scheme of your own that your opposite number feels hurt and neglected. Better square yourself.	★ Some hidden ability is about to be brought to light. Much to your surprise you find you are good at a pastime never attempted before. This will fill your date-book.

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A Pair of Innocents

said casually: "We've been in France and Switzerland."

I wanted to gasp at this, but, as she pointed out later, it was true. We had passed through those countries on our way to Innsbruck.

Mr. Warwick nodded. "Fascinating countries. I wish I knew them better. I spent only a year in France, and eighteen months in Switzerland.

I was feeling uneasy, and his next remark made me hold my breath, for fear of what Ellen's answer would be.

"I'm sure," he said, "you must be a polished linguist."

We had done a little French at school. Here in Innsbruck we hadn't a word of the language, and without Aunt Rachel we should have been helpless.

Ellen made a slight gesture she had cultivated. "The people here seem to have a local intonation."

"Ah, you've noticed that? Yes. You speak the language fluently?"

"Not theirs."

"Quite—it's an unholy patois. Still, you'll have no difficulty in understanding them. I'm almost sorry."

"Sorry?" I blurted out. "Whatever for?"

He tapped his fingers on his knee and considered the carpet. "Well," he began, and tried again. "Well, otherwise, I might have ventured to hope that you might let me act as an interpreter on your sightseeing."

He glanced at Ellen, but all she said, with faintly bored politeness, was: "Might you?"

Mr. Warwick said: "You'll be going back to London for the season?"

"That is usual."

Directly we were alone in our bedroom I tackled her. "How can you fib like that!"

She gave me a calm glance and said: "Lucy, don't be so trying. He's a nice young man, but that's no reason why I should tell him all I know and all I don't know."

"All you don't know! Good gracious! You don't know a single word of the language."

"I do. I know that braun means brown, and hof house."

Continuing . . .

from page 3

I told her she was treading on thin ice. Wouldn't it be much more sensible to be what she really was, instead of pretending?

She said: "Lucy, you're positively tiresome. I like Mr. Warwick. I respect him."

"No. All the same it would be jolly awkward for you if he found out you couldn't speak the language. And I do think you might have been nicer to him. I'm sure he's taken to you."

For a second she was natural. "He's a darling!" she said.

Our breakfast of coffee and rolls the next morning was disturbed by sudden news. A telegram had come for Aunt Rachel. A distant relative of hers was seriously ill in Salzburg. She would have to go there at once.

"I'll be back by tonight. But I'm a little anxious about leaving you two."

We assured her quickly that we would be quite all right.

"I hope so."

As she went out, Mr. Warwick came in. Ellen gave him a little nod.

He said: "Dull office work for me this morning. I envy you. It's getting warm. Are you going to be energetic?"

"Within reason. We shall probably take a stroll by the Inn."

"I'd love to come with you." He quoted some lines of poetry, presumably in German, and glanced at her. "Particularly appropriate to a river like the Inn, eh?"

Ellen nodded consideringly, and rose. "Lucy, I think we might start while it's still cool. Come along." She got up and left the table without another glance in his direction.

Now, despite her various poses, Ellen had a streak of basic commonsense. When we were outside the Braunhof, she said: "It's going to be awkward if we lose our way and can't find anybody who speaks English."

"We can say 'Braunhof.'"

"It's only a small place. There might be dozens of Braunhofs. I think I'll write the name down, and the name of the street as well. Then we can show it to anybody if we need directing, and at least we can get some sort of guidance from their gestures."

It was then we realised that neither of us knew the name of the street. However, we walked along to the corner, and in a page torn from her diary Ellen copied down the words on the metal name-plaque fixed to the wall. Then we set off.

Three hours later we were very hot and very tired. We had walked right out of the town and admired the river and the mountains. We came to the junction of several roads leading towards the town and were uncertain which one to take.

At that moment there was a clopping sound. An open carriage, a kind of Victoria, was coming past in the direction of Innsbruck. The driver was not unlike the Emperor Franz Josef, with sidewhiskers meeting a thick, curving moustache. He pulled up the horse and said something unintelligible.

"How fortunate!" said Ellen. "He must be plying for hire." She turned to him, and speaking slowly and clearly, as if to a small child, asked: "Do you know the Braunhof?"

A string of words came from him. He stepped down from his seat. He was obviously puzzled. Ellen took the slip of paper from her bag and held it in front of him. He gave it one glance, stared at the pair of us for a second, and at once a broad grin started to creep across his face. Then he threw back his head and laughed.

Ellen went white with anger. "Does he imagine we look so funny?"

I felt myself turning red. As for the driver, he swallowed his laughter, opened the door of the vehicle and beckoned us inside with a courteous gesture. There were tears of laughter in his eyes, and his shoulders were quivering.

We sat down, Ellen like a cold, outraged goddess. He flicked his whip and we started to bowl along towards Innsbruck.

"D'you think it's my hat?" I asked timidly.

Ellen said, "It might be. But that's no excuse for an exhibition of clownish laughter."

We had been driving along for about five minutes when a Victoria approached from the opposite direction. Our man commenced to make chuckling sounds. He slowed his horse to a walk and called out a sentence or two to the other driver, and the man was convulsed.

> A friend is a present you give yourself.
> — *R. L. Stevenson*

"Ho, ho, ho!" His deep laughter boomed along the street. He glanced at us as he passed, and burst into another fit of laughing. I felt bewildered and embarrassed.

"For once," said Ellen, blushing herself, "I'd like to be a man. I'd horsewhip this fellow."

"But what on earth can they be laughing at?"

"I don't know and I'm not interested. The thing to do is to ignore the matter. A woman of poise is never at a loss." She tilted her head higher and tried to appear as if we were unconscious of anything unusual.

But it was a most uncomfortable ordeal. The driver knew so many people in the streets, and every so often, encountering another Victoria or a man with a cart or somebody standing on the pavement, he would raise his whip and shout and give us an apologetic glance and then let out a bellow of laughter and shout sentences. Of course, he was heard and understood by others, and in one street laughter followed us the whole length of it.

We swung round a corner and the Braunhof came into sight. I said: "Thank heaven!"

Ahead of us, almost opposite the boarding establishment, was Mr. Warwick, returning from his office for lunch. He was just going up the steps as our Victoria came to a stop. He raised his hat and smiled.

With set lips, Ellen got out of the vehicle and I followed. She glanced over his shoulder, made sure Mr. Warwick had gone into the house, removed some coins from her bag and held them in her palm. The driver took two, touched his hat, said a few words that meant nothing to us, smirked apologetically, and drove off. He was laughing again.

We went up the steps. Mr. Warwick was standing in the hall. He said: "An enjoyable morning, I hope," and added: "Jovial chap, your driver. Never heard such a hearty laugh. You must have had some good joke with him. May I be told?"

I knew what Ellen was going to do. She was going to accept the explanation he had put into her mouth and take credit for being such an accomplished linguist. But that was too much. Unless we found out what was the matter with us, we might go on and on getting laughed at.

I said quickly: "As a matter of fact, we can't make out what was amusing him."

"Lucy!" began Ellen sharply.

"Just a moment." I had no intention of letting her down, but I had to find out what had set Innsbruck laughing.

"Ellen wondered whether these people, with their local dialect, might not understand exactly what she said. So in case we rather wandered off the map and were uncertain of our bearings and possibly had to ask some rural sort of person, she wrote down the Braunhof and the name of the street on a piece of paper.

He nodded. "In German or English script?"

"English." I said. "And the driver had no sooner read it than he laughed uproariously."

"How extraordinary!"

"Yes, wasn't it?" I could see the slip of paper peeping out of Ellen's bag, and I flicked it out to show him.

He looked at it. Suddenly his throat worked. He seemed to be in agony. He whisked out his handkerchief, held it to his mouth, and apparently struggled to hold back a bout of what might have been coughing or sneezing.

"That wretched hay-fever," he mumbled. "Please excuse me. I must do something about it." He dashed away upstairs.

We found out the truth in the evening, when Aunt Rachel got back. We showed her those pencilled words. Her lips trembled with laughter.

"Really, Ellen!" she said, "really! If only you hadn't jumped to conclusions. This isn't the name of the street. It's a notice. It means: 'No rubbish to be dumped here'."

Poor Ellen! She went straight to her bedroom and when I found her, her lashes were still wet and she looked what she was, not a day older than eighteen. She cried chokily:

"Whatever must he think?"

There was only one thing to do. Wanting to cry with her and laugh at the same time, I hurried downstairs. By a stroke of luck, Mr. Warwick was alone in the drawing-room reading. Memory of Ellen's woebegone face gave me the courage. I sat down by his side and told him everything. Before I had ended we were both giggling helplessly.

He said: "I'm glad you've told me. I've got tomorrow morning off and now I know she's not so terrifying I can ask if she'll come for a walk. D'you think she will?"

"You ask her at breakfast."

He did, and she smiled quite shyly and said: "I'd like to very much, if Aunt Rachel doesn't mind."

Aunt Rachel didn't, and after breakfast they went out together with stars in their eyes.

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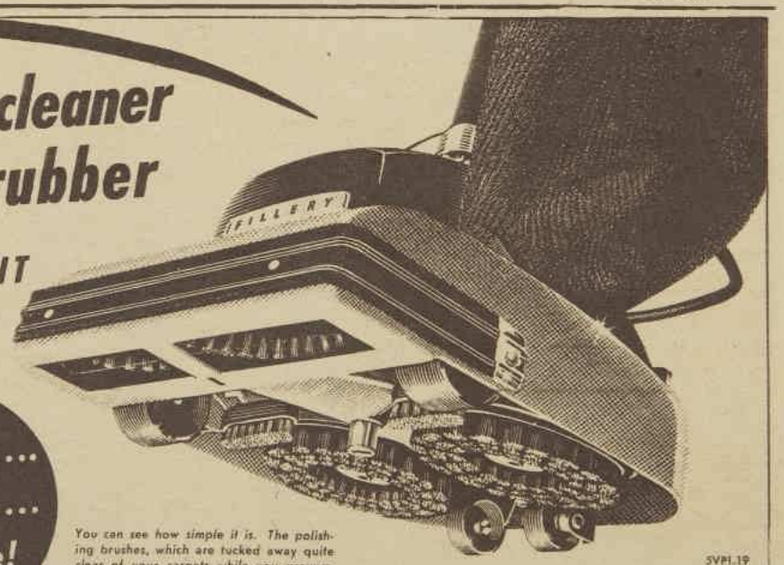

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Continuing . . . . **Marjorie Morningstar**

from page 9

sprang into the foyer. "Hello?"

"Hello, pooch."

The proprietary nickname and the odd twangy voice brought the usual pleasurable warmth to Marjorie, mingled this time with a dim feeling of guilt. "Oh—hello, George, how are you?"

"What's the matter? Did I wake you up?"

"No, George. Matter of fact, I was just going out, so excuse me if—"

"Out?"

"Just out in the park. Riding."

"Well, well. Riding in Central Park. You'll be joining the Junior League next."

"Don't be funny."

"Well, how was the Columbia dance?"

"It was miserable, thanks." Her mother, she saw, had come to the doorway of the dining-room and was openly listening to the conversation. Marjorie made her tone more affectionate. "I never realised how young a crowd of college juniors could look and act."

"Well, sure, how old can they be?" said George with a relieved lift in his voice. "Nineteen, average. Less, some of them. I warned you you'd be bored stiff." George Drobes was twenty-two and a graduate of City College. "Well, pooch, when am I going to see you?"

"I don't know."

"Today?"

"I've got a ton of homework, dear."

"But you say you're going riding."

"Just for an hour. Then I'll be at the desk all day, really, George."

"Take off another hour."

"Dear, I'd love to—it's just such a long trip from the Bronx down here, just for an hour—"

"I'm not doing anything. It's Sunday. It's been almost two weeks—look, I'd just about decided to go to the art museum anyway. I've got the car. I'll drop by. If you feel like it, we'll go for a drive in the country. If you don't, why I'll just go on to the museum."

"Well—"

"See you about one or so, okay, pooch?"

"All right, George, sure. Love to see you." She hung up.

"What's the matter between you and George all of a sudden?" said Mrs. Morgenstern with pleasure.

"Absolutely nothing. Mother, I wonder whether you know that people don't usually listen to other people's phone conversations?"

"I'm not people. I'm your mother. You don't have anything to hide from me, do you?"

"There's a thing called privacy, that's all."

"I hope the great love isn't beginning to cool off."

"It certainly is not!"

"I haven't seen him in such a long time. Does he still have that red nose?"

"He does not have a red nose."

"Bronx Park East is a long way from Central Park West," said Mrs. Morgenstern with a majestic sigh. Marjorie made for the door. "Listen, Marjorie, don't be foolish. The first time in the park anything can happen. Don't wear the new outfit."

Marjorie's hand was on the doorknob. "Clothes don't do anybody any good hanging in the closet." She opened the door. "Goodbye, Mom. I won't be home for lunch."

"Where will you eat?"

"Tavern-on-the-Green."

"Listen," said Mrs. Morgenstern, "Billy's friend, this fellow who's such a good rider, will like you just as well in the other outfit."

Marjorie's heart sank. "I can't imagine what you're talking about, Mom. Goodbye."

Her exit, which she made with a fine airy wave of the hand, was spoiled as soon as she closed the door. She had no money. The stable was at Sixty-sixth Street, and she was late. She had to go back in and ask her mother for taxi-fare.

"Well, I'm glad I'm still good for something in your life," said Mrs. Morgenstern, "even if it's only money. What's happened to your allowance this week?"

"Mom, you know my allowance only runs from Saturday to Saturday."

The mother was fumbling in a large black patent-leather purse. "It's a good thing your father's business doesn't run from Saturday to Saturday."

"Might as well give me the rest of my allowance, Mom. Then I won't have to trouble you again."

"No trouble, I assure you." Mrs. Morgenstern drew another dollar and a half from the purse. She always managed, thought Marjorie, to make the payment of the allowance a triumph. Marjorie

"I've never met an architect before . . . say something architectural."

often felt that she would go hungry and barefoot rather than ask for her allowance again. A hundred times she had planned to gain independence by writing short stories, or tutoring, or getting a week-end job as a salesgirl. These plans usually surrounded just before she had to ask for her allowance, and tended to wither right after she got it.

"Thank you, Mother," she said, remotely cool and formal as she accepted the money.

At this moment her father came into the hallway carrying the "Sunday Times" in a disordered sheaf under his arm. He wore a red silk smoking-jacket in which he looked uncomfortable. Marjorie kissed him. "Morning, Dad. Sorry I've got to run."

The father said, "Horseback . . . Can't you find something less dangerous than horseback, Margie? People get killed riding horseback."

"Don't worry. Marjorie will come back in one piece. 'Bye."

Marjorie's father had come to the United States at the age of fifteen, an orphan, a fleck of foam on the great wave of immigration from Eastern Europe. In his first bewildered week in a wretched cellar on the lower East Side of New York, he had become friendly with a boy who worked for an importer of feathers. He, too, had gone to work sorting and classifying feathers: filthy work that paid two dollars a week. Now, thirty-three years later, the importer was dead, the boy who had brought him into the feather business was Mr. Morgenstern's partner; and the Arnold Importing Company was a well-known dealer in feathers, straws, and other materials for ladies' hats, a tributary of New York's millinery trade.

From two dollars a week, Marjorie's father had painfully worked up to about fifteen thousand a year. Every year since his marriage he had spent every dollar he earned on the comfort of his family and the improvement of their station in life. Except for his part-ownership of the struggling little corporation and the salary he drew, he was a penniless man. Yet he lived on Central Park West.

"Do you think she'll be all right?" he said, peering at the brown door through which his daughter had vanished.

"Why not? All the kids around here ride. More coffee before it's cleared away?"

"All right."

At Marjorie's vacant place in the dining-room was the ruin of the bun she had half-bolted, smeared with lipstick. "Why is she suddenly so interested in horseback riding?" said Mr. Morgenstern. "She had one lesson this week."

"Why do you think?" His wife poured coffee from the silver pot she used on Sunday mornings.

"Not that fat fool Billy Ehrmann?"

"There's another boy in the party."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. Fraternity brother of Billy. He can't be too bad."

The father pulled out the business section of "The Times" and glanced at it, sipping coffee. After a while he said, "What about George?"

"George, *I think*, is finished. Marjorie doesn't know it yet."

"But you know it, I suppose?"

"Yes, I do. It's a long way down here from the Bronx."

"Maybe we shouldn't have moved from the Bronx."

"Now what makes you say that?" The mother looked out of the window, still pleased and thrilled by the view of the park.

"Personally I have no objection to George. A steady boy," the father said. "Could fit in the business."

"A nobody."

"Well, I don't like these Manhattan boys," the father said. "They're too smart. They're cold fish. I talk to them, and suddenly I remember I've got an accent. I can hear it. After thirty years they make me feel like a greenhorn." Marjorie's father had only a slight accent, and the mother had virtually none, yet neither sounded native-born, and they knew they never would. "I don't trust these boys. They look like they'd try any smart trick with a girl they could get away with."

"Marjorie can take care of herself."

"She can, can she?"

Mrs. Morgenstern had been maintaining the opposite viewpoint not less recently than two o'clock that morning while waiting up nervously for Marjorie. This kind of discussion went on all the time between the parents. They could take either side with ease. It all depended on which one started to criticise the daughter. The father stared at his paper and the mother stared out of the window.

After a while the mother shrugged. "She's entitled to the best, isn't she? The West Side is where the good families live. Here she has the best chances of meeting somebody worth while. We went all over that ground."

"She told me all about sex

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yesterday afternoon," the father said. "Studied it in hygiene, she says. She knows the whole business like a doctor. She knows a lot more about it than I do. Talked about chromosomes, and tubes, and eggs, and the male this, and the female that. I was embarrassed, I'll tell you the truth, and the strange thing is I felt sorry for her."

"Well, she can't help what they teach her in school. Is it better to know nothing at all, the way we were?"

"Maybe she knows too much. Did she ever tell you the five arguments that prove God exists, and five answers that prove He doesn't? She learned them in a course. But she never goes to temple except to a dance, she's forgotten any Hebrew she ever knew, and if she doesn't eat bacon she eats shrimp cocktails. I'll bet a hundred dollars on that."

"This is America."

"We've spoiled her. I'm worried about her, Rose. Her attitudes ——. She doesn't know what money is. A wild Indian couldn't know less. I do some magic with a fountain-pen and a cheque-book, and she has a dress or a coat or a riding-habit——"

"I saw you going over the cheque-book last night. Is that what this fuss is all about? The riding-habit? A girl needs clothes."

"I'm talking in general. From a money standpoint this move to Manhattan was crazy. We're eating capital."

"I've told you twenty times you're going to have to give yourself a raise."

The father stood and began to walk back and forth. He was a stout little man with a moon face, curly greying hair, and heavy black eyebrows. "It's a funny thing about a business. You take out more money than comes in, and after a while there's no business."

Continuing . . . . Marjorie Morningstar

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Marjorie's mother had heard nothing but moans from her husband about business through good times and bad. She was not inclined to regard the depression seriously. Her husband's steadily rising income from his feather-importing business had seemed miraculous to her in the first years of their marriage, but now she took it quite for granted.

"These are the years that count for Marjorie. This new boy she's riding with, whoever he is, he's a Columbia boy, a fraternity boy, isn't he? That means a good family. Would she have met him if we'd stayed in the Bronx?"

"She's only a sophomore. She may not get married for years."

"It won't put us in the poorhouse."

"Then there'll be Seth."

"We'll worry about Seth when the time comes."

"Well, we won't have any problems if she breaks her neck today riding a horse."

"She won't break her neck."

"I heard you arguing with her. She's only had three lessons."

"What is there to riding a horse?"

The father paced to the window. "It's a beautiful day. There go some horses . . . That wouldn't be her yet. Look, the park is green. Seems like only yesterday it was all covered with purple snow. The snow in the park looks purple, did you notice that? There must be a scientific explanation." He rubbed his forehead. "I'm worrying about spring hats in November and fall hats in February. A year goes by like a week, it seems."

"She'll be all right. I tell you." The mother came and stood beside him. They were the same height, and she, too, had a round face. Their expressions were much alike, except that the man's face had sterner lines at the mouth. They might have been brother and sister. He looked about ten years older than his wife, though they were nearly the same age.

"Doesn't it seem strange to you?" said the father. "It does to me. How long ago was she crawling on the floor with wet diapers? What's become of the time? Horseback——"

"We're getting old, Arnold."

"Nowadays they make jokes about the marriage brokers," said the father. "All the same, with the old system she'd be meeting nothing but boys of exactly the right age and background, and no guesswork."

"With that system you wouldn't have the problem of Marjorie at all," said the mother sharply.

The father smiled and looked sly. After more than twenty years it was still a sore point with Mrs. Morgenstern that he had once almost been matched with a rabbi's daughter.

"Think it over! My new hat or your stamp collection!"

"I'm just saying that this is also a strange system. It's going to cost us plenty putting her near these good families of yours. And one night at one of these dances, what's to stop her from falling for a good-looking fool from a rotten family? And that'll be the end of it. Remember that first one at the camp when she was thirteen? That Bertram?"

The mother grimaced. "She has more sense now."

"She has more education. That's a different thing. She has no more sense. A lot less maybe. And as for—well, religion — the way things are nowadays——" He broke off, looking out of the window.

"All this," said the mother uneasily, "just because the girl goes for a horseback ride? Don't forget one thing. She gets the man she loves. She gets what she wants, not what we pick. That's the right way."

"She gets what she wants?" said the father. "In this world? Not even in America. She'll get what she deserves."

There was a long silence. He finished his coffee, picked up the newspaper and walked into the living-room.

. . . . .

"Here you are, miss." The taxi stopped in front af the Chevy Chase Riding Academy, a converted garage with a huge tin horse painted a dirty brown hanging over the entrance. A cloud of horse smell came rolling into the cab. She could hear the beasts stamping. The cab driver, glancing around, took in the stiff new riding-habit and the uncertain look. He grinned, baring yellow horse-like teeth. "Go ahead, kid. You'll live."

Marjorie gave him a haughty look, and tipped him a quarter to prove that she was an aristocrat who loved horses. Handkerchief to nose, she went up the manure-littered ramp, stepping daintily with her toes pointed inward to avoid the unhappy duck-waddling effect which she noticed in other girls wearing riding clothes.

Rosalind Green, a stocky sallow girl, came waddling to meet her from the gloomy stalls in a new riding-habit of a hideous olive color. "Hello, we were about to give you up. They're getting the horses ready."

"Sorry I'm late." Marjorie followed Rosalind through rows of stalls where horses were stomping, stamping, snorting and neighing.

The two girls had become acquainted in the El Dorado elevator. Rosalind, a year and a half older, was a consistent A student, but she lacked humor and was dull at dances and parties. Ordinarily she might have hated Marjorie for her small waist, slender ankles, and quicksilver chatter. But she was so sure of her own superiority that she could forgive her.

Rosalind had been born on Central Park West; she was a junior at Barnard; and she was engaged to one Phil Boehm, the son of a famous heart specialist. She had nothing to fear from the clever, pretty little climber from the Bronx, a mere sophomore at the free public college, Hunter. Rosalind frankly patronised Marjorie.

Marjorie put up with it because of Rosalind's usefulness in introducing her to the Columbia fraternity set. They spent hundreds of hours talking about clothes, hair, paint, movies, and boys. Marjorie had lost touch with her girl friends in the Bronx, and had found no real chums at Hunter. Rosalind at the moment was her best friend.

"Here she is, Jeff," Rosalind called.

At the far end of the stable five horses—very big, eager and gay—were prancing and pawing under a naked electric bulb. Jeff, a sunburned little groom in shabby breeches and wrinkled boots, stood among the animals, tightening girths and shouting orders at Billy and Sandy, who were saddling their horses. He glanced sourly at Marjorie. "How well can you ride, miss?"

"Not well at all," Marjorie said promptly.

A humane light flickered in the groom's eye. "Well, good for

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Continuing . . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 45

you. Most of them won't admit it, and then—whoa, there!" He punched the dancing horse in the ribs.

Phil Boehm said, "That's my horse. Don't get him mad." He sat slumped on a dirty bench beside Sandy's girl, Vera Cashman, a handsome blonde sophomore from Cornell, who looked sleepy and cross.

"Give her Black Beauty, Jeff," said Sandy, with a smile and a wink at Marjorie. He was deft and quick with his horse's trappings. His breeches were faded, and his boots looked not much better than the groom's. The riding costumes of the rest of the party were almost as new as Marjorie's.

"Give me the gentlest horse you've got," Marjorie said, "and give him a sleeping pill before we start."

Sandy laughed.

Billy Ehrmann, red-faced and perspiring, was heaving at a strap under his horse's belly. At this moment, with a fierce yank, he managed to undo everything, and fell on the floor under the horse, with the saddle and stirrups in a jingling pile on top of him. The groom, looking extremely disgusted, picked up the saddle and pulled Billy to his feet. "I thought you said you could do this, mister."

"Got to learn some time," panted Billy, brushing manure from his fat face and his jacket.

"Not on a busy Sunday, mister, please." Jeff flipped the saddle on to the horse's back, and Billy shambled towards the bench, saying, "Hi, Marge," with a sad grin.

Marjorie smiled at him, thinking what bad luck it was that Billy, of all the fraternity crowd, had attached himself to her. Billy's one claim to distinction was that his father was Supreme Court Justice Ehrmann, whose name seemed to be on most of the letterheads of New York charities. Marjorie had been greatly impressed at first to learn who Billy was, upon meeting half a dozen of the fraternity boys one evening at Rosalind's apartment; but she had soon found out that he was a good-natured dolt with no trace of his father's merit.

Still, he was a Columbia boy. He had taken her to the dance last night. So as he walked by, exuding a horse smell which caused her to gasp and fall back a step, she smiled.

Jeff was eyeing her critically as he saddled Billy's horse. "I got an idea, miss. Give you Prince Charming . . . Hey Ernest! Let's have Prince Charming."

Marjorie said, "Gentle?"

"Gentlest thing alive."

A negro boy in jeans lounged out of a far stall and into another stall. "Prince Charming coming up," he called.

After a moment or two he began to lead out a horse; began, that is, because the process took a while to complete. Not that the horse was unwilling. It came out readily enough, but it never seemed to stop coming. The negro appeared to be unreeling the beast from a large spool inside the stall. It was by far the longest living thing Marjorie had ever seen. At last the rear end came into sight, with a limp, straggling tail.

The animal was not only very long, it was a most peculiar mottled red. The negro boy threw a saddle on its back and led it towards Marjorie. Its long head hung down, nodding. Its face, like every other horse's, seemed to Marjorie to express a weak-willed stupid animosity.

She asked: "What do you call that color?"

"It's roan."

Roan. The word conjectured up wide Western plains and thundering hoofs.

"Let's mount, folks," shouted the groom. He held the stirrup for Marjorie, and she tried to get up on the horse, but couldn't. The creature was half again as high as the old mare she had been riding in the armory. She looked around helplessly with one foot in the stirrup. Sandy Goldstone came to her, grinning, seized her other leg, and threw her on to the saddle.

"Thanks," she gasped.

"Them stirrups the right length?" Jeff said.

"Oh, yes, yes, absolutely perfect." The groom went and mounted his horse. Marjorie realised at once that her stirrups were too long. Her toes barely touched them.

"Okay folks, single file now going up the street, and no trotting in traffic."

They went out of the stable into warm blinding sunshine. Marjorie found it nightmarish to be riding along a city street on a horse. The hoofs of the seven beasts made a terrific clatter on the asphalt. She kept reaching and clutching for the stirrups with her toes, thinking that a fall on the pavement would certainly fracture her skull. Prince Charming plodded calmly among the honking taxicabs and grinding buses.

Every little toss of his head scared her. She clung to the saddle, though she knew it was bad form, though she could see the Cornell blonde grinning at her with contempt. She now cared about nothing except to get through this hour and off this animal undamaged.

When they came to the soft black dirt of the bridle path in the park the horses began to trot. Prince Charming surprised Marjorie with his easy, comfortable gait. She found her stirrups and rode to the trot as she had been taught. Her confidence came back and she relaxed a bit. They trotted past the Tavern-on-the-Green. She saw a good-looking boy at a table on the terrace follow her with his eyes as she went by.

Sandy Goldstone rode up beside her, reining in his big, coffee-colored horse with a careless gesture. "Was that a joke about not riding well? You're doing nobly."

She gave him a mysterious smile. "You're not bad yourself."

"Spend a couple of months every year in Arizona. Guess I ought to be able to ride a horse . . . Margie, there's no reason for me to hang back and police you, really, is there? This nag's impatient."

"None at all, Sandy. Go ahead."

Sandy streaked away. The riding party passed through a dank, muddy tunnel and came out into a sun-flecked avenue of cherry trees, perfumed and cool. Marjorie was stunned by the charm of it. For the first time she perceived what horseback riding was about. She turned her eyes to the pink blossoms, nodding under the blue sky in the breeze, and lost herself in pleasure.

When they emerged into open sunlight she noticed that Prince Charming was falling behind the other horses. The blonde, next to last in the party, was glancing back over the widening gap with amusement. Marjorie clasped the saddle and kicked Prince Charming in the ribs. Nothing happened except that she lost her stirrup and had to clutch for it with her foot. Prince Charming, an old civil servant of a horse, continued to reel off the same number of yards per second.

Far up the path the rest of the riders went round a bend and were hidden from view by green trees.

"Giddyap!" Marjorie said. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? They're beating you.

"Giddyap!" She made clicking noises and kicked both heels and shook the reins. Prince Charming ground along philosophically. They came to the bend and rounded it. There was a long stretch of black path ahead, completely empty except for a settling cloud of dust.

The solitude did not have a good effect on either horse or rider. Marjorie stiffened. Prince Charming, without a rear view of other horses to draw him on, seemed to lose interest in his work. His trot slowed, became bumpy, and subsided into a walk. He began to look here and there. Marjorie said in her fiercest voice, "You get going now," and spanked his neck with the reins.

Prince Charming yawned. He wandered off the path, stopped and contemplated a clump of yellow forsythia with the look of a nature-lover, and began to eat it. Tears of vexation came to Marjorie's eyes. She beat the horse's neck with her fist.

She heard thudding hoofs at about the same time Prince Charming glanced around, took one more wrench at the forsythia, and ambled back on to the path, chewing. Sandy reined-in, wheeled, and came beside her. "Having trouble?"

"Some."

"Kick him."

"I've kicked him."

Sandy surveyed the horse, wrinkling his nose. "Never been out with this one before. Mostly I think kids ride him. Here, try this." He passed his tan leather riding crop to Marjorie.

He should have noticed the terrible flattening of the animal's ears, but he was too busy looking at Marjorie's flushed, pretty face.

"Thanks," Marjorie said. She flourished the crop and smacked it clumsily on the horse's flank. Prince Charming jumped, snorted, neighed: then he gathered himself up like a fist and bounded away in a wild gallop, throwing up a boil of black dust all around Sandy.

After the first crazy moment of the bolt Marjorie found herself clinging to the saddle with no idea of how she had managed to remain on the horse. The reins were dangling free, she had lost her stirrups, and there she was, thundering along the path like a jockey, with trees, grass, and other riders swimming by her in a greenish blur. In a few seconds, hardly aware of what was happening, she overtook Vera, and one after another she passed the rest of the party as though they were standing still.

Dimly she heard a shout from Jeff over the tattoo of Prince Charming's hoofs and the splatter of flying dirt, " . . . Rid of that crop! He's crop-shy! Never . . ." But it meant nothing to her. She went drumming down a clear track with the air whistling in her ears, pulling at her hair, bringing tears to her eyes. Her hat was gone, of course. The stirrups thumped and clanked gaily against the saddle girths.

Marjorie noticed that, oddly enough, a maniacal gallop was

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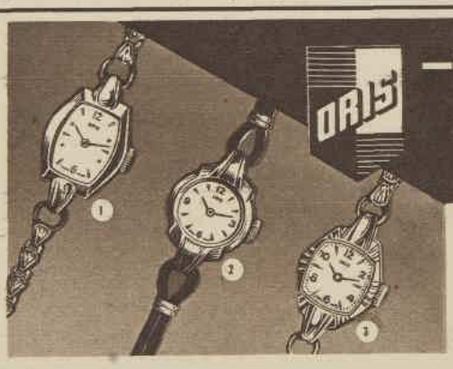
"You haven't even touched your fertiliser!"



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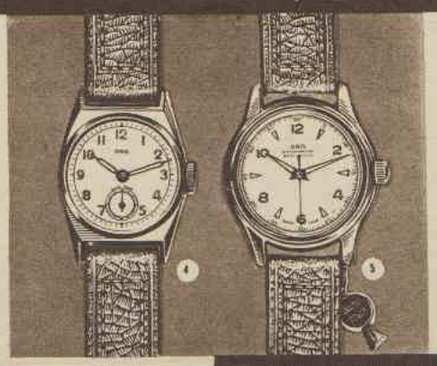

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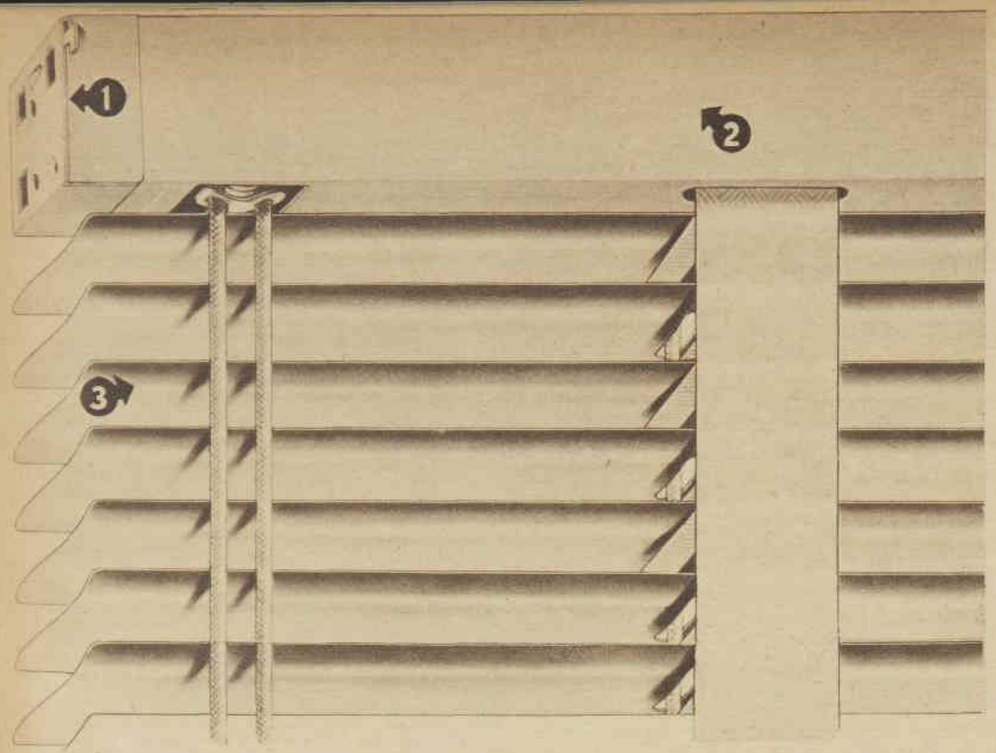

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5. Kirsch venetians come in a range of pastel colours as well as ivory and white. Kirsch suggests you choose a neutral colour that will blend with any future changes you make. Remember — a Kirsch venetian is a lifetime purchase.

6. Enclosed headmember and bottom rail give neat finish to the blind. Under the metal clips that hold the tapes in place is a reserve of tape for slight adjustment to the depth of the blind. Your Kirsch blinds will never have that "half-mast" look.

SINCE WB 1899

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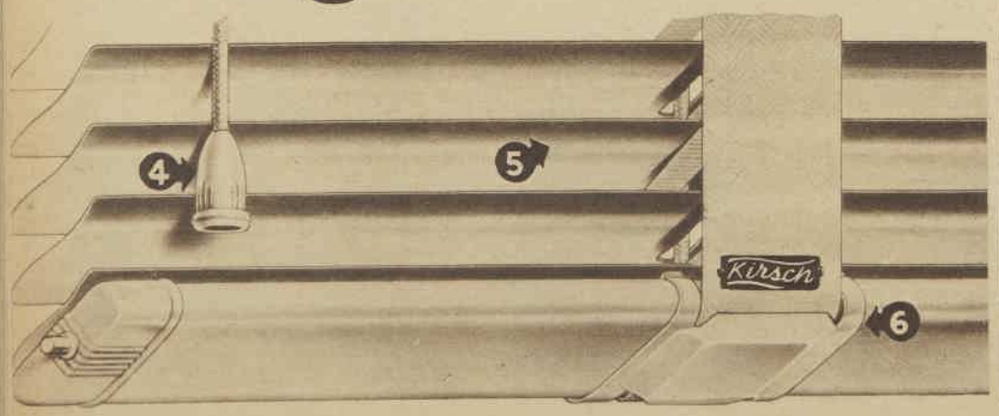

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the easiest of all gaits to sit to. It was like resting in a gently rocking chair, except for the noise of wind and hoofs and the quantities of scenery flying by. She was aware of no fear at all, but rather a silly, mildly surprised pleasure. A cold wind on her teeth indicated that she was smiling. On the whole she was idiotically enjoying the fast ride.

Prince Charming came to the reservoir, turned sharp right, and went galloping up the curved path. At the moment that he turned he parted company with Marjorie, for she continued travelling in a straight line, flying off his back, landing on the path, rolling over and over through dirt and puddles, and coming to rest face down, sprawled on sweet-smelling new grass. There she lay, hearing far-off peaceful traffic sounds.

All at once she was surrounded by stamping horses and girls were screeching and men were shouting and somebody gave her her hat, and a policeman was dismounting and taking out a notebook.

Jeff and Sandy helped her to her feet and set about cleaning her off with handkerchiefs and stray pieces of newspaper. She was smeared with mud and her jacket was ripped at the elbows. One of her ankles was throbbing peculiarly inside the boot, but nothing else seemed to be wrong with her.

Exhilarated and quite gay at being the centre of the fuss, she answered the policeman's questions clearly and calmly. Jeff explained about Prince Charming's fear of crops. Sandy kept apologising for not noticing the animal's terror. Marjorie said it was all her fault, she should have been able to control the horse anyway. The policeman, swearing under his breath, said he couldn't understand why more Sunday riders weren't killed.

Meantime another policeman appeared leading Prince Charming by the bridle. The animal was streaked black with sweat and his head drooped meekly. Marjorie at once stepped out of the chattering circle around her, took the reins from the policeman's hands, and with a limber spring that surprised herself got back into the saddle. Her ankle gave her an angry twinge when she jumped.

"Hey," said Jeff, staring at her and scratching his head. The others peered around at her.

Marjorie said, "I'm all right. Let's get going."

"You sure, miss?" Jeff said. "Maybe we better get you a cab, call it a day."

"Didn't you ever fall off a horse?"

"Forty times, miss, but —"

"Well, you're still in one piece. So am I. Just shorten my stirrups, please. Sorry I held up the party."

"Attagirl, Margie," said Billy Ehrmann.

"Well, okay." Jeff sprang to the stirrups. "That's the spirit, miss. You'll be a rider yet. Mr. Goldstone, you better ride with her from here on."

"With pleasure." Sandy reined his horse alongside Prince Charming.

The blonde gave her horse a kick in the ribs as she went ahead past Marjorie and Sandy.

Marjorie's hands and legs were trembling and sweat was cold on her forehead. But she was less afraid than she had been at the start of the ride. The worst had happened and here she was back on the horse. Without realising it she was sitting more naturally in the saddle, holding the reins better collected.

"Well, now you're an experienced horsewoman," Sandy said.

Marjorie laughed. "It'll take more than one fall, I'm afraid. At least I fulfilled my own expectation this morning. I made a fool of myself. I can hardly ride, you know. That's the truth."

"Why did you come, Margie? You didn't have to say yes just to be polite."

She looked him serenely in the eye, smiling. He grew red and stopped talking and they trotted on in silence.

Paced by Sandy's horse, Prince Charming went along like a machine. Back at the stable Marjorie managed not to limp, though the ankle was bothering her more and more. She didn't intend to be parted from Sandy Goldstone at this point because of a little pain.

When the party came to the Tavern-on-the-Green, Marjorie was very glad she had come along despite the throbbing ankle. How gay it was to sit down to white napery and silver on a sunlit stone terrace under the open sky in a green park bordered by jagged skyscrapers! Marjorie had never done it before.

A stiff brushing at the stable had cleaned all the dried mud from her habit. She didn't mind the ripped elbows; she felt they gave her a raffish Long Island horsy-set touch. She had combed her hair and freshened her make-up. She thought she rather resembled an illustration in a fashion magazine. She was proud of the way she had muddled through the ride and the fall.

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IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

THIS week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation has been won by Mrs. Deane Rose, of 5 Elm Road, Glen Iris, Vic.

This is her entry:

"When someone does wrong, thinking he will not have to pay the penalty, wiser friends could tell him, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'

"The phrase comes from the Book of Numbers, chapter 32, verse 23, when Moses tells the children of Israel that to refuse to drive out the inhabitants of the Promised Land would be a sin against God. 'But if ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out.'"

Readers are invited to send in quotations from the Bible whose frequent application has made them part of everyday language. Entries must give the book, chapter, and verse from which each quotation comes and an example of current usage.

Address letters to Bible Quotations, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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and pleased at certain small attentions Sandy had been paying her.

"Bacon and scrambled eggs for everybody, I guess?" Sandy said.

"Leave the bacon off mine. Just eggs," Marjorie said, after hesitating a moment.

Vera raised one eyebrow at her. "What's the matter, dear, are you religious?"

"Just habit," Marjorie muttered, embarrassed. She was convinced that the Jewish food prohibitions were mere primitive taboos, but her upbringing was stronger than logic. Once or twice she had tried to eat bacon and had failed; the red and yellow strips made her gorge rise.

"Well, I guess you'll go to heaven and we won't," Vera said. "I couldn't live without my bacon in the morning."

Sandy yawned. "Let her alone. What do you know about it, anyway? Some people think that all the equipment you need to discuss religion is a mouth."

Marjorie blinked at this unexpected support.

"Dear me," Vera said to Marjorie with a grin, "have I stepped on your toes? I'm sorry, I'm sure."

"Live and let live," Sandy said.

Marjorie felt she had been successfully snubbed by the blonde. She resolved, as she had several times before, to practise eating bacon some time by herself. Some of the fun went out of the brunch for her.

The waitress was just beginning to serve the food when Marjorie's mouth twisted in an involuntary grimace. A thrill of pain had shot up hotly from her ankle to her knee. "What's the matter with you?" Sandy said.

"Nothing, nothing." Everybody looked at her. The waitress was passing Phil's bacon and eggs under her nose. Marjorie couldn't help it; she put her head on her arms on the table, feeling faint and very sick. "I'm sorry, it's my ankle. I—I think I'd better go home—"

There was a flurry of sympathy and suggestions. Sandy Goldstone cut it short by tossing his car keys on the table and picking Marjorie up easily in his arms. "She shouldn't walk on it. I'll carry her to a cab and get her to her house, Billy. If I'm not back in half an hour you drive the others home. I'll phone you, Vera, about three o'clock."

"Well, all right. No later," said the blonde.

. . . .

It was the pressure of the gradual swelling inside the boot that had caused the agony, the doctor said. He made one tentative effort to pull off the boot. The girl shrieked. Without ceremony he took a sharp instrument from his bag and cut the beautiful new boot to pieces. "There," he said, carefully removing the shredded leather and the rags of stocking, "feels better now, doesn't it?"

"Much."

He squeezed and prodded the red-blue swelling and made her move the foot and wriggle her toes. She was embarrassed because Sandy could see her bare leg. The doctor began to tape the ankle. "You'll be all right in a few days. Just a sprain."

Mrs. Morgenstern picked up the ruined boot and Marjorie's torn jacket, which lay crumpled on a chair. "You had to go riding in the park after three lessons. You had to wear the new outfit. You had to climb back on the horse with a sprained ankle. Hooray for you."

Sandy said, "It was my fault completely, ma'am. She rides very well. If not for that riding crop —"

"I'm glad she got back on the horse. That's the only good thing about the story," said the father. He was as pale as his daughter. He had not previously uttered a word.

Mrs. Morgenstern gave Sandy a bleak glance. "You said your name is what—Goldstein?"

"Goldstone, ma'am," Sandy said with his easy, good-natured smile.

"Goldstone . . . Your mother isn't by any chance Eva Goldstone?"

"She's my aunt, ma'am. My mother is Mary Goldstone."

The mother straightened, smiled, and dropped the torn clothes on a chair. "Well, and a lovely lady, too. Isn't she the vice-president of Manhattan Hadassah?"

"Yes, mother keeps pretty busy with those things."

"Well, and you didn't have your lunch — I mean your brunch, as Margie calls it. You'll stay and have it with us, of course."

"Well, ma'am, thank you, but I guess I better go and—"

"How long will it take to fix some eggs? After all, you must be starved, and you took such good care of our girl—"

Sandy glanced at Marjorie and raised his eyebrows slightly. She shrugged slightly. "Thanks a lot, I'll be glad to stay if it isn't too much trouble—"

"Trouble!" exclaimed the mother, vanishing. She called them into the dining-room in [illegible] naturally, there's no time to fix anything." Platters of smoked salmon, smoked whitefish, kippered herrings, lettuce and tomatoes, scrambled eggs, french-fried potatoes, rolls, toast, Danish pastry, and coffee cake covered the table.

"Holy cow," Sandy said. Mr. Morgenstern stared at the table and at his wife.

Sandy, eating continuously and heartily, told them of his comic misadventures with horses in Arizona. It became a very jolly meal. Marjorie's eyes were brightly fixed on Sandy; the mother was enchanted by him; Mr. Morgenstern warmed to him and began laughing.

They were having their second cups of coffee when the house phone rang in the kitchen. Mrs. Morgenstern went to answer it. She returned in a moment looking very disturbed, and whispered in Marjorie's ear. The girl seemed startled; then she glanced at Sandy, and her lips curved in a confident smile.

"Of course, Mom. George said he might drop by."

George Drobes and Marjorie Morgenstern had been keeping steady company for the better part of two years.

George was a victim of the depression. By training and ambition a bacteriologist, he had completed half his studies towards his master's degree before being compelled to go to work in his father's little auto accessories store in the Bronx. George wasn't happy about it. But there was no help for it. He grimly saved a fragment of his allowance each week (he was getting no salary for helping to keep the large Drobes family alive); for he was resolved to go back and finish his training in bacteriology, even at the age of fifty.

He was by no means the first

She had gone to well-chaperoned schoolgirlish dances and parties since her twelfth year. Around her fifteenth birthday, with official if reluctant parental approval, Marjorie had arrayed herself in lipstick, rouge, perfume, eyebrow-black, brassiere, girdle, silk stockings, and stylish clothes, and plunged out once for all into the sea of dating.

Mrs. Morgenstern fought off this debut with great energy to the very end. At first, when Marjorie was a little over fourteen, she objected to rouge. Then she gave in on rouge and objected to lipstick. Then she yielded on lipstick and declared war on the eyebrow-pencil. She kept up a fierce rearguard action for a long time against any kind of clothes that looked grown-up, the only kind Marjorie was interested in.

But the mother's resistance collapsed when Marjorie reached fifteen. Any further fight was hopeless. Mrs. Morgenstern turned Marjorie loose, hoping for the best. It was the way things were done nowadays.

Marjorie immediately ran into the furtive sex fumbling that all boys her own age considered natural and, in fact, obligatory. She was upset the first couple of times it happened. But her instinct, backed up by her mother's vague but horrid warnings, made her reject these advances with a strong arm.

She found dates disappointing once the first thrill of having them was past. The pleasure lay mostly in the fact that she was doing grown-up things, and in the theatrical fun of dressing and painting herself.

Most of the boys she met were pimpled gangling fools. They kept trying to kiss and

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"Overweight."

Home Cleaning Guide

for moderns

8 ways to save Work, Time, Money, Worry by using Trix, "the miracle detergent"

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A swift once-over with Trix-in-water and away go those soap-and-splash marks. Walls, floors, fittings—and particularly the mirror—all say "thank you" for Trix.

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Don't worry about that grease-encrusted stove—it won't be half so bad to clean if you put Trix to work. Steep the removable pieces in Trix-water... and, using Trix again, go over the rest with a hard brush.

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Teenage Tragedy

I was trying to cope with the weeds near the gerberas when Laura came wandering across the lawn.

"Hello, my dear," I said, "how are you this bright morning?"

"Oh, alright," she said in a small voice and stooped to pluck a dead leaf away.

I sat back on my heels and looked at her thoughtfully. Her beautiful young face was rather wretched and I fancied her lower lip was trembling.

Bending forward again, I attacked the weeds in silence for a while then, carefully keeping my eyes from hers, said casually:

"Have a good time at the dance last night?"

"Oh, it was pretty dull," she said. "I might just as well have stayed home and gone to bed. I must be getting old!"

She gave a tight little laugh, and I smiled to myself as I looked at her eighteen-year old face, drawn in an expression of tragic despair.

I touched her lightly on the cheek. "What's the matter? Did you and David have a tiff?"

"That David Benson!" she burst out. "What a frightful person he is! He had three dances with me and then spent the rest of the time with that dreadful Christy creature with those oh so bewitching eyes and that simply *fascinating* hennaed hair!"

"I hate him," she added, decapitating a gerbera with a vicious flick of the weeder. "And her, too!"

"Now, now," I said mildly. "Don't say that. You know very well that David is an extremely nice young man. And a very handsome one, too."

"I don't care if I never see him again!" she cried, flinging her slender arms out in a dramatic gesture.

I eyed her quietly, then decided to come to the point.

"Look, dear," I said, "I've been meaning to have a little talk with you for some time—and now is as good a time as any. Forgive me for being blunt, but . . . maybe you can't blame David."

"What do you mean?" she asked, arching her eyebrows and gazing at me wide-eyed.

"Dear . . . now look here . . . I know how very, very meticulous you are but, well—frankly, my dear, I've noticed that when you've been rushing around, getting hot . . . you, well . . . you perspire, you know . . . and, dear, *everyone* does, of course . . ."

"Aunt Jean!" her cheeks were flaming. "You don't mean to suggest . . . !"

"Yes, I do," I said firmly. "And don't be so darned priggish about it. Of course you perspire. I do. Everyone does. It's a perfectly natural, healthy function. But what you may not understand is that perspiration becomes unpleasant when it comes into contact with the air—and you obviously don't know that all that sort of thing can be prevented, very simply. My advice to you, young lady, is to buy some Chlorophillies—"

"What?" she said.. "Chlorophillies?"

"Yes," I answered, "Walco Chlorophillies. They're little tablets containing chlorophyl. You can get them anywhere—get them down at the corner, if you like—and, believe me, Laura, you won't have to worry about not being sweet and fresh. They're really pleasant to eat—just two or three and you won't have to worry. There'll be no more trouble with David, either."

She was silent for a moment.

"Aunt Jean—thanks so much for telling me. I only wish everyone were as frank as you. I *will* get some Chlorophillies. I'll go and get some now! Down at the milk bar! And I *do* hope David rings about the show tonight!"

With a swirl of skirts she was running towards the house.

"Don't forget to take a shilling with you," I called and turned back to the gerberas and the weeds.

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hug and paw her; and when she fought off these compliments, they sulked. It often seemed to her, in the first eight months of her fifteenth year, that all males were nasty louts, and that she would have to live and die an old maid for her fastidiousness. She faced the prospect cheerfully. It was during this time of her life that she worked up a number of bright arguments against marriage, and made fun of sex, and declared that instead of becoming some man's dishwasher and cook she was going to be a career woman.

She then met George Drobes.

He came into her life via the Bronx YMHA. Marjorie went there to see an amateur production of "Desire Under the Elms" in the company of a boy whose name was now blotted from memory, but whom she remembered for buck teeth and wet hands. After the play there was dancing. George Drobes cut in on Marjorie.

Her first impression of him was that he had pleasantly dry palms. Then she realised, with a little shock, that she was dancing with an adult, not a boy. She had danced with men before — uncles, and ageing cousins in their twenties—but this was the first time a grown man had approached her in the open arena of life.

George cut in on her several times, and eventually asked for her telephone number, having danced her out into a quiet corridor. Marjorie was dazzled. She had not yet grown to her full height; George was a head taller than herself. She did not see the glasses and the reddened nose; she did not hear the snuffle. She saw an earnest, well-spoken man of twenty paying court to herself, a girl fifteen and a half, hardly past hanging by her heels in playgrounds, popping bubble gum,

Continuing . . . . Marjorie Morningstar

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and cutting out pictures of stars in movie magazines.

George had a narrow bony face, thin lips, and bushy dark hair. His smile was sweet and faintly melancholy. She gave him her telephone number, and for a while they went on with a halting delicious conversation. But he was too big, too powerful, too flopping a fish for her inexpert hands. She could think of nothing but her own age, and at last she blurted it out. George was astounded. he had taken her for eighteen, he said.

The conversation died. He took her back to the wet-handed boy and cut in on her no more. Marjorie could hardly sleep that night for thinking of George, and hating herself for mishandling him.

During the next couple of weeks, whenever the telephone rang crimson rays seemed to shoot out of it, and Marjorie would fling herself at it. But it was never the marvellous twenty-year-old man. Then one rainy evening almost a month later, when she had given up hope, he really did call. He was clumsy and abrupt. Did she remember him? Was she well? Would she come with him to a formal dance at the City College gymnasium?

Marjorie answered yes, yes, yes, in painful gasps—and it was over. She stood with the receiver in her hands, numb with joy.

She had to tell her mother, of course. It took Mrs. Morgenstern only a few minutes to extract from the shaky girl everything she knew about George Drobes. The mother was less impressed than Marjorie had been to learn that he was twenty years old, a college man, and a bacteriologist; nor was she quite so thrilled at the girl's being invited to a college formal dance before reaching sixteen.

"If this fellow is as marvellous as you say, why should he want to bother with a baby like you?"

"Mom, you'll never look at the good side of anything. Isn't it just possible that he could like me?"

The mother at last gave a grudging consent to the date, and even became a little infected with the girl's exhilaration when they shopped for an evening dress in downtown department stores. Marjorie thought about nothing but the dance for two weeks. There were tremendous debates over hair-dos and make-up and color of shoes and exposure of bosom.

The day of the dance was cyclonic in the Morgenstern household, with Marjorie fretting and foaming at the centre. Then all at once, an hour before George was supposed to arrive, quiet ensued. The eternity passed, the time came, the doorbell rang; and she tripped to answer it, a shiny-eyed child of fifteen and a half, with a bosom precociously full and panting under the flouncy blue tulle of her dress.

"Oh, nothing much—what's been happening to you?"

She almost fainted when she saw George. He was in an army officer's uniform, all glittering brass buttons and brown male power and glory. He himself had been too nervous on the telephone to mention that it was a reserve officer corps dance.

The military apparition overpowered her family. Mrs. than she had ever been to one of Marjorie's escorts.

The father stared at George with something like awe, and said nothing. Marjorie's younger brother, Seth, a lively urchin of eleven whose face shone from a harsh last-minute scrubbing, kept saluting and prancing in circles, humming "The Stars and Stripes For Ever." As for Marjorie, the only thought that pierced her fog of delight was that the living-room was a wretched cramped hole and the furniture terribly dowdy; she couldn't understand why she hadn't noticed it long ago.

There was no end to the wonders of George Drobes. It turned out that he had his father's car for the occasion. It was old but painted a bright false green, and he drove with practised ease. Moreover, he had a name for the car, Penelope. She thought this was an incredibly clever and whimsical touch. Sitting beside George in the front seat of Penelope, Marjorie felt twenty-five years old.

The dance was a delirium. The very air in the college gymnasium seemed to be blue and gauzy like her dress, and when she danced she seemed to be standing still, wrapped in George's strong arms, while the great bare walls and the handsome officers and the beautiful girls and the punching bags and monkey bars and wrestling mats and rowing machines wheeled round and round her gently in time to the music.

On the way home, George stopped the car in Bronx Park, in a leafy dark nook filled with smells of springtime; and Marjorie found that there was more to kissing than the pecking foolishness of party games. It didn't seem wrong to kiss George. He was gentle and kind.

Between kisses he poured out for weeks to forget her, he said, convinced that she was too young for him. But it had been impossible. He had invited her to the dance to prove to himself that she couldn't fit into his life. Instead he was falling more and more in love with her. Who could deny that she had been the loveliest girl at the dance, the most poised, the most intelligent. What did age matter when a girl had everything?

"Oh, you've just gone crazy, George."

"Yes. I'll never get over it either. I'll wait five years, Marjorie, ten, whatever you say. You're my girl. There'll never be anyone else."

Hearing such words, Marjorie surrendered herself to the pleasant process of kissing George without further fear. She had never experienced such bliss. How could she deny the evidence of her senses? For her, too, there would never be anyone else.

. . . .

In the months that followed, George consolidated his position. He lived only a few subway stops from Marjorie. Walks in the park, movie dates, and casual meetings at ice-cream parlors or at the neighborhood library were simple to arrange.

George soon came to enjoy a great added advantage: Mrs. Morgenstern openly opposed him, saying that Marjorie would do much better one of these days. This would probably have been enough in itself to make the girl adore him. But George did have persisting attractions in his own right. He was—at least by Marjorie's sixteen-year-old standards — adult, witty, gracious, and suave. He had Penelope. And he thrilled Marjorie as she had never been thrilled before.

In time their relationship

To page 52

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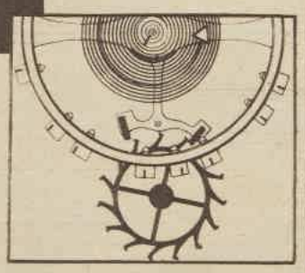

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Continuing . . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 51

included some rather warm necking sessions. But he was considerate. The advance of intimacy was very slow, and each step seemed natural when it happened. The necking was preceded by George's reading aloud some poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay, which he did quite well in a husky voice.

Then Marjorie moved to Central Park West.

She smiled brightly at Sandy when George rang the doorbell, and hobbled to answer it before her mother could stop her.

George stood in the doorway in the usual grey suit with the usual red tie, holding in his hand the battered brown hat, the only one he owned, with the threads coming loose on the band.

It still gave Marjorie a thrill to open the door to George, though he no longer quite stunned her with his godlike masculinity. His smile was the same — wide, sweet, a little more melancholy than it had been before he had given up bacteria for auto supplies. She felt a bit ashamed because Sandy Goldstone was in the dining-room wearing riding clothes. "Hi, George. Come in."

His eye fell on the taped ankle, "Pooch—"

"It's nothing, nothing at all. Sprained it a bit. Come on, you're just in time for coffee and cake." She took his hand, pressed it warmly, trying to tell him with this gesture that the handsome young stranger he was about to meet didn't mean a thing to her, as she led him into the dining-room.

Mrs. Morgenstern smiled at George with her mouth muscles.

Mr. Morgenstern looked unhappy. Sandy Goldstone rose with an amiable grin. Marjorie introduced the two men to each other. Sandy poked out a friendly hand. George took it as though it were a telegram containing bad news, and shook it briefly. Marjorie pulled a chair to the table beside her own.

"Poor Sandy had the job of bringing me home after I was dumb enough to fall off a horse. Sit down, George." George was still standing, fumbling his brown hat.

"I just had lunch. I'll wait in the living-room—"

"Don't be funny." She pulled him into the chair. "Some coffee and cake won't kill you."

"Cake's all gone," said Mrs. Morgenstern.

"Good heavens, he can have mine," said Marjorie. "Pour him some coffee, Mom."

"How are your folks, George?" said Mr. Morgenstern.

"Pop's ulcer is acting up again," George said.

"I thought the new medicine was so good."

"Well, it was for a while. I don't know. He went to a wedding and ate herring."

"Herring? Foolish." Mr. Morgenstern had no ulcers, but feared he was getting them. He often talked with George about his father's ulcer while Marjorie dressed for a date. It cheered him to hear of Mr. Drobes' symptoms, because they were more acute than his own. He had really decided he liked George one evening when George told him of his father being carried off to a hospital in agony. "I hope he isn't in the hospital again?"

"No, but he will be if he doesn't lay off herrings, that's for sure."

"I like kippers myself," said Sandy.

"You're just lucky," said Mr. Morgenstern, "that you're too young to worry about ulcers."

"Please!" broke out the mother. "Who brought up ulcers? Do we have to sit around the lunch table talking about ulcers?" She held out a cup of coffee to George. In reaching for it he flipped his hat off his lap, instinctively grabbed for it, hit the coffee with his elbow, and sent it splashing across the table.

"Mrs. Morgenstern, I'm sorry — Oh, that's terrible — I beg your pardon—"

"Nothing at all. Coffee stains come out, usually," said the mother, sopping up the brown pool with a napkin. "But that's the last of it, and it'll take a while to heat some more."

"I assure you I don't want any. I was just taking it to be polite—"

"I really have to be going," said Sandy.

"Don't let me drive you away," said George. "Stick around."

"Who drives anybody out of this house?" said the mother. "Please, Sandy, come into the parlor and visit for a minute."

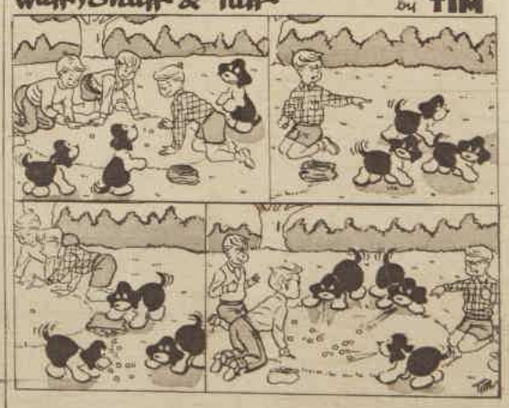
Sandy dropped into the most comfortable armchair in the living-room, the one usually occupied by Mr. Morgenstern. George sat on a low bench in front of the artificial fireplace, his legs projecting bonily. He still held his hat, turning it between his legs round and round. Marjorie waited till the others were seated, then perched herself on the peach-colored hassock close to George.

"Marjorie, that's hard on

To page 56

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by **TIM**



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Medical laugh riot on film

Doctor at Sea

★ "Doctor at Sea" (J. A. Rank), in technicolor VistaVision, stars Dirk Bogarde in his original role of Simon Sparrow, one of the medical students of "Doctor in the House."

Now the fun of student days is over for Simon and he's a qualified doctor in a humdrum practice. To escape from its boredom he packs his stethoscope and signs on as ship's doctor in a cargo steamer heading for tropical adventure.

All at sea with Bogarde are charming French girl Brigitte Bardot, James Robertson Justice, and Brenda De Banzie.

Film Fan-Fare — CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

GLAMOROUS Continental cabaret singer Helene Colbert (Brigitte Bardot) catches the eye of ship's doctor Simon Sparrow (Dirk Bogarde, unseen) during her performance in a gay Latin-American nightclub where he is taken by seafaring pals. Later they meet again—in the local prison when Simon finds he can't pay his bill.

ABOVE: Gaoled in a foreign port for not paying his dinner bill is Simon Sparrow (Dirk Bogarde), medical officer with the cargo steamer Lotus. When shown around the prison, Helene (Brigitte Bardot) remembers having seen him earlier in the nightclub where she is an entertainer.

RIGHT: Two passengers board the ship for the trip home. They are Helene (Brigitte Bardot), right, and Muriel Mallet (Brenda De Banzie), a talkative, likeable spinster whose father is chairman of the line that owns Lotus. Trail (Michael Medwin), the ship's wolf, welcomes the two women aboard.

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A BOOK FOR EVERY AGE

Film star news and gossip

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

LONDON'S crawling night traffic, which varies between dead-slow and stop, is strangling those dazzling film premieres. Mounted police, radio-motorcycle cops, and hordes of special constables have an almost weekly headache in trying to sort out the mess while famous stars sit fuming in their limousines.

Ahead at the theatre itself, despairing publicity men tear their hair out as the curtain goes up and their glamorous studio charges arrive late, dolled up like wedding cakes—and in utter darkness.

The recent star-studded premiere of the film-musical "King's Rhapsody," starring Anna Neagle and Errol Flynn, for instance, was further complicated by downpours so that distinguished guests like Australia's High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White, stepped out on to the mud-spattered red carpet from a limousine that had taken an hour to get through the West End streets.

And after the show the jockeying of limousines to pick up their milling celebrities from the cinema foyer is almost comically chaotic.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a bouquet for Gina Lollobrigida. This week she allowed candid cameras to snap her in curlers and with a shiny, unmade face. Is it courage, honesty, or confidence?

BIG offers are flying thick and fast for Australia's Dorothy Alison now she can safely put baby Seth in the hands of a nanny. Her role as the nurse who helps war ace Bader in "Reach For The Sky" is next in importance only to the title role. And from there Dorothy goes straight on to co-starring with Jack Hawkins as his wife in "The Long Arm."

WHILE Marlon Brando and Frank Sinatra plan Western pictures for their independent film productions, Audie Murphy, star of many small Westerns and the pride and joy of his native Texas, is looking for a modern story to produce and star in.

In between times, Marlon is studying the Japanese language. Metro hired a tutor to teach the language to Brando for his starring role in "Teahouse of the August Moon," to be made next year in Tokio.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Rough Company," technicolor CinemaScope Western, starring Glenn Ford, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson. Plus ★ "Teenage Crime Wave," mystery drama, starring Tommy Cook, Molly McCarty.

CENTURY.—★★★ "A Man Called Peter," CinemaScope drama in Delux color, starring Richard Todd, Jean Peters. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Geordie," technicolor comedy, starring Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Cobweb," CinemaScope drama in color, starring Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall, Charles Boyer. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—Paramount Film Festival. Nov. 10: ★★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," plus "Las Vegas Nights." Nov. 11: ★★★ "Going My Way," plus "Some Like It Hot." Nov. 12: ★★ "For Whom the Bell Tolls," plus "After Midnight." Nov. 14: ★★★ "Sunset Boulevarde," plus "Duck Soup." Nov. 15: ★★★ "A Place in the Sun," plus "Million Dollar Lakes." Nov. 16: ★★ "Stalag 17," plus "Texas Rangers Ride Again." (Star rating for support films unavailable.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "Not As a Stranger," drama, starring Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum, Frank Sinatra, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—★★ "Barefoot Battalion," Greek wartime drama, with English sub-titles. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Rear Window," technicolor thriller, starring James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "Love is a Many-Splendored Thing," Delux color CinemaScope romantic drama, starring William Holden, Jennifer Jones. Plus ★ "Dangerous Cargo," thriller, starring Jack Watling, Susan Stephen.

SAVOY.—★★ "La Kermesse Heroique" ("The Heroic Sex"), comedy, starring Francoise Rosay, Louis Jouvet. Plus ★ "No Resting Place," Irish melodrama, starring Michael Gough.

ST. JAMES.—M.G.M. Film Festival. Nov. 10: ★★ "The Great Caruso." Nov. 11: ★★ "Little Women." Nov 12: ★★★ "Annie Get Your Gun." Nov. 14: ★★★ "The Yearling." Nov. 15: ★★ "An American in Paris." Nov. 16: ★★ "King Solomon's Mines." (Featurettes in each case.)

STATE.—★★ "All That Heaven Allows," technicolor romantic drama, starring Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson. Plus ★ "Ain't Misbehavin'," technicolor musical romance, starring Rory Calhoun, Piper Laurie.

VICTORY.—★ "Women's Prison," melodrama, starring Ida Lupino, Jan Sterling, Audrey Totter, Howard Duff. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "They Rode West," technicolor Western, starring Robert Francis, Donna Reed.

Not yet reviewed

ESQUIRE.—"Lilacs in the Spring," Trucolor musical, starring Errol Flynn, Anna Neagle, David Farrar. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Foxfire," technicolor drama, starring Jane Russell, Jeff Chandler, Dan Duryea. Plus "Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy," comedy.

PALACE.—"Unchained," prison drama, starring Elroy Harsch, Barbara Hale. Plus ★ "The Lion and the Horse," Western, starring Steve Cochran, Joan Weldon. (Re-release.)

PALLADIUM.—"Hell's Outpost," Western, starring Rod Cameron, Joan Leslie. Plus "The Creeper," murder mystery, starring Onslow Stevens, Ralph Morgan, Janis Wilson. (Re-release, review unavailable.)

PLAZA.—"Drum Beat," CinemaScope Warnercolor outdoor adventure, starring Alan Ladd, Audrey Dalton, Marisa Pavan. Plus featurettes.

Talking of Films

★ *Women's Prison*

BRUTALITY runs thick through this calculated shocker of life behind the bars of a Hollywood-style prison.

Even though sensationalism seems to be the sole point of the production, some people may find it entertaining.

"Women's Prison" stars Ida Lupino as a streamlined, sadistic prison superintendent who loves to make her charges suffer at the tops of their voices.

It doesn't take long for the audience to discover that Ida herself is an emotional mess who richly deserves the padded cell that is her final resting-place.

In the meantime, however, her young ladies have a rough time. One of them, Audrey Totter, an unfortunate mother-to-be, loses her life. Another, played by nice Phyllis Thaxter, is saved from a mental breakdown by the humane prison doctor of Howard Duff.

Columbia has gathered a name cast for staple character roles. Blond Jan Sterling and Vivian Marshall, a comedienne-impersonator, bring some light relief to proceedings while an inevitable prison riot simmers.

Watch out, too, for veterans Gertrude Michael and Mae Clarke making comebacks as hard-faced wardresses.

In Sydney — Victory.

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1 HOME after implication in a cafe brawl which landed her husband in a Paris gaol, Pat (Jean Carson), right, maddens her father, John Bentley (Jack Buchanan), by asking for bail money. Stella, his wife (Brenda de Banzie), listens in.

2 ARRIVAL of another daughter, Corinne (Susan Stephen), and her Texan husband, Barnaby (Hugh McDermott), with their performing horse adds trouble. Because of a strategic carbuncle, Barnaby decides to rest in this comfortable home.

Gay musical

3 ENTER now famous American "cry" crooner Bobby Denver (Jerry Wayne), centre, enticed by young daughter Gwen (Janette Scott), right, on the pretext that theirs is the home of a famous movie magnate. John has to help Bobby beat off hysterical fans and has his garden torn up into the bargain. The sparks fly.

★ Music and dancing thread through the new color comedy "As Long As They're Happy" (Pinewood), which features a happy-go-crazy English family.

The story, a burlesque on modern crooners, shows the effect one of these stars has on a typical suburban household.

The picture brings back to the screen veteran entertainer Jack Buchanan to play the father of the house. He heads a star team which includes Brenda de Banzie, Susan Stephen, Janette Scott, and new personality Jean Carson. Blond Diana Dors appears as guest star.

4 BEARDED STRANGER tells John that he is Peter (Nigel Green), the son-in-law from gaol. "But you can't be my son-in-law," says John. "Then I've been taking some awful liberties," he replies.

5 SOLACE from the chaos of Denver's presence in his home is promised John by crackpot psychiatrist Schneider (David Hurst), right, but it fails. Denver himself then takes a hand and manages to discourage infatuated Gwen with a white lie. Then he leaves the house.

6 THE WORM TURNS. To bring all the women back to their senses, John and his sons-in-law decide to act crazy, too. John becomes an artist to paint gorgeous Pearl (Diana Dors), at back. But the trick flops, for John's wife walks out.

7 REUNITED. Family accord is regained by Stella telling her husband he is forgiven. She has bought herself some flowers for their wedding anniversary. All of the interlopers are soon to be on their way. John nurses an outsize hangover.

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Continuing . . . .

Marjorie Morningstar

from page 52

your ankle. Come sit by me," said the mother.

"Oh, Mom, relax. It doesn't bother me at all. I'm perfectly comfortable."

Mr. Morgenstern took a cigar and extended the humidor towards the two young men. They both declined. A silence followed during which the only activity in the room was Mr. Morgenstern lighting his cigar, and George turning his hat.

"Don't you smoke, Sandy?" said the mother.

"Oh, sure, tons of cigarettes, ma'am. Jus' don't feel like it at the moment, thanks."

Mr. Morgenstern said, "You're young enough to break the habit. Take my advice and quit."

"That's what my dad says," grinned Sandy. "He smokes twenty cigars a day."

"Mr. Goldstone owns Lamm's department store," said Mrs. Morgenstern to George.

"Oh," said George, reversing the direction of his hat.

"One of these days I'll have to start on cigarettes," said Marjorie. "I love the smell of them."

"Over my dead body," said Mrs. Morgenstern.

"They're not so bad," said Sandy.

"It's not refined for girls to smoke cigarettes," said the mother. "Married women, maybe. Not girls. Get married first, then you can smoke your head off."

"That's right," said George. "I think a cigarette makes a girl look hard."

Mrs. Morgenstern said, "What are you talking about? Nothing could make Marjorie look hard."

"Well, I don't think so either. But if anything could, cigarettes could."

"Nothing could," said the mother.

"George," said Marjorie, "for heaven's sake put down that hat."

"I didn't know I still had it," said George, looking at the hat. It went on turning in his hands. Marjorie snatched it and put it on a table beside her.

"Does your father ride horseback, too?" Mrs. Morgenstern said to Sandy.

"Well, dad's more a golf player, but when we started going to Arizona he took up riding. Nothing much to do there but ride. He got pretty good at it. He usually does, whatever he goes in for."

"Your father keeps himself in shape. Smart man," said Mr. Morgenstern, rolling his cigar in his fingers.

"Beats me at everything, pretty near. Won't play tennis with me because I can hold my own at that. Dad doesn't like to lose."

"He sounds like a very fine person," said Mrs. Morgenstern. "A big businessman, but he finds time to play games with his son."

Sandy looked a little less self-assured, almost sheepish. He pulled a cigarette out of his shirt pocket and lit it with a flick of a yellow metal lighter. "Well, dad says, he's going to make a man of me if it kills him. He thinks I'm pretty hopeless."

Mrs. Morgenstern laughed. "I'll bet he doesn't. He's just toughening you up to step into his shoes."

"Well, I know. But I'd rather be a doctor, you see."

George, who was sitting in a mournful slump, looked up with interest. "Are you premed?"

"Sort of. Not officially yet, so as to avoid family arguments, but I'm taking all the courses."

Mrs. Morgenstern said, "Well, to be a doctor is a fine thing. But to give up a million-dollar business to study for seven years and then sit around in a dinky office for ten more before you make a decent living—" she shrugged, and smiled. "You'll think better of it when the time comes."

Sandy twisted his mouth. "You're on dad's side. That's exactly what he says."

"I'm on your side," said George. "I'm a bacteriologist, myself. I'd rather take blood counts in a charity ward than run R. H. Macy's."

"I would like to be a doctor," said Mr. Morgenstern.

"Every man you talk to wanted to be a doctor or a writer," said Mrs. Morgenstern. "It's like a disease. And still half of the doctors are starving, and all of the writers. And why? Because most people are healthy, and hardly anybody reads books. It's that simple. Business is what keeps the world going. And still nobody has a good word for business."

Marjorie said to Sandy with a laugh. "This is an old family fight. Dad wants my brother Seth to be a doctor. Mom wants him to carry on the business."

"And what does Seth want to do?" said Sandy.

"He has a fine ambition," said the mother. "He wants to be the first man to fly to the moon."

Sandy burst out laughing. "I'm all for him." He rose, and offered his hand to George. "Got to go. Nice meeting you. Are you on a hospital staff?"

With a ghost of a grin, George said, "Regard me as a horrible example. I've succumbed. I'm in my father's business. But only temporarily, I hope."

"That's the spirit," said Sandy.

"Take my word for it," George told him mournfully. "The pressures close in on you as you get older."

"I guess they do," Sandy said, more distantly.

"After all, George," said Mrs. Morgenstern, "an auto-supply store in the Bronx isn't Lamm's."

Marjorie said with a cutting edge in her voice. "The principle is exactly the same, Mom."

"Oh, the principle," said Mrs. Morgenstern.

Marjorie limped with Sandy to the door, preventing her mother with a fierce look from accompanying them.

"Thanks for lunch—that is, thank your mom for me," said Sandy.

"Thank you for bringing me home," said Marjorie, opening the door and ringing for the elevator. "I hope Vera won't be too angry with you."

Sandy grinned. "She's boiling, I'm sure." He leaned against the doorpost, fished a cigarette from his shirt pocket, and lit it. He looked out of place in an apartment hallway, almost like a cowhand, with his easy powerful gestures, his sunburn, the faint horsy smell from his red shirt, and the slow clear male grin. He had even picked up a trace of a drawl in Arizona, or maybe it was his own way of talking. If so it was very odd in a Manhattan Jewish boy. This was Sandy at his most attractive. He seemed to dim out in the

To page 57

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MC10

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living-room for a while, especially when he spoke of his father.

She rang the bell again. "These elevators."

"I'm in no hurry. You and I can have a nice little chat."

"About what? Vera Cashman?"

He looked at her from under raised eyebrows. He reached out a long arm and mussed her hair.

"Stop that," she said, tossing her head.

"I like your friend George. Kind of old for you, though."

"That's how much you know."

"Let me tell you something about riding a horse," Sandy said. "You must never forget one thing. You're a person and he's a horse. That means you're better than he is, even though he seems to be four times as smart as you and eight times as big. Now when it's a question of —"

The elevator came jangling up the shaft. "Oh, dear," said Marjorie. "And it was just getting interesting."

Sandy mussed her hair again. "You remind me of my kid sister." He grinned and waved to her from inside the elevator. "Have fun. Stay off that ankle. Bye."

Marjorie returned to the living-room. Mr. Morgenstern was saying to George: "Was the pain high up or down low?"

"For heaven's sake," said Marjorie. "That ulcer again?"

"Well." The father stood and walked out saying, "Give my best to him, George. Tell him to stay away from herring."

"That Sandy seems to be a nice kid. Columbia?" said George. Marjorie nodded. "Is he the one who took you to the dance?"

"Heavens, no. I went with a fat fool named Billy Ehrmann. He's the one I went riding with, too. But he just got all panicky when my foot began

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to hurt. So Sandy took charge and brought me home. Sandy has a knockout of a girl. A rich Cornell blonde from Scarsdale."

"He'd prefer you if he were smart."

"Everyone isn't as smart as you."

"How's your ankle now?"

"I hardly notice it any more. Once the doctor got the boot off it was fine."

"All the same," George said, regarding the thick white lump of bandage, "I guess the drive in the country is out, isn't it? Too bad. I had plans."

"Did you?"

"All kinds of plans."

Marjorie felt a thrust of combative affection for him.

"I don't know why I can't go, George, if you really have plans. My ankle hardly hurts, really —"

George brightened. "Could you? I not only have plans, I've made a reservation, I've —" he stopped short. "But it's all got to be a surprise. Can you come?"

"I'll ask mama."

. . . . .

The traffic crawled honking under a low orange sun between parallel green lines of trees and grey lines of concrete. Dandelions choked the strips of lawn dividing the auto lanes. Penelope was groaning and clanking over the top of a hill in second gear; they were moving too slowly to travel in high. Far ahead on the winding Long Island parkway Marjorie could see thousands of cars in two thick, black streams, writhing in a dirty blue haze of exhaust fumes.

George hit the horn and Penelope uttered a jerky noise like the laugh of a sick old man. "Dear, it doesn't help to do that," Marjorie said.

She shifted uncomfortably, crossing the bandaged ankle over the other leg. A loose spring in the seat was pinching her. The decay of Penelope had much advanced in a year. The green paint was cracking off in big patches of rust, the upholstery had popped open in half a dozen places, and the glass in the windshield was held together with surgical tape.

Worst of all was the noise from underneath, a queer, intermittent, rasping groan. George said it was a loose transmission, not worth fixing and nothing to worry about. But it worried Marjorie.

The whole excursion rather worried her. She was beginning to regret she had allowed her mother's objections to stampede her into going. With a ready-made excuse in the injured ankle, she could easily have avoided this long drive on the first nice Sunday in May, when the parkways are always horrible. But it was almost a matter of honor to insist on doing anything that her mother opposed, the more so when George was concerned.

George himself was acting strangely. He was taking her to dinner at the Villa Marlene, he said, the most expensive restaurant on Long Island. How could he afford it, she wondered, and why was he doing it? He had evaded her questions with mysterious winks and grins.

To take her mind from the jam, and her headache, and George's queerness, and Penelope's noise, she suggested a game of Twenty Questions. They played for over an hour, until the traffic thinned beyond Mineola and they began running with more speed through a charming countryside of green rolling estates and brown potato farms. She beat him four times, which irritated him and made her feel better.

Twenty Questions had always been their favorite pastime on long rides. At first George had always beaten her; for a while they had played even; now he rarely won. Marjorie's college education was fresher than his, and he had no time to read. He said at last that he was bored with the game, and they rode in silence.

The cool fresh country air cleared Marjorie's headache,

> There is no cure for birth or death save to enjoy the interval.
>
> — *Santayana*

but her uneasiness deepened as they drove along in a splashing sunset and then in blue twilight. She tried to get George to talk, but he wouldn't. Now and then he reached over and fondled her knee and winked. She wasn't pleased by the possessive gesture but she didn't know how to stop it. George had fondled her knee hundreds of times in the past with her enthusiastic approval.

The first view of the famous restaurant was disappointing. Marjorie had expected floodlit vistas of garden, avenues of trees, perhaps a pond with white swans. But it was just a weathered grey wooden house with a faded gilt sign over the doorway, a patchy little lawn, and a few overgrown trees and lilac bushes.

The parking lot in the back was full of Cadillacs and Chryslers; Penelope, chugging into a space between two sleek convertibles and dying with a snort and a backfire, looked strikingly out of place. A parking attendant hurried up. With a swift glance at the car, at George's clothes, and at Marjorie's bandaged ankle, he said in a German accent, "Sorry, restaurant all full."

"I have a reservation. Drobes is the name."

The man glanced at a scribbled list in his hand. "Sorry, sair. No Traub on the list."

"Not Traub. Drobes. This is ridiculous." George raised his voice. "I made the reservation at noon. For six o'clock."

The headwaiter took another look at the list. "Mr. Traub, sair," he said in a tone of heartbroken reproach, "it is quarter past seven."

"That's too bad. We got caught in the parkway jam. We've been driving two and a half hours, and now we're here and we're hungry."

"You have to wait, Mr. Traub. Maybe long wait."

"Okay, we'll wait. Come on in, Marge."

The headwaiter stepped back, shrugging, and showed George and Marjorie through a brightly lit dining-room full of cheerful, chattering diners into a shadowy parlor that served as a bar, furnished with dingy brown plush armchairs and sofas. Now that beer and wine were legal, restaurants like the Villa Marlene were taking further liberties with the expiring law.

In one corner at the bar a group of college boys with shaven heads were making drunken noises. There were about a dozen other couples in the bar, some drinking, some just sitting. They were all very well dressed, and they all had in common an expression of suffering hunger.

"Let's have a table as soon as possible, we're famished," said George.

"Sunday night bad, Mr. Traub. Do my best, sair," said the headwaiter, addressing George with the back of his head. He bolted away to greet some newcomers at the door, dropping two of the menus as though by mistake on the arm of George's chair.

After much hand-waving and finger-snapping George caught the attention of a waiter in a red mess-jacket hovering by the college boys. The waiter came, flourishing his pad; stared at Marjorie's slippered foot, peered down his nose at George, and said, "What you want, sair?"

"One rye and ginger ale and one Coca-Cola."

The waiter looked revolted, made a note, and walked back to his post by the college boys, where he stood unmoving for perhaps fifteen minutes. George began to fidget. Then he began to wave his hands and snap his fingers. The college boys meanwhile were boisterously ordering another round of drinks. The waiter bowed, smiled, scribbled, and came hurrying past George, who jabbed him in the side. The waiter halted, looking down at George as though he had meowed.

"How about those drinks?" said George.

"Coming right up, sair."

"Why do we have to wait a quarter of an hour for them?"

"Sunday night is bad, sair."

The frosty Coca-Cola brought little relief to Marjorie's empty stomach. George sipped his drink moodily. The college boys, shepherded by the headwaiter, weaved to a

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large round table in the dining-room, shouting jokes. They could not have looked more uniform — all were stringy, bristle-headed, jaunty, long jawed, with gold rings and cuff links, very white shirts, and baggy brown jackets and grey trousers. Marjorie resented them because George looked so unlike them, because only one of them glanced at her, and because they were going to eat. Sandy Goldstone, she thought, was handsomer than any of them.

One by one couples were called in to dinner, and others arrived to sit around looking hungry. After a while George noticed that some of the newcomers were getting tables. He jumped up and sawed his arms in the air until the headwaiter came.

"We were ahead of those people!"

"Sorry, sair, Mr. Traub. They have reservations."

"I had a reservation two hours before they did."

"Right away, sair. Not long now, Mr. Traub."

When the bar was almost empty, and the waiter was yawning and washing the tables, the headwaiter came smiling. "This way, sair." He put them at a flower-decorated table on the glassed porch, next to a large party of elderly people. Marjorie surmised they were rich by their fine clothes, the strange dry twang of their voices, and the champagne buckets flanking their table.

George tried to order filet of sole. But the headwaiter recommended the house specialty, roast Long Island duckling, with such bland patience that George was crushed. "All right then, duck for two. And champagne," he added belligerently.

"Yes, sair. Piper Heidsieck, sair? Mumm's, sair?"

"Just any good champagne."

"Very good, sair, Mr. Traub."

Fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, half an hour went by. No food came. George's lower jaw lolled open, his lip pulled in over the teeth. He said to Marjorie, "I haven't had anything to eat since breakfast.

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I'm dying." He pounded his glass with a knife and demanded service, glaring like a cornered animal at the headwaiter. With pleasant deference, the man explained that at the Villa Marlene everything was cooked to order. George asked for some rolls and butter, some salad, anything.

"Right away now, sair."

More time went by. The people at the next table, finishing their dessert and coffee, were having a lively argument as to whether President Roosevelt was a criminal or just a lunatic. "Franklin is a deeply mediocre person, that's all," said one withered little man with a hairy mole on his chin, who was leaning back smoking a long cigar. "He was mediocre when we were working together in the Navy Department, and he's still mediocre." George turned a fork over and over, snuffling, and Marjorie gnawed a knuckle.

Forty-five minutes after they had been seated, the waiter brought two sizzling small ducks, a basket of French bread, salad, and vegetables. While he fussed over the vegetables the headwaiter came with glittering carving instruments and artistically dismembered the birds. Meantime Marjorie and George wolfed up most of the bread with indecent speed.

The headwaiter finished carving the birds and handed the table waiter a platter full of little wings, thighs, breasts, and legs. He then walked off to the kitchen with the two duck carcases, which were covered with meat; evidently at the Villa Marlene it was bad form to eat the body of a duck.

Marjorie groaned. "George, make him bring those ducks back. All that meat—" George merely made a gobbling noise, his mouth full of bread, his eyes on the meat that remained.

But almost immediately — the transformation took no longer than the devouring of the food and the drinking of a couple of glasses of champagne —the look of everything changed. The headwaiter, leaning in the doorway with his menus, no longer seemed to Marjorie a bullying snob, but a genuine jolly host, rosy-faced and beaming, an innkeeper out of Dickens. The food was lovely, marvellous, the best she had ever eaten. The Villa Marlene really was charming after all, with its wallpaper of pink French courtiers dancing a minuet, its dim orange lights, its lilac-scented air. The rich people at the next table were elegant aristocrats of the old school, and it was delightful to be dining so near them.

George's spirits came back, too. His spine straightened, color returned to his cheek, and liveliness to his eye. He lit a cigar and sipped his champagne, leaning back with one elbow on a chair arm, in the exact pose of the old man who thought that Franklin was deeply mediocre. Marjorie decided that George had a sensitive handsomeness far surpassing the magazine-cover good looks of the college boys (who had left more than an hour ago). She drank several glasses of champagne, and began to feel mightily exhilarated.

"Everything all right?" said George, squinting through his cigar smoke.

"Everything's divine," said Marjorie. The headwaiter filled their glasses with the last of the champagne and put the bottle neck down in the bucket.

"Thank you, madame." He bowed. "Some brandy, sair, Mr. Traub?"

"Why, I daresay, I daresay," said George. "You, Marjorie?"

"I—I'd better not, thanks." Marjorie's teeth felt curiously tight, and she seemed to be hearing her own voice with an echo to it, as though she were shouting down a well.

"Now then," said George, when the waiter had brought coffee and set brandy before him in a shimmering bubble of glass, "are you ready?"

"Sure," said Marjorie. "For what?"

"The surprise."

With a qualm, Marjorie now thought of the hints, the winks, the fondling of her knee. "Why, I guess so. But I'm feeling awfully good as it is, George—I don't need anything more, George—"

Inexorably George's hand went *plunging into his jacket* pocket. Marjorie knew what was coming, before she saw the little blue leather box in his hand, before he opened it, before the two rings lay winking and glittering at her in a bed of purple velvet.

"Oh, George . . . George!"

"Pretty, aren't they?" His eyeglasses gleamed at her.

"Beautiful, they're beautiful. But — George — really, I'm dumbfounded—"

> **Conceit is incompatible with understanding.**
>
> — *Tolstoy*

"It doesn't have to be next week or next month," George said eagerly. "Or even next year. We just ought to know where we stand, and let everybody else know—"

Marjorie put her champagne to her mouth and sipped it deliberately, looking at George over the rim of the glass with young, scared eyes.

At fifteen, at sixteen, she had daydreamed away a thousand blissful hours picturing this event, panting for the time when it would come. Now here it was. But she had not been panting for it recently. If anything she had been shutting it from her mind, telling herself that she was too young to be thinking of engagements, ignoring the fact that during the preceding year and a half she had considered herself more than old enough.

Defiant of her mother's nagging, she had kissed George, and necked with him, and sworn she could never love anyone else, during all that time; and now here were two rings staring her in the face.

Even now, backed to the wall, Marjorie could not admit to herself that her mother was right, that George was a decent but dull fellow, that she had made a donkey of herself over a girlish infatuation, that she was destined to do much better. She was touched by the offer of the rings, and grateful to George. She was merely irritated with him for his clumsy pressing of the issue.

She was only now beginning to grow up a bit, to discover life and her own self. Why was he in such a hurry? Why must he ask her to take herself out of the world at seventeen? It wasn't fair.

She put down the glass. "Wow, this is wicked stuff. I'm floating four feet off the floor."

George said eagerly, waving a finger at the headwaiter, "Let's crack another bottle, really celebrate—"

"No." She looked at her watch. "Darling, do you know it's after ten? We won't get home till morning in all that traffic. Mama will have kittens. Let's go."

"But we've got so much to talk about, pooch. This is an important night in our lives—"

"Dear, we'll have enough time on the road to talk out everything, hours and hours and hours—"

So George asked for the check. The headwaiter brought him the change on a metal platter, and said with a beautiful bow, "Was your dinner satisfactory, Mr. Traub?"

"Perfect, perfect, thank you." George fumbled a five-dollar bill from the plate and gave it to him, and left two dollars on the table for the waiter.

"Thank you, sair. Bon soir, madame. Bon soir, Mr. Traub." He bowed again, George bowed back. They went out into the cool night, and the door closed behind them.

George shook his head and said with a stunned look, "Have I gone crazy? Why did I give that swine five dollars?"

He tipped the man in the parking lot a dime. The man cursed loudly in German as they drove off.

Penelope's noises seemed worse as they bumped along the dark side road. The groan under the floorboard had changed to a screech like an electric butcher-saw on bone. "Dear," said Marjorie in some alarm, "how about that noise?"

George cocked his ear and gnawed his lip. "Well, nothing to be done about it. Can't tear down the transmission now, on the side of the road. I don't know. Sometimes she just works through these noises and purrs like a cat again. We'll see."

Coming to the parkway they could see strings of white headlights stretched to the horizon in one direction and strings of red tail-lights in the other, moving in the moonlight with the slimy slowness of worms. "Oh, dear," said Marjorie.

"Well, Sunday night is bad," said George. It took him ten minutes of narrow manoeuvring to wedge into the solid west-bound line.

"Okay," he said with relief, grinning at her, "homeward bound." He reached over and tousled her hair and she was unpleasantly reminded of Sandy Goldstone. "Don't worry, you'll be in your little brown bed by midnight." He pulled the box of rings out of his pocket. "Take another look at them? I think they're honeys."

"George, they must have cost a fortune." She eyed the rings in the dim, yellow light of the parkway lamps. They were a matched pair in white gold, the wedding ring plain, the engagement ring set with a small rose-cut diamond.

"What's the difference? They're yours."

"No, really. After all, I know how hard things have been and —"

"Well, it sometimes helps to have a jeweller in the family." George looked roguish.

"George, did your Uncle Albie give them to you?"

"Marge, it's perfectly all

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Washing machine with an automatic brain!

10 seconds before our photographer took the picture opposite, Mrs. P. Lumsdaine, of Balgowlah, N.S.W., had a week's washing to do.

Now — ten seconds later, she's about to leave for town. All she has to do is press the button on her washing machine. What's more, when she gets back *her washing will be sparkling clean!* Her washing machine (it's called the Malleys Automatic) does *everything* — heats its own water, washes, rinses, spin - dries, damp-dries — washes more clothes than any other machine in Australia (12 lbs.) and doesn't need her there while it does them!

Mrs. Lumsdaine says: "My machine takes only 10 seconds of my time — so I don't have to put aside a special day for washing. I sometimes drop in the clothes before going to bed, press the button and they're ready next morning to hang up before I leave for town. Or I can drop in the clothes before leaving for town, hang them up when I get home."

The time saved and extra convenience with a Malleys Automatic are obvious. Clothes no longer have to lie uselessly (and becoming mildewy!) in the linen basket — not when it takes only ten seconds of your time to wash them.

Now many experts predict that in a few years machines like this one are likely to just about eliminate a centuries-old institution — the wash day. Women will be able to go out and forget about the washing.

And, because the Malleys heats its own water (it's the only fully automatic that does not need a hot water system) it can be installed in *any* home. How about *yours!*

Wouldn't you like to be the woman in the picture? Today's easy terms make it easier than you think. A look-in at any electrical store could rid you of washday forever!

Summer means a big pile of extra washing, but with a Malleys Automatic you don't have to face steamy hot washdays any more. You just drop in the clothes, press the button and forget about it!

First fully automatic washing machine that can be installed in any home — does not need a hot water system

HERE'S ALL *YOU* DO: Drop in the clothes (up to 12 lbs. of them), turn on the cold water tap and drop in half-a-cup of Rinso. Now comes the "Automatic brain." Set one dial to the exact temperature you want the clothes washed (*any* temperature, right up to boiling), then set the number of minutes you want the clothes washed. Now — press the button and *go!*

WHAT *IT* DOES — ALL BY ITSELF: After you press the button, Malleys Automatic Twelve pre-soaks the clothes while it heats up the water . . . washes them in the correct temperature for the correct number of minutes . . . gives them a deep, warm water rinse . . . two live water rinses with a spin dry after each rinse . . . "air tumbles" the clothes to damp dry . . . and switches itself off. When you come home, the clothes are waiting for you, sparkling clean!

Safe top loading • Silent in operation • Looks after itself (with automatic safety devices) • *No clutch, no gearbox* (for trouble-free operation) • *Biggest capacity in Australia* (12 lbs. of clothes at one load) • *12 months' guarantee • 90 days' free service • Free installation to approved sites • Easy terms.*

Full Price: 171 guineas or 142 guineas for the SEMI-Automatic version with single dial control. Both prices slightly higher country areas.

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Summer means more washing—but it's no problem with this machine

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Continuing . . . . Marjorie Morningstar

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right. It was his own idea. Naturally I'll pay him some day as soon as I'm able." The grinding noise of Penelope was now so loud that George was shouting a little.

"Shouldn't we wait till then?" Marjorie's teeth were shaken by the motion of the car.

"What?"

Marjorie repeated it louder.

George, clutching the wheel, which was beginning to shimmy, shouted, "What kind of silly remark is that? I'm drudging away in the Bronx trying to save up enough to finish my M.A. and Ph.D., and you're flitting around downtown meeting new guys every day, going to Columbia dances, and what all — how do you suppose that makes me feel? I'm worried. I can't tell what you —"

He broke off, his whole body stiffening, his arms rigid on the wheel. Penelope suddenly was collapsing in a frightful way, shaking and bumping and crashing, with a smell of red-hot iron filling the car and trickles of smoke coming up through the floorboard. George swerved off the parkway; the stricken car went bouncing over soft earth. He shut off the ignition, reached roughly across Marjorie to shove open the door, and pushed her out. "Get clear."

Marjorie stumbled away through the grass, soaking her stockings, then turned and watched George cautiously open the hood and shine a flashlight at the engine. He ducked under the chassis and flashed the light here and there. Penelope stood hub-deep in weeds, leaning to one side. On the road cars flowed by with a rich hiss of tyres, nobody stopping to look at the wreck or offer help. George stood and waved.

"Okay, come back. Stripped a gear, I guess. There's no fire."

Walking back to the car, Marjorie became aware of something bulky in her hand. She held it up and was astonished to see that she was still clutching the jewel box. "Now what?" she said to George.

"Phone for a tow-car. Nothing else to do." He shrugged his bowed shoulders, patted the hood of the car, and peered through the swarm of cars. "There's a police phone, I think, on that lamp-post down there. Come with me or stay here? I'll just be a couple of minutes."

"I — I guess I'd better stay off the ankle, George."

"All right." He opened the car door. "Might as well get in the back where it's comfortable. The front is finished for a while."

"George," she said as he turned to go.

"Yes?"

"You'd — maybe you'd better hold on to these. I lose things all the time."

The moonlight made a white blank of his glasses as he took the box. "Right," he said with no expression in his voice. He carefully stowed the box in his pocket, snuffled, and walked off down the road swinging the flashlight.

. . . . . .

She came home after one. The apartment was dark and quiet. On her bed was a note in her mother's spiky handwriting: Sandy Goldstone called. Wanted to know how your ankle was. Called three times.

. . . . . .

Billy Ehrmann was the booby of his fraternity, and being seen with him had done Marjorie little good at Columbia; but

"HELP! HELP! Beat it, kid . . . Get lost . . . HELP!"

once Sandy Goldstone started dating her, the Morgenstern telephone began to ring busily after school hours.

Lively and pretty though she was, she needed Sandy's sponsorship because she was a Hunter girl. That was almost as disqualifying, in the estimation of Sandy's West Side set, as living north of 96th Street; which was only a shade less disqualifying than living in the Bronx.

Snobbisness, of course, is a relative thing. The older and wealthier Jewish families, who lived on the Upper East Side, would have been distressed had the West Side boys dated their daughters. And these families doubtless caused the well-to-do Christian families to wonder what was becoming of Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue. The terracing of caste extended upward into an azure realm of blood, breeding, and property as remote from little Marjorie Morgenstern as the planet Saturn.

From her viewpoint, however, her small move upward was skyrocketing. Sandy Goldstone had begun to take her out. It followed that Bill Dryfus could, and Dan Kadane, and Neil Wein, and Norman Fisher, and Allen Orbach. She soon had to buy a little leather-bound notebook to keep track of her dates. The rush of success made her rather dizzy.

It seemed to go to her mother's head, too. Mrs. Morgenstern took her on a round of Manhattan shops and bought her a closetful of expensive new clothes. When the father objected to the bills, which were far beyond their means, Mrs. Morgenstern simply said, "A girl of seventeen can't go around in rags."

Marjorie had been arguing for two years that girls of fifteen and sixteen couldn't go around in rags (the rags in question being a quite presentable middle-priced wardrobe), but her mother had been deaf to the doctrine until now. Marjorie saw in her conversion a crafty plan to trap Sandy Goldstone, so her gratitude for the clothes was a bit tainted by cynicism. But she did the mother an injustice. Mrs. Morgenstern probably hoped to see her some day catch the department-store heir, or a prize like him. Mainly, however, she was carried away by her daughter's flowering beauty—the girl seemed to grow prettier every week in the sunshine of success—and by the mood of springtime, and by the parade of handsome well-dressed boys gathering in Marjorie's wake.

Satiric though the mother's attitude was towards Marjorie, her daughter really rather dazzled her. At seventeen Rose Kupperberg had been a Yiddish-speaking immigrant girl toiling in a dirty Brooklyn sweatshop, dressed in overalls. Watching her daughter burst into bloom on Central Park West, her own lonely miserable adolescence came back to her, and by contrast it seemed to her that Marjorie was living the life of a fairy-tale princess.

She envied her and she admired her and was a bit afraid of her and drew deep vicarious delight from her growing vogue. The decline of George Drobes that went with it completed the mother's satisfaction.

For after the Villa Marlene disaster George was clearly on the wane. He maintained an aggrieved silence for a couple of weeks, then telephoned Marjorie. She was as sweet to him as ever and they continued to see each other. But Marjorie's conscience troubled her less and less about dating new boys.

George was losing his two great advantages with Marjorie, advantages which often are enough to bring about marriage if nothing interferes. When she was fifteen he had bent down to her from the celestial altitude of twenty; that altitude, however, had dwindled, as Marjorie rapidly matured and George slowed near his final level. And he had been the first man to thrill her with kisses, so the ancient universal spell of sex had in Marjorie's eyes come to halo George Drobes personally.

George's one remaining chance lay in nailing the girl down while she was still under that fragile delusion; and a dim sense of this must have been behind his desperate Villa Marlene gamble. Penelope's breakdown lost George much more than a means of transportation. It deprived him of a dark front seat. Since Marjorie was no girl to neck in hallways or on park benches, George was stymied.

The single shred of hope for him was that Marjorie as yet hadn't necked with anyone else. But this was not from want of opportunity or candidates. Evening after evening she was finding herself in dark front seats more luxurious than Penelope's, with the old problem on her hands. It was delightful to be taken to the best

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TEETHING? SAFETY FIRST!

When baby's teething troubles start beware of dangerous drugs. Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders soothe pain safely because they contain no Calomel or other Mercury compounds. They soon reduce high temperature and induce normal healthy sleep.

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Now in tumbler packs!

MARMITE

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Delicious as a drink . . .

Adds flavour to soups . . .

Makes tastiest sandwiches of all . . .

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Continuing . . . . **Marjorie Morningstar**

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dancing places, to be able to chatter knowingly about the Biltmore and the Roosevelt and the St. Regis, about Guy Lombardo and Hal Kemp and Glen Gray; but in the end it all came to the same thing. Central Park West and the Bronx were no different in this respect.

Marjorie found the sameness of boys at the end of an evening rather comical — the heavy breathing, the popping eyes, the grasping, damp hands, the hoarse unconvincing romantic mumbling — but after innocently laughing at them a couple of times she realised what a mistake that was. It was too effectively discouraging. They drove her home in a fury and never spoke to her again.

The idea was to fend off the advances, not the boys. Moral indignation was hopeless; it was like getting angry at the weather. Every boy tried.

Moreover, Marjorie couldn't help feeling that they had some small right on their side. They were entertaining her lavishly. Were they to have no reward? In theory, she knew, her company for the evening was supposed to be the reward. Theory often required some squaring with facts. Under continual pressure she soon worked out two rules:

1. No necking at all;

2. No kiss on the first two dates; thereafter, one kiss for good night and maybe one more to cut off prolonged begging.

This policy seemed to work, inasmuch as the boys grumbled and complained and whined, but usually called her up again after a few days. However, she acquired a reputation for being "frigid." Sooner or later every boy brought out the word to salve his self-esteem at being fobbed off with one kiss. The diagnosis didn't trouble her. In the Hunter lunchroom she had listened to an enormous amount of conversation about necking. She knew that girls who necked freely were thrown over by boys just as often as those who didn't.

Marjorie had about reached the conclusion that boys were on the whole more fascinated by sex withheld than by sex granted; and since this is nearly the sum of wisdom on the subject of young love, she managed for the time being to keep out of trouble.

The one exception in all this, oddly enough, was Sandy Goldstone. Though he took her out more often than the others, he did not even try to kiss her good night. Marjorie was grateful at first for his unusual restraint. Then she began to wonder whether it wasn't a gambit of dark villainy. Then, when he persisted in this genial, undemanding conduct, she grew a bit annoyed. The way things were, chivalry seemed to require a man to make some attempt at necking, however brief and formal.

However, he was a superb dancer and obviously he liked her company. His wry sense of humor, mostly directed at himself, amused her very much. She gave over puzzling about his diffidence, leaving the answer to time, and simply enjoyed herself with him.

May drifted into June and examination week came. Marjorie had to break off the lovely whirl to plunge into cramming. Her method was standardised and cold-blooded. The night before each examination she read the textbook through with rapt attention as though it were a detective story; when there were two exams in a day she read both books in one night.

Her mind, rather like a boardwalk photographer's camera, took a picture of the subject, which stayed pretty clear for twenty-four hours, though it grew blurry in a week and faded to nothing in a month. She drank gallons of coffee, ate tins of aspirins, slept two or three hours a night, and staggered to and from school with red eyes, pale cheeks, and spinning brain.

It was a horrible ordeal. But Marjorie had concluded long ago that she got the best marks at the least cost of time and energy this way. She was not much interested in her studies, but self-respect required her to be in the top half of the class. She emerged from the grim week with a high B average as usual; and as usual with a fierce head cold, which developed this time into a grippe. She was in bed for ten days, aching and feverish.

But aches and fever were the least of the troubles caused by this grippe. All the boys telephoned regularly to ask how she was getting on — except Sandy. Rosalind Green, visiting Marjorie on her sick-bed, helpfully notified her that Vera Cashman had returned from Cornell and that Sandy was squiring the blonde around again with great zest. She also volunteered what Sandy had confided to Phil Boehm, and Phil Boehm to her; namely, that Vera Cashman was a remarkably accomplished necker.

This was not exactly news to Marjorie. She had observed the blonde's little tricks: taking a cigarette from Sandy's mouth and puffing it, absently running a finger along the back of his hand, dancing too close, and losing her fingers in his hair while they danced. But with a temperature of over 103, she could do little about the information except work up garish nightmares of Sandy kissing and eventually marrying the blonde.

Helpless in bed, Marjorie consoled herself with long-drawn telephone flirting with the other boys, and with the reflection that she didn't care about Sandy Goldstone anyway, because her future lay in the theatre. The riot of social success had obscured for a while the vision of Marjorie Morningstar. Now in the dragging bedridden hours it brightened.

"Walter enjoys himself wherever he goes."

She sent her brother out for volumes of plays and for the summer catalogues of colleges and drama schools. She read through all of Eugene O'Neill and Noel Coward and much of Shaw. Her theatrical ambition flared, fed by the heat of fever and fanned by the delirium of grippe, which dissipated obstacles and multiplied rainbows.

The first thing she did when the doctor released her from bed, wan and five pounds lighter, was to enrol in an acting course at New York University and an elementary playwriting course at Columbia; the latter because Shaw somewhere said that the best way to learn about the theatre was to try to write for it.

This turn of events greatly annoyed Mrs. Morgenstern, to whom Marjorie's acting plans were the merest vapor. She disliked wasting the forty dollars that the enrolments cost, though she offered to put the money gladly on Marjorie's back in a new dress or suit. After an argument she paid the fees, muttering that Marjorie could probably be cured of any career by actually trying to work at it.

But Marjorie attended both courses faithfully and did well in them despite an extravagant round of dates, dances, picnics, and parties that went on all summer. She dashed off one short playlet based on the story of Jael and Sisera transposed to Nazi Germany, which earned an enthusiastic scrawl in red ink from the instructor.

Her pleasure in this endorsement — which she happily brandished under her mother's nose — was somewhat lessened by the fact that the seven other student playwrights in the course seemed to be half-witted eccentrics; especially one bright-eyed old maid who brought two cats meowing in a suitcase to every class session. Her dramatic instructor, an old actor with a shock of perfectly groomed white hair, a hearing-aid, and a British accent, said she showed much promise and gave her the best ingenue parts to act out in class, staring hungrily at her legs.

It was a pleasant and diverting summer, but the shadow of Sandy Goldstone's neglect of her lay over it. Mrs. Morgenstern must have suggested twenty ways of getting Sandy to see her again, all of which Marjorie vetoed with growing irritation.

She saw Sandy often at parties and nightclubs, always with the blonde, who managed more than one poisoned simper at her. He even danced with Marjorie a few times. He seemed as fond of her as ever, behind his smokescreen of ambiguous joking. But he never called her.

Mrs. Morgenstern was not one to float becalmed on an unfavoring drift of events. One steamy morning in Mid-August she said to Marjorie at breakfast, "This weather is getting impossible. How would you like to go to the Prado for a week or so?"

"Mom, the Prado?"

"If you can spare the time from your dramatic studies, that is—"

"Of course I can, but—why, the Prado's for millionaires—"

"It's not that bad. A lot of my friends are there. They say it's a very nice place. They're not millionaires."

"I'd be mad about it, Mom, but — the Prado —"

"Well, we'll see. I'll talk to papa."

Next morning they were on a grimy Long Island train with Marjorie's fancy wardrobe in three trunks in the baggage car. Mr. Morgenstern was remaining in the city, the summer was his busiest season. They had stopped briefly in his office in the garment district to pick up some cash and Marjorie had all but fainted in the windowless little office smelling so strongly of ink, stale coffee, and the peculiar dust of the feathers and straws lying baled in the shop.

Mr. Morgenstern, in a grey tie and coat despite the killing heat, with a face almost as grey as his coat and almost as wet as the dripping water-cooler behind his chair, had limply counted out some bills and wished them a pleasant time.

The Prado did not look at all like what it was, a kosher hotel. It had smooth, green lawns, a white, crushed-stone driveway, broad terraces, red-clay tennis courts criss-crossed with new whitewash, and a huge blue swimming-pool full of bronzed young people diving, splashing, and laughing. Beyond the hotel and its immense formal gardens lay a white, curved beach and the hissing sea.

Not long ago it had been a

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A glass of Andrews in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*

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Effervescent Andrews is antacid, soothes your stomach, corrects digestive upsets, tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

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It's the modern, practical way to live. Families enjoy out-of-season foods; spend less time cooking and save money, too.

HOW HOME FREEZING CAN IMPROVE YOUR WAY OF LIVING

by Dorothy Summers of Kelvinator Australia Limited — an authority on home freezing.

I OFTEN THINK how our grandparents would envy today's home-maker. It is not for us the wood-heated copper, the one-fire stove, the old iron carpet-beater that would take the pile, as well as the dust, out of the carpet—and the energy out of grandmama.

In a flourish of inventiveness that has taken less than half a century, modern industry has showered down upon the housewife every modern aid our minds can conceive: washing machines, radios, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, food mixers, polishers . . . all make life easier for the housewife and life better for the family.

Yet, of all these practical contributions to better living, one to my mind stands out as revolutionary; and that is the latest — home freezing.

New miracle of modern living

There's nothing new, of course, in the fact that foods are kept fresh when frozen and stored at sub-zero temperatures, but until recently, frozen food was a commercial proposition only. Now, home-frozen food is possible. In America it is a familiar part of the household scene. And today, with the release of a new six cubic feet Home Freezer by Kelvinator Australia Limited — Australia's biggest manufacturer of refrigeration equipment — home freezing has become practicable in Australia. There's no doubt that it will be a great success here, too: as a method of preservation, the freezing of food has no equal. Foods that are frozen will keep for months, some for years, and nearly all foods can be frozen.

Makes life easier

"Day-by-day" shopping will become a memory. Cooking for every meal will be a chore you'll thankfully dispense with. If you are tied to the kitchen now, you're going to have more time for leisure in this new way of living. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest will no longer be a minor catastrophe. And you'll see less of the kitchen oven, for you'll prepare meals in advance and in quantity. Instead of baking one pie, you'll bake four or five at the same time — have one for dinner and store the remainder for future meals that can be prepared in a jiffy.

What else? Well, you'll have strawberries and all the other seasonal foods all year 'round. Low-cost food — greater variety — higher quality meals . . . are the advantages you will experience with a home freezer.

Does freezing impair quality?

Does freezing affect the nutritive values of food? These are chief questions put to me during the lecture-demonstration tour I have been giving recently for Kelvinator Australia Limited. The answer in each case is a definite "No". Frozen food tastes as delicious and fresh as on the day it was purchased. It is also an established fact that more vitamin and mineral content is retained in food by freezing than by any other method of preservation. The colour, freshness and flavour in frozen food measure up to fresh food in every way!

Freezing is simple

As for home freezing being fraught with "mystery" and difficulties, I would like to cite the experience of a close friend: she told me that within a week she was as familiar with her home freezer as she is with her oven. Preparing food for freezing needs careful attention, but no special skill. Food must be wrapped. A few feet of polythene sheets, a half-dozen bags of the same material, some waxed cartons and plastic containers, rubber bands and freezer tape for sealing . . . and you're in "business" These simple materials are all available with your Kelvinator Home Freezer Unit.

Better meals at lower cost

Your most reliable guide on how to freeze food is the informative booklet that Kelvinator has published. This comes with the Kelvinator Home Freezer when purchased. It shows you what to freeze and how to freeze. It gives you tips on buying so that you can make even greater savings. If you grow your own fruit or vegetables, if you're a sportsman and would like to be able to keep game or fish, if you entertain frequently and need a supply of party snacks and sandwiches, or — if you're like me — and are merely concerned with living well and keeping the food budget down to rock bottom . . . then this book shows how Kelvinator's Home Freezer will prove to be your most treasured possession.

. . .

. . .

I think that the wonder of home freezing is that it offers the chance to eat the food you like — when you like. Its convenience is something you have to experience and that applies also to the new adventures it opens in eating, the new leisure it offers in living.

New Kelvinator Home Freezer

In introducing this new home freezer, Kelvinator Australia Limited are adding to the reputation they have always had for building a better refrigerator. This six cubic feet model is based on the very latest American design, and it holds 210 lbs of food. This is a standard-size model that has proved ideal for average-size family use. Naturally, it is powered by the "Polarsphere" — Kelvinator's famous sealed unit.

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If you'd like to know more about home freezing, send this coupon to Dorothy Summers, Kelvinator Australia Limited, G.P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide, South Aust.

Name.....

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.....

Continuing . . . . **Marjorie Morningstar**

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fashionable hotel barred to Jews. But the fashion had changed, the smart set having gone farther out on the island.

A few Christians, mostly politicians and theatre people, still came to the Prado, but it was now a known Jewish resort, and all anybody needed to stay there was enough money to pay the bill. That was sufficient restriction to keep it luxurious and elegant, despite its social decline.

Staring around at the marble pillars, Persian carpets, and fine statuary and paintings of the lobby, Marjorie did not see Sandy Goldstone at the hotel desk until he called, "Hi, Marge!" A white canvas bag of golf clubs was slung over his shoulder and he was brown as a Mexican.

The woman with her arm through his, small and plump in a smart white dress with streaks of grey in her dark hair, picked up silver-rimmed glasses on a delicate chain around her neck and peered at Mrs. Morgenstern. "Why, hello, Rose. You here?"

"Hello, Mary," Mrs. Morgenstern said. "Sandy, how are you?"

"Well, what a surprise. Why didn't you let me know you were coming?" said Mrs. Goldstone. "You knew we were here. I'd have arranged lunch —"

Marjorie glanced at her mother, who suddenly appeared sheepish and confused. "Why, I guess — the thing is, Mary, we just decided to come on the spur of the moment. Mr. Morgenstern wouldn't let us stay in the city, it's so awful in there. I don't think you've met Marjorie yet, have you? Marjorie, Mrs. Goldstone."

The silver-rimmed glasses turned and glittered at the girl. "How do you do?" The hand was cool and dry, the handshake brief.

Sandy invited them to come along for a foursome.

"We don't play golf," Marjorie said.

"I'm always willing to learn," said Mrs. Morgenstern. "It would take us a little while to register and change, but—"

"Mom, I do not want to learn to play golf just now," said Marjorie, making the words separate and distinct as pistol shots.

"Maybe we can have lunch together," Mrs. Morgenstern said to Sandy's mother. "What table are you sitting at?"

Mrs. Goldstone smiled. "I'm afraid we won't be back for lunch. We're having a bite at the clubhouse. But I'm sure we'll see a lot of you. Goodbye."

While Mrs. Morgenstern registered and while they rode up in the elevator, Marjorie held the flesh of her lower lip between her teeth. Mrs. Morgenstern wore an innocent, happy smile.

Marjorie slammed the door of their room behind her and stood with her back to it. "Mother, we're going straight home."

"What? Are you crazy?" said the mother mildly, taking off her hat at the mirror. "We just got here."

"How could you, Mom? How could you?"

"How could I what? Can I help it if the Goldstones like the Prado? Does that mean we're not allowed to come here? It's still a free country, even if Sandy is at the Prado."

Two bellboys in gold-braided, scarlet suits wheeled in the trunks. Marjorie strode to the window and stood in a silent rage while Mrs. Morgenstern cheerfully directed the bellboys in placing and opening the luggage, including Marjorie's trunks. As soon as they were gone, Marjorie whirled on her. "I said I was going. What's the point of opening everything up?"

"You want to clean up and have a swim, don't you? There's no sense going back into that furnace today."

"I want to leave right now."

Mrs. Morgenstern pulled her dress over her head. "Well, I'm not stopping you. I'm going to have a swim before lunch, myself." She took her bathing-suit into the bathroom, dropping Marjorie's new one on the bed. "Personally, I think you're being very foolish. What's so wrong about having a boy you know at the hotel? It'll be more fun—"

"Good heavens, Mom, how thick is your skin? Didn't you see how his mother looked at us?"

"Mary Goldstone's a lovely person. She looks at everybody that way. She's a little near-sighted."

"She thinks you're sharpening your teeth for Sandy. And that's just what you're doing and I won't be a party to such —"

"Listen, Marjorie, you can't fool me. You like the boy."

"And what if that's so? This is the very worst thing to do about it — going chasing after him to a hotel —"

"You weren't doing too well by not chasing him, dear."

"Mom . . . Mom, that is nobody's business but my own. When will you ever understand that?"

Mrs. Morgenstern came out of the bathroom in flapping slippers and bathing-suit with a towel around her neck. "Sometimes one little push makes all the difference—coming for a swim?"

"No, I am not."

Mrs. Morgenstern opened the door. "See you at lunch, then — unless you take the train home, of course. If you do, give my love to papa."

Marjorie paced the room fuming. The sun beat straight into the room white and hot. She was wet through with perspiration. Below the window was the pool, crowded with hilarious young people. There were some especially good-looking boys, she observed, their hair black and disorderly from the water.

She stopped in her pacing and fingered her new swim-suit. It was the latest style: flesh-colored rubber perfectly decent, yet at twenty feet giving one the look of total nakedness. The room was really unbearably hot . . .

. . . . . .

There was dancing after dinner on the terrace overlooking the sea. She danced for hours with Sandy. They went for a stroll on the beach in the moonlight afterwards; and when they had rounded a bend that hid them from the hotel they sat and talked idly in the gloom, looking at the stars and streaming sand through their fingers while the surf at their feet tumbled and roared. After a while Marjorie hesitantly ran her finger across the back of Sandy's hand. The effect was explosive.

When they walked back to the hotel half an hour later their relationship was advanced about to the high point that Marjorie had reached with George Drobes. She and Sandy

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were both dizzy, confused, uncertain, exhilarated, and extremely pleased with themselves.

. . . . . .

Sandy's tan convertible was quite a change from Penelope: red leather seats, gleaming chrome knobs, and a motor that at sixty miles an hour made less noise than the murmuring tyres or the radio pouring clear jazz. The car was his own, not his father's. He drove it as though he owned it, too; negligently, with one arm resting on the window ledge. George always sat up straight, driving like a motorman.

"How do you feel this morning?" Sandy said.

Marjorie, tying a pink kerchief over her tossing hair, said, "Just wonderful. How about you?" She wore a pink cotton frock and tiny gold sandals, with a bathing-suit underneath. They were going to swim in a deserted cove some ten miles down the highway from the Prado.

"I'm puzzled," Sandy said. "I can't make you out."

She stared at the long-jawed profile partly masked by sunglasses. His mouth was straight and serious. "You can't make me out? Seems to me I've made myself a little too plain for comfort."

"Yes? What was all that last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know. The moonlight, maybe. Or maybe it's just that I like you a bit more than I should," she said rather sharply.

Grinning, he dropped a strong hand on her knee and gave it a brief squeeze. "That would be nice to believe." She wanted to object to the squeeze, but the hand was gone. She curled in the far corner of the front seat out of easy reach of him.

If he was puzzled, so was she; extremely puzzled. She had been puzzling, since she woke, over what had happened the night before. Fixed ideas of hers had been shattered. She had thought an instinct of feminine honor prevented a girl from necking with one man when she loved another. George Drobes, even if he no longer filled the world from pole to pole, was still her accepted lover. Evidently no such instinct existed.

She had also believed that a surrender to necking marked a dramatic turn in one's emotions. But this morning her attitude towards Sandy remained the same: undefined, but friendly and curious rather than passionate. He seemed more familiar, that was all. It was her own self that was less familiar. Marjorie had surprised herself and she was waiting with oddly pleasant nervousness to see what strange thing she would do next.

They turned off the highway and went bumping down a lonely dirt road through thick pines. Marjorie's nervousness increased. She was an addict of lending-library novels. Girls were always getting seduced in these books when they went off to a lonely place with a young man to swim; it was almost standard procedure. Sandy Goldstone, big, brown, and powerful, driving in silence with a shadow of a smile around his mouth, looked not unlike the seducers of fiction.

Marjorie enjoyed reading about these occurrences, of course, and often dwelled on the vague paragraphs describing the ecstatic feelings of the girls, wondering what sex was really like. But the real thing close at hand wore an aspect of gritty discomfort. She rather wished they had stayed at the Prado to swim.

At the beach she slipped behind the car to step out of her frock. The act of taking it off, she thought, might inflame Sandy. She delayed and dawdled behind the car, combing her hair and fixing her make-up. When she came out she saw him lying face down on the sand near the broken remains of an old row-boat, stripped to his bathing trunks, with his head under a ragged yellow newspaper. The sun was blazing, but there was a cool breeze. The cove was about a mile across, fringed by white-gold sand and tangled brush.

Marjorie stood by the car for a while, savoring the peaceful silence, the splash of the surf, the smell of pine on the breeze; she was watching him cautiously. He made no move. She went to Sandy and sat beside him, but he did not look up. The sun was almost hot enough to burn her bare skin. Sandy was perspiring in little rivulets.

"Sandy?" She noticed that his breathing was remarkably easy and regular. "Sandy—Sandy Goldstone, have you fallen asleep on me?"

Thoroughly vexed, she kicked him in the ribs; there was such a thing as being too safe. He

"Is THIS one sharp enough?"

jerked, grunted, rolled over, and sat up with a guilty grin, rubbing his eyes. "Doggone. Near fell asleep, didn't I? Sun always does that to me." He jumped to his feet. "Let's go."

Marjorie knew only public beach bathing, with its crowds, trash cans, frankfurters, lifeguards, and squalling children. It was all different to walk to the flat clean edge of the land and plunge into the empty sea. They splashed and dived and swam. When she was exhausted she sat on the sand and watched Sandy cavort and snort joyously in the water for another quarter of an hour.

"Do you really want to be a doctor?" she said when he reclined dripping beside her.

"Sure."

"What medical schools have you applied to?"

"Well, I don't know if I will apply, Marge. With my grades it's just about hopeless. I have a high C average."

"But—" she stared at him. "Then you're not going to be a doctor."

"Looks that way."

"Then what will you do?"

"Doggone, you sounded just like my father then."

"No, really, Sandy—"

"Know what I'd like to be, more than anything? A forest ranger. No, don't laugh, I mean it. Ever been to Arizona? It's heaven on earth in those national parks. Sky, stones, cactus, desert, the sun, and the stars—nothing else. Know what a forest ranger makes? About thirty-five a week. That's all I want, for the rest of my life, if I could be a ranger in Arizona."

"That's—well, it's an original ambition, anyway."

"I put in an application last summer. I didn't even want to finish college. My father stopped that. Said I was going to finish college even if I spent the rest of my life digging ditches."

"What's your father like, Sandy?"

"Oh, quite a guy. Quite a dynamo." Sandy sat up, brushing sand from his thick legs. "Slightly disappointed that I'm not the same type. Only son, too. I feel kind of sorry for him sometimes."

"Don't you like the idea of—you know, running Lamm's some day?"

"Sure, I like it—or I would like it, the way you say it. Think it's that simple? I've been in charge of the men's hats section this summer. That's all, just men's hats. He's let me make all the mistakes. He's checked everything in that section every night down to the cash-register receipts. Then at dinner he's been climbing all over me. Last week I came to his office and said maybe I'd better quit for a little vacation before going back to school. 'Quit?' he says. 'Didn't you open your mail this morning? You're fired. You're a failure, a complete failure . . .' Sure enough, I got my mail and he'd written me a three-page memo, in his own handwriting, telling me the store couldn't afford to keep me around any more this summer at the rate I was making mistakes. Then he carefully listed every mistake I'd made since I'd been there. And he ended up with this—I remember every word—'If you don't improve I promise you I'll give this store to a charity foundation rather than leave it in the hands of such a fool.'"

Sandy scooped up a fistful of sand and scattered it in the wind. "Oh, he's a wonderful guy. He's right, you know. You've got to be tough to run a big store. You've got to be right on the ball every second." He took her wrists and pulled her to her feet. "Come along, another dip? Let's go up to the point. It's deep enough to dive off that rock."

They were sitting on the rock, panting after a lively swim, when a squat brown fishing boat went wallowing by, leaving a smudgy trail of smoke across the water.

"There's something I'd like to do," said Sandy. "Run one of those tuna boats out of San Diego down around lower California. They make fortunes. I can navigate—what's the matter?"

She was shaking her head and laughing at him. "You're like a nine-year-old kid."

"Oh?" he said, and with an easy sweep of a long bony arm he was holding her and kissing her.

But it was an outdoors, hearty kind of kiss with no menace, so Marjorie yielded to it. While she was kissing Sandy she tried hard to remember how it felt to kiss George, so as to determine which one she really loved. Marjorie believed that the kisses of true love had a unique vibration which one could never mistake. But the fact was that she apparently enjoyed kissing one just about as much as the other.

Sandy soon took her by the shoulders and held her a little away from him. "What the devil are you thinking about?"

"Who—me?" she said blinking. "Why, why dear, I'm not thinking at all, I guess."

"You give me the strangest feeling." He looked at her with his head cocked sidewise. "As though you are adding figures in your head, or something."

"You're crazy. How dare you say such a thing?" She pulled away from him and perched at a distance on the rock. "I shouldn't be kissing you at all. Anyhow, if you expect the kind of kissing you get from Vera

To page 66

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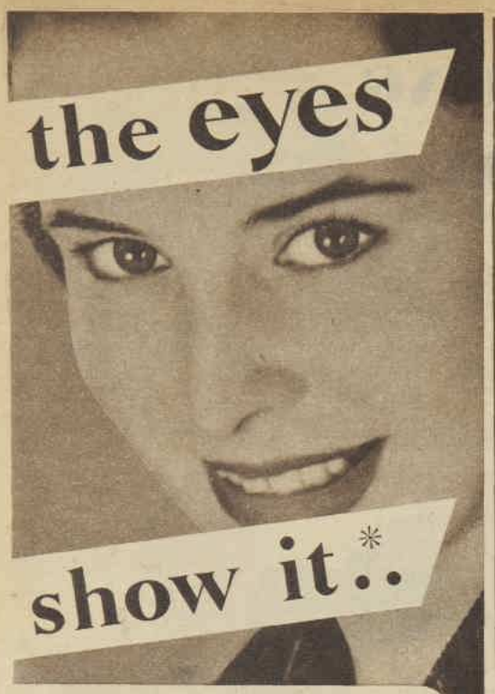

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Continuing . . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 65

Cashman, I'm sorry. I lack her practice."

Sandy scratched his head. "Let's go back to the hotel. I'm dying for a beer."

"Just a moment. How about Vera Cashman, now that the subject has come up?"

"Has it come up?" Sandy said. "How did that ever happen?"

"I just don't understand your pawing me and all the way you do, when you've got a girl."

"Vera's moved to California."

After a moment Marjorie said lightly, "Oh? When did this happen?"

"Couple of weeks ago. Her father went broke, and—Margie, don't look so sceptical, it's the truth. He's a Long Island builder. A big development of his went smash. He got out of the State about one jump ahead of the sheriff, my father says."

"Well, well. You must be heartbroken."

"It's all but turned me grey."

"Looking for a replacement, no doubt."

"Margie, honey, I just thought you'd like to come for a swim, and——"

"Well, I won't do. I don't go in for the things Vera goes in for—and wipe that silly grin off your face. Despite last night, it's true. I don't."

"I never said you did, Margie."

Before they left the beach, all the same, she went in for a little more of it.

. . . .

It was a shock to see George after the week at the Prado. Age seemed to have overtaken him all at once, to make him thinner, paler, shorter, sadder, and more slope-shouldered. He took her to an engagement party of one of his college friends.

From the start, everything about the evening depressed Marjorie: the all too familiar Bronx apartment house, one of an unbroken line of grey houses along a dirty, narrow street; the dark stairway to the fourth floor, with its memory-wakening smells of immigrant cooking and baby-breeding, of stale paint and fresh, wet laundry; the cramped apartment blazing with electric bulbs, the cheap furniture, the paintings that were copies of copies; the loud voices, the barbarous pronunciation (awfice, yeah, daaance, lor stoodent, idear, tawk); the singsong cadence which jarred on her the more because she was still trying to free her own speech of it; the unvarying cream soda, sponge cake, and sugary purple wine; the mexorable vanilla ice-cream rushed in paper boxes from the drug store by a small brother to climax the party; the proud, fat parents; the proud, fat bride in a red evening dress from Klein's, with a bunch of tea roses in a huge silver ribbon on her shoulder; worst of all, the sly giggling jokes that everybody made about George and herself.

She pleaded a headache and left, too soon; the silence was very awkward as she and George walked out of the door. Then she felt so sorry for him and so guilty that she kissed him madly when they parked on the drive. (Penelope was repaired at last, after a fashion, and could be driven in a clanking, dying way.)

She found herself responding to George's kisses just as she always had, which further confused and upset her.

Alone in her bedroom that night, wretched with self-disgust, she resolved not to neck again with either Sandy or George until she knew what her true feelings were.

She found she could keep the resolve with Sandy but not with George. Sandy reacted good-humoredly to her first repulse. "Well, well. Just a faded summer love, eh?"

She said, "Don't be absurd. There's no sense in going on and on with a thing that leads nowhere. Anyway, we don't mean that much to each other."

"Marjorie, you know I can't live an hour without you."

"Go hang yourself, you grinning ape."

That was that. But George had enjoyed special privileges for a year and a half, and had come to regard them as his right. She couldn't withdraw to a cooler status without a showdown and possibly a break, for which she was far from ready. So she dragged on with him as before, though made increasingly miserable by it.

When Marjorie returned to Hunter for the fall term she found that according to general gossip she was all but engaged to the heir apparent of Lamm's department store. Standing in line in the hot jammed basement of the school to draw her textbooks, she was slyly congratulated half a dozen times, and she saw girls pointing at her and whispering.

Her denials met with winks, prods, and giggles. She had no idea how the rumor had started, and she didn't much care. The teasing was a welcome diversion from the dreariness of sinking back into the Hunter routine.

Marjorie had never liked the school. Her dearest wish had been to go out of town to college, but her parents had been unwilling to let her leave home so young, and moreover had not been quite able to afford the expense when Marjorie was finishing high school. So, reluctantly, the girl had enrolled in this subway college, which to her was a nerve-racking place full of the twitters and colors and smells and giggles and screeches of too many unlovely shoving girls. In time she became dulled to it and stopped resenting her fate; but she always moved alone through the perfumed swarm, though she had the usual lunch-room companions and bridge-playing acquaintances.

With the move of the family to Central Park West she felt more than ever that her presence in this soprano-buzzing hive was an unlucky mistake. But it was too late to make a change. A bit too pretty, too well-dressed, and too cool, she was not popular at Hunter, and she had taken little part until now in any of the activities. But if she heard the school sneered at she would angrily defend it by saying that a girl couldn't get half as good an education anywhere else.

This was more or less true; the competition for marks was keen and the girls on the whole brighter than average. She would have traded all the fine education she was getting, however, for a small part of the polishing and fun that she had once hoped to find in an out-of-town college.

It was obvious as the new

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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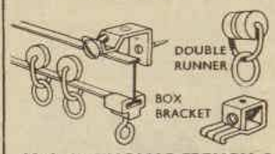

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NEW COLORS IN IRISES

• *Bearded irises have attained a beauty previously unknown through the skilful work of the hybridists who have produced a variety of colors from the sombre "flags" of Victorian days.*

GARDENING

THE new, brilliant colors, peculiarities of form, and subtle perfume have brought irises to stardom from the back row of the garden chorus.

Instead of plain blues, purples, yellows, and white, they come to the gardener now in many shades, and vie with roses, carnations, dahlias, and orchids in popularity.

Irises are easy to grow, hardy, and do well over a wide range of country, from Tasmania to Queensland, as well as thriving in the cooler parts of other States.

Bearded irises can be transplanted from December to April, and need to be given a sunny position in well-drained soil that does not contain manure, unless it has broken down into fine, brown humus.

Fresh manure must not on any account be used. If the plant-food content of the ground is in doubt, work only a light dressing (2oz. to the square yard) of superphosphate into the surface soil and mix in thoroughly.

Soil that was previously manured for annuals or other flowers need be given only a sound dressing of lime to put it right for irises, which are rather partial to a well-worked soil.

The rhizomes should be planted so that the roots below are firmly anchored. Do not cover the fleshy part of the plant below the surface, this must remain on top exposed to the sunlight.

Careful attention should be paid to color effects, the height of varieties, and period of flowering, for irises vary greatly. Some are dwarf, others medium, and many tall in habit.

When buying irises, it should be understood, too, that there are early, mid-season, and late varieties.

Well-worked soil suits these hardy plants

A selection from catalogues which describe their colors and flowering times will enable the gardener to arrange glorious displays that will provide color for most of the season.

There are at least six well-known types, and probably thousands of named varieties of irises.

What is known as amoena, mostly white, with white standards and colored falls (bearded portions); plicata (stitched or dotted margins on white or cream); variegata (yellow standards with falls of brown or purple); variegata blend (falls stained through yellow and contrasting shades); blend (two or more colors); and bicolor (standards and falls of different shades).

A few of the most recent good varieties are: Beacon (clear buttercup-yellow with falls of rich, bronze-red shading to gold); Fireflame (red-and-gold blend); Stateliness (very light blue with gold veining); Surprise (buff, grey, and violet with a touch of mauve); Lake Shannon (a lovely blue with beard shading to orange); Lilac Arbor (lilac tipped with bronze); and Tobacco Road (golden-brown of great size).

Cultivation requires care because the roots and rhizomes of established iris beds are on or near the surface. Hoeing or light raking should be shallow, or serious damage may be done.

Water should be given only if the soil is very dry before and during the flowering season. After flowering, dry conditions suit this plant.

A top-dressing of superphosphate when the flower heads appear will increase the quality and size of the blooms, which rarely last more than a day or two at most, but keep emerging from buds lower down.

Strip dead leaves regularly from the plants, but do not cut them. This improves their appearance.

Leaf spot and soft rot of the rhizomes are possibly the only serious troubles affecting the iris.

Liming the plants in autumn and winter checks leaf spot, but any softening of the rhizomes, which is symptomatic of rot, should be cut away, and the remaining portions dabbed with a weak solution of permanganate of potash.

Bulbs of Dutch irises should be set out from January to April. The blue-and-yellow flowers are highly decorative.

Spanish irises, also bulbous, resemble orchids, and are planted from February to May. They produce their flowers on long, slender stems about 18in. high, usually bearing two to three blooms, which, when cut, last well in water. Most other irises rarely last more than a couple of days.

Japanese irises are unrivalled for size and richness of color. They do best in moist to swampy soil and have fibrous roots that increase in size and vigor every year.

This iris is obtainable in both single and double forms, and the range of color is probably the widest of all. The flowers often measure from six to eight inches across.

CASA MORENA. This beautiful bearded iris has large blooms carried on well-branched stems. Standards and falls (the upright and falling petals) contrast with style arms and beard of golden-yellow.

ABOVE: Sunglo, a beautiful blend, combining the good points of the parent plants, Prairie Sunset and Radiant. The standards are golden-bronze. RIGHT: Winston Churchill. Irises illustrated are from Errey Bros., Camperdown, Victoria.

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Complete the last line of this jingle

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4. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought.
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Think of a last line for the jingle above. When you go to your grocer to buy Mighty Size Rinso, ask for a free leaflet explaining how to enter.

Major prizewinners will be announced by Terry Dear on "Australia's Amateur Hour" on December 15th, 1955.

ENTER TODAY! CONTEST CLOSES NOVEMBER 30th, 1955

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Continuing . . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 66

term got under way that her status at Hunter was changing. Popular girls who had shown no interest in her before were smiling at her, even stopping to chat with her in the corridors. At lunch-time she tended to become the centre of the conversation circle. A couple of scouts from the formidable Helen Johannsen clique became friendly with her.

One day she found herself at lunch with a group that included Helen herself, the sharply clever, beautiful blond senior who was editor of the school paper, leader of the Sing, and exalted general boss of Hunter politics. After lunch Helen took her arm and walked out with her in the sunshine, drawing her on to talk about herself.

Marjorie, dazzled and flattered, talked freely. When she shyly disclosed that she wanted to be an actress, Helen advised her to try out at once for the dramatic society's production of "The Mikado"; there wasn't a doubt in the world, Helen said, that she would get a leading part. Then she startled Marjorie by remarking, "I hear you know my old friend Sandy Goldstone."

"Do you know Sandy?"

With a little curving smile Helen said, "I've modelled a bit at Lamm's, off and on . . . Dear, I'm no competition for you, don't look so alarmed. I'm a little old for Sandy. Anyway, you don't suppose he'd ever be serious about a Christian girl, do you?" She glanced at Marjorie, a good-humored approving inspection. "I believe you'll do all right."

Marjorie, blushing and feeling all legs and arms, said, "I barely know him."

"Sure, dear," Helen said, and they both laughed. Marjorie saw nearby girls, after-lunch strollers like themselves, stare admiringly at the sophomore laughing arm-in-arm with Helen Johannsen.

. . . .

Marjorie accepted the jealous stirrings she felt as a sign that she might be in love with Sandy after all.

She tried out for "The Mikado," and to her astonishment landed the title part without any trouble.

From the day rehearsals began the rest of the world became vague to her. She sat in class with the other badly made-up girls in skirts and sweaters, scribbling in her notebook as always; but it was a kind of reflex between her ears and her hand, by-passing her brain. At the end of many an hour she could not have said whether the lecturer had been droning about fruit, flies, or Anatole France.

Sometimes her pen would slow and stop; her eyes would drift to the grey window, to the autumn gale blowing slant streaks of rain in the glass, to the reflected yellow lights that seemed to hang magically in the air over the purplish street; the tune of "My Object All Sublime" would start running in her mind, and she would fall in a trance of imaginary playacting, adding new comic business to her role.

One evening rehearsals stopped early for costume fitting. The players came up one by one, giggling and squealing, to be measured under a bright light in the centre of the stage, supervised by a fat girl with thick, braided black hair. Marjorie had been wondering for days who this girl was. She had seen her sitting by herself in a back row of the auditorium, coming and going as she pleased at these closed rehearsals, sometimes strolling forward to whisper to the director, Miss Kimble, who always listened carefully.

Miss Kimble in her youth had sung in the chorus of a real Schubert road company of "Blossom Time"; so although she was now just a skittish old maid in baggy tweeds, teaching music at Hunter, Marjorie was inclined to respect anyone she respected.

When Miss Kimble called, "All right, the Mikado next, please," Marjorie came up the steps of the stage to the stout girl with mixed curiosity and shyness.

"Ah, the star herself." The girl's voice was husky and grown-up. She wore a flaring maroon skirt, a blouse of coarse, brown linen with garish embroidery, and a wide, tooled-leather belt spiked with copper ornaments. She said to her assistant, a spindly girl with a tape-measure, "Chest and hips, that's all. We'll have to hire her costume from Brooks."

Miss Kimble said, or rather whined, "Marsha, we're over the budget already——"

"You can fake a lot with cheesecloth and crepe paper, Dora," said the stout girl, "and I'm doing what I can, but you can't fake a Mikado."

"Well, if you're sure you can't——"

"Thanks," Marjorie muttered in the girl's ear.

Marsha turned her back on Miss Kimble, and said in a tone too low even for the spindly girl to hear, "Don't mention it. You are the star, you know, dear." Thereafter she ignored Marjorie.

Next evening she was at the rehearsal again. When it was over she came to Marjorie and made a couple of comments on her performance which were penetrating and useful, more so than any of Miss Kimble's directions. "Let's go out and have a cup of coffee and talk," she said.

As they walked arm-in-arm along Lexington Avenue, bending their heads before the cutting, dank wind which swayed signs and flapped scraps of newspaper by, Marsha suddenly said, "Say, I'm starved. Let's have dinner together. I know a wonderful place——"

"I'm expected home for dinner, I'm sorry——"

"Oh. Of course. Well, then, come and have coffee and watch me eat until you have to go home. Yes?"

They went to an old brownstone house on a side street, and up a flight of stairs to a doorway framed by a huge, grinning gilt dragon-mouth. "Mi Fong's Jade Garden," the sign over the dragon's ears read. They passed through the fanged jaws into a crimson-lit room smelling of incense and strange cookery.

Marjorie was very glad she had not committed herself to eat. She half believed that cats, dogs, and mice were cooked in Chinese restaurants. The pervading odor seemed more or less to confirm the idea. Here and there in the gloom a few diners with odd faces were eating odd-looking things out of oddly shaped dishes.

Near the door one fat woman with a moustache was using chopsticks to lift a morsel of meat out of a tureen from which there protruded a big, horribly white bone.

Marsha sniffed the air. "These places destroy my figure, but I'm mad about them — Hi, Mi Fong. How's your wife? Better?"

"Rittle better, thank you, Missa Masha."

A short Chinaman in a white

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Continuing . . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 68

coat bowed them to a latticed booth lit by red paper lanterns. "Same boot? Quiet, peaceful? Rittle drink first, maybe?"

"I guess so. Marjorie, how about trying a Singapore Sling? Mi Fong makes the best slings in town."

Marjorie faltered, "I don't know if I want a drink. Coffee —"

"It's a bitter night, you've got to warm your bones. Two, Mi Fong — He's a marvellous person," Marsha said as they hung up their coats. "His wife paints beautifully. They live in back. I have a screen she did. Gorgeous, and she practically gave it to me. The food is sublime, I tell you, and it costs next to nothing. If you have forty cents on you, you can have a feast. If you haven't I'll lend it to you —"

"Oh, no, no, thanks, anyway."

With the drinks the Chinaman brought a plate full of fat, brown curved things. Marjorie asked what they were and Marsha exclaimed, "Darling, don't tell me you've never eaten fried shrimps. I'll die."

"I've never eaten any kind of shrimps."

"Bless my soul, haven't you?" Marsha looked at her with a tinge of amusement. "Well—Here's to your glorious debut as the Mikado."

Marjorie raised the tall glass, which looked black in the red light. The Singapore Sling tasted cool, slightly sweet, not at all strong. She smiled and nodded.

"Nectar," said Marsha. "Don't have more than one, though. Once an evil old man who was trying to make me got me to drink three. Wow."

"Did he make you?" said Marjorie, trying to be as devilish as her companion.

"What do you think?" said Marsha with an arch air of being offended. She heaved a sigh. "Ah, well. He wasn't really so old, but he sure was evil. Of course that was his chief charm. I'm still mad about him to tell you the truth." She picked up a plump shrimp and bit it in halves with long, white teeth. Her face lit up, the dark eyes gleaming. "Ah, they say it's a vale of tears, Marjorie, and yet there are such things as fried shrimps. Do have one."

"No, thanks."

"Well, you're missing a bit of heaven on earth. But to business. Do you know how much talent you have?"

"Who, me? I'm not sure I have any." Marjorie took a long pull at the Singapore Sling. It went flickering down into her stomach and out along her nerves, it seemed, like little cool flames.

Marsha ate another shrimp, blinking luxuriously. "Well, modesty is becoming. But you're an actress, dear. And I mean an actress. For you to do anything else with your life will be a crime."

"Ko-ko is ten times as good as I am —"

"My dear, Ko-ko is a piece of wood. They're all sticks, sticks, I tell you, absolute dummies, except you. Of course they should have given Ko-ko to you, but Helen had you down for the Mikado. Poor Helen meant well. She likes you in her fashion. I'm afraid she doesn't know her Gilbert and Sullivan. She thought the Mikado part must be the lead."

"Marsha, Miss Kimble did the casting —"

"Dora Kimble, dear, is only the director. Helen Johannsen is business manager of the show and, what's more, she'll write the review in the paper. If Miss Kimble wants a show next year she's not going to do anything to offend Helen. The dramatic society is Miss Kimble's one reason for living. She's substituted it for having a man. So she jigs to Helen's tune."

It astounded Marjorie to hear that political influence could touch so sacred a process as the casting of a play. "Is that really how I got the part? I can hardly believe it——"

"Dear, listen, in this school Helen Johannsen can do anything." She began to talk about Hunter politics, amazing Marjorie with revelations of the interlocking agreements between the Christian and Jewish sororities, the rigid apportioning of the plums of honor and money.

"Why, it's crooked, it's like Tammany," Marjorie exclaimed.

"Marjorie, really! That's just the way things are, everywhere in the world. School's no different. The girls who do the work are entitled to a little gravy."

"How do you know all this? You make me feel like a blind fool."

"You're just not interested, dear, and I am. I'm ambitious. I tried to buck the system in freshman year. Ran for class president, tried to organise the great unwashed, the non-sorority girls. We outnumber them four to one at Hunter. Only one trouble. It turns out that the unwashed worship the washed. I got one vote to Helen Johannsen's six. Ah, well." She popped a shrimp into her mouth and drank. "There's something so wide-eyed about you. How old are you?"

"I'll be eighteen next month."

"Lawks a'mercy me, a child, and an upper sophomore!

To page 70

Sun and Air Baths

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

Babies benefit from sun and air baths and should have them from an early age.

THEY should be gradually exposed to the sun and air, first feet and hands, then limbs to knees and elbows, and finally the whole body.

On suitable days baby should have his sun or air bath before his morning bath and an air bath before going to bed at night.

After babyhood is past, the child on his feet should be stripped and allowed to run about naked in the sun and shade for a few minutes. In this way you will help him to build up resistance to colds.

On hot days, be sure that the nape of the neck and the top of the spine are protected from the rays of the sun.

When you take small children to the beach, remember that dull, hot days will cause severe sunburn.

Sun and air baths carefully given are most beneficial, but when carried to excess they can be harmful.

This isn't a *real* salad

until it's dressed with SPANISH

olive oil

Using much the same ingredients, there are a thousand different ways of making a salad look attractive and appetising, but there is *only* Spanish olive oil to give it that very special flavour. Dress your salad in style by mixing some good vinegar (or lemon juice if you prefer), plenty of salt and some fresh-ground pepper, adding a pinch of chopped herbs, chives or parsley and perhaps a dusting of sugar with last, but not least, the life and soul of the salad, a generous helping of Spanish olive oil.

The best olive oil comes from SPAIN

To know more about olive oil and how to use it, write to the Spanish Olive Oil Institute, Box 674, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. W18

How to beat Rheumatism

Rheumatism costs Australians millions in hospitalisation and lost wages every year, and so anything you can do to beat Rheumatism is worth while.

Here's an important hint. As soon as you get up in the morning make your bed immediately. Why? Because if you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes, which become damp, and getting into a damp bed is bad for you.

Next, keep warm all the time. If your work is hard, wear woollens or flannels next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills. No matter how hot conditions may be, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially if there is a wind. So pull on your woollens or flannels while you are still warm. Wear socks in bed, if necessary, to keep your feet warm, and remember that the quickest way to get warm in bed is to lie on your back with legs straight so that your spinal column, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth.

Scientists have found that good food is not enough to protect against Rheumatism, for the body must get supplies of the "trace-elements" that are as important as vitamins. Without these "trace-elements" Rheumatism and other ailments appear, which hang on until these "trace-elements" are replaced.

Many treatments have been tried for Rheumatism, but none have been so consistently successful as Dr. Mackenzie's **Mentholds**, which have astounded both observers and sufferers by the results they have achieved in the Rheumatic group of diseases, including fibrositis, sciatica, and many vague cases of ill-health that have been difficult to diagnose accurately.

Mentholds are taken daily to provide the body with these "trace-elements" in tiny dosage. Although **Mentholds** contain no pain-killing drugs like aspirin or salicylates, the relief from pain and improvement in the patient is astonishing. Many people take two or three **Mentholds** every morning, but they can be taken at any convenient time to suit the patient.

Mentholds contain no dangerous drugs, and the cost is only about threepence a day for treatment. Many Rheumatic sufferers who have been taking **Mentholds** for twenty years have been free of Rheumatic trouble ever since they began.

Because these "trace-elements" are not stored in the body, but require replacement daily, it is necessary to keep taking the daily dose that is contained in **Mentholds**, and, as a 7/6 flask of **Mentholds** contains enough for nearly a month's treatment, it is within the reach of everybody to beat Rheumatism.

MII

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ADDRESS .....

Continuing . . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 69

You're a mental prodigy, too. It's too much."

"Prodigy! I barely scrape through every term. It was easy to skip in the Bronx where I grew up, that's all, and I gained a year——"

"You're from the Bronx?"

"Lived there all my life until a year and a half ago. Why?"

Marsha squinted at her, the red light making black lines around her eyes. "Well, dear, you can act. I'd have taken you for a born-and-bred Central Park West babe."

"How old are you, Marsha?"

"Dear, I'm a hag. An ancient, battered, used-up twenty-one."

Marjorie laughed. The drink was taking hold. She was finding Marsha more and more charming, and the Chinese surroundings no longer scared her. "Marsha, will you tell me one thing, and be absolutely honest? It's terribly important to me. What makes you think I have any acting ability? Just from seeing me rehearse a few times——"

Marsha grinned. "Come on, have dinner with me. Call up your folks and tell them you're busy with the show. It's true enough, I have a million things to tell you about your performance."

"Well—look, can you—can you order something for me without pork? I don't eat it."

Marsha smiled. "I can order a whole banquet without pork. Simplicity itself."

Mrs. Morgenstern made no difficulty over the phone, merely asking when Marjorie would be home, and warning her not to work too hard. When she returned to the table Mi Fong was there, ducking his head and smiling. Marsha was saying, "And jasmine tea, of course, and rice cookies, and—oh, yes, remember now, no pork. Absolutely no pork."

The Chinaman giggled, glancing at Marjorie. "No polk. Sure thing. Polk too spensive, sure. No polk, miss. Hokay." He went off laughing.

"Mama say it's all right," Marjorie said, adding with a rueful look after the Chinaman, "she doesn't know I'm in a chop-suey joint."

"You're kosher, aren't you?" said Marsha kindly.

"Well, hardly. My folks are. But pork or shellfish—it's just the idea, it makes no sense——"

"Dear, don't apologise. The power of conditioning is fabulous. Fortunately, I've never had the problem."

"Aren't you Jewish?"

"Well, now, strangely enough, I don't rightly know. My father's a crusading atheist. My mother doesn't know what she is, she grew up in France as an orphan. I guess Hitler would call me a Jew, all right. But Zelenko, if you don't know it, is the name of one of the noblest old Russian families. How our family comes by it my father doesn't know, or won't say. For all I know I'm an illegitimate Russian princess. Isn't that a sobering thought?"

"Marsha, did Gertrude Lawrence really come to dinner at your house?" Marjorie said. The stout girl had casually thrown out this startling fact during their conversation at rehearsal.

"Dear, Gertrude Lawrence has loved my mother for years. But then, everybody does. I don't think there's anybody in the theatre she doesn't know. Not that I pretend they're my buddies or anything, it's just through mama."

Marsha proceeded to tumble out anecdotes about well-known people, all magic names to Marjorie. She knew the funny things Noel Coward did at parties, and where Margaret Sullavan bought her clothes, and which famous actors were conducting affairs, and with whom, and what plays were going to be hits next season, and which producers Marjorie could expect to be assaulted by. She was rattling on in this vein, with Marjorie listening hypnotised, when Mi Fong brought the first course.

As nearly as Marjorie could make out in the crimson gloom, it was a white soup—dirty white. She had an ingrained dislike of white soup. There were things floating in it, some gelatinous, some shredded, some flesh-looking. She glanced at Mi Fong, who grinned, "No polk, missa."

"Fall to, it's ambrosia," said Marsha, plunging her little china spoon into it greedily.

Marjorie took a few spoonfuls, straining the liquid. The taste was very spicy, not bad. But when she found herself chewing what seemed to be a couple of rubber bands, or possibly worms, she pushed away the dish. Then she was ashamed, and afraid she had offended Marsha; but the other girl spooned up her soup obliviously, talking on about the theatre. Marjorie reminded her of Margaret Sullavan, she said.

"Not in technique, of course. You couldn't be more raw or awkward, you haven't an atom of experience and it's perfectly obvious you haven't. I'm talking about star quality, about inner magnetism. You walk on stage, Margie, even in a stale old part like the Mikado, and somehow you're alive, and inside the part, and yet you're projecting a peculiar note, your own. That's it, kid, believe me. Everything else is peripheral, it can be learned, it can be taught, it can be bought. That, you've either got or you haven't. You've got it."

"I hope you're right—" Marjorie broke off because a steaming heap of food appeared under her nose: a great bed of white rice, and piled on it a number of greasy objects, some vegetable, some animal.

"No polk, missa," said the Chinaman. "Assolutely." Marjorie, however, had smelled pork in restaurants and cafeterias very often. This was pork: if there was such an animal as a pig in the world, this was the remains of a pig.

Marsha said, "You'll love it. It's his masterpiece. Moo Yah with almonds." Marjorie nodded and smiled, casting about wildly in her mind for an excuse not to eat it. "They make it with pork in most places," Marsha went on. "Mi Fong makes it with lamb, though." She began shovelling it into her mouth.

"Oh you betcha ram," said Mi Fong, his teeth gleaming redly at Marjorie. "Sure inough ram."

"Isn't that meat sort of white for lamb?" said Marjorie, screwing up her eyes and her nose at the dish.

"Assright, missa. White. Chinese ram, Chinese ram alla time white." He poured the tea, which smelled like boiled perfume, in fragile cups, and went away chuckling.

Not wanting to insult Marsha by seeming to call her a liar, Marjorie made a hearty show of enjoying the dish, whatever it was; she scooped the rice from under the meat and ate that.

Partly to distract Marsha from what she was doing, and partly out of the general stimulation of the Singapore Sling and Marsha's flattery, Marjorie disclosed to her—for the first time to anybody—the stage name she had invented for herself. Marsha stopped eating, staring at her for several seconds. "Mar-jorie Mor-ning-star, eh?" She lingered over the syllables. "That's you, all right. A silver gleam in the pink sky of dawn. It's an inspiration. It's perfect."

"I don't know — doesn't it

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Continuing . . . . Marjorie Morningstar

from page 70

sound awkward, sort of forced?"

"Maybe to you it does. You're used to your own name. I tell you it's perfect." Marsha crammed the last scraps on her plate into her mouth and drank tea. "Some day when that name's up in lights over the Music Box, I'll come backstage and remind you of the time we ate in Mi Fong's, and you told it to me, and I insisted that it was exactly right. And you'll turn to your maid and say, 'Give this person a quarter and show her out'."

They both giggled, and began again on that endless topic, the theatre. Marsha said she was going to be a producer some day after she had made a lot of money in another field. She knew she lacked the talent to be a great designer of costumes or sets. "And I'm not interested in being anything but great, dear." She rejected tolerantly Marjorie's insistence that she was probably a genius. "Wait till you see some of my work. Dull plodding competence, that's all."

"But where are you going to make a pile of money, then, Marsha?"

"That's my secret."

"I've told you mine."

"So you have." Marsha looked at her cannily. "Well, it'll do no harm to tell you, at that. I'm going to be a buyer—a big-time buyer of women's clothes for department stores. There's fortunes in it, fortunes! Mother's a good friend of Edna Farbstein, the head buyer at Macy's. Do you know what Edna's worth? Well, dear, the miserable pauper just has one house in Larchmont, another in Palm Beach, a boat, and two Cadillacs, that's all, and both her sons go to Princeton. All I need is a start — one connection, I'll find one somehow—and I'm off to the races. One thing I can do is pick clothes."

Marjorie could not stop a sceptical smile from flickering across her face. Marsha said sharply, "Look, baby, don't say it. This stuff I wear, well, I'm no millionaire yet, and, anyway, what can you do for a big, fat, black-haired slob? Exotic is the word. If you look this way you've got to lean on it, and pretend that's exactly what you love to look like."

"I think you dress very attractively," Marjorie said. But she remained a shade sceptical, and they drank their tea in silence for a while. Given Marsha's face and figure she thought, she would diet away a lot of weight, cut and thin her hair, underplay the make-up, and dress very severely. That way Marsha might achieve a certain theatrical attractiveness, instead of seeming overblown and frowsy. She was afraid to say so, however.

When they came out into the street Marjorie was surprised at the sweet, clean smell of the misty air. A Manhattan street seldom smelled this good to her, but after Mi Fong's it was almost like a meadow. "Which way do you go, Marsha?"

"Ninety-second Street and Central Park West." Marsha pulled her patchy squirrel coat close about her, looking for a cab.

"What! Why, I live in the El Dorado!"

"Gad, next-door neighbors, how lovely. One cab for both——"

"Cab? The cross-town bus is a block from here."

"This is an occasion." A cab stopped, they got in, and the fat girl snuggled happily into a corner of the seat. "What's the matter with me? Why do I love cabs so? I'm always in hock just from taking cabs. Anyway, tonight I just had to. After all, my first dinner with Marjorie Morningstar—" She offered Marjorie a cardboard box of cigarettes, and lit one with a practised cupping of her hands. The smoke was peculiarly aromatic.

"Marsha, you have no idea how queer that name sounds to me when you say it. I haven't told it to a soul before."

"Not even to Sandy Goldstone?"

Marjorie peered at her through the wreathing smoke. "Sandy Goldstone? What about him?"

"Dear, the price of eminence is that you become a goldfish, better get used to it. Everybody at school knows about you and Lamm's junior."

"Isn't it ridiculous? Marsha, I've just had a few dates with him now and then."

"Well, I hope that's how it is. Don't tie down Marjorie Morningstar at eighteen, kiddo. Not for all the girdles in Lamm's, don't you do it."

"Believe me, nobody's asked me to."

Marsha studied her face. "Well, all right, but don't think it may not happen some day. Lamm's junior is not above you. The question is whether you're not above him."

Marjorie blushed. "The way you go on—"

"Sugar bun, tell me, are mine really the first mortal ears to hear your stage name? I can't believe it."

"It's the truth. Please don't tell it to anyone either, will you. I mean—it's no State secret, I don't want to seem absurd, but—"

"Darling, I'm a tomb, a silent tomb. Well, history has really been made tonight, hasn't it? Do have a cigarette, they're just Turkish, it's like smoking warm air—"

Marjorie took the cigarette and puffed at it awkwardly. It burned her tongue, and she didn't enjoy it, but she smoked it down.

The cab stopped at a brownstone house midway between Central Park West and Columbus Avenue. Marjorie had walked past it dozens of times, never imagining that anybody who lived in such a house could have any connection with her life. The block was lined with them. Most of them were cheap boarding-houses.

"Come on up," Marsha said, "meet my folks. My mother would love to meet you, I know—"

Marjorie glanced at her wrist-watch. "Another time. It's after nine, my mom will be wondering what's happened to me."

The girls clasped hands. Marsha said, "We're having lunch at the drug store tomorrow. I just decided that. Or are we? Is your free hour twelve to one?"

"It is. I'd love to."

Marjorie walked home in something of a daze, not unlike the feeling after first meeting a handsome boy. It took her a long time to fall asleep that night. She tossed and turned, repeating in her mind the things Marsha had said. As she sank into sleep she seemed still to be hearing that energetic, swooping voice talking about the theatre.

To be continued

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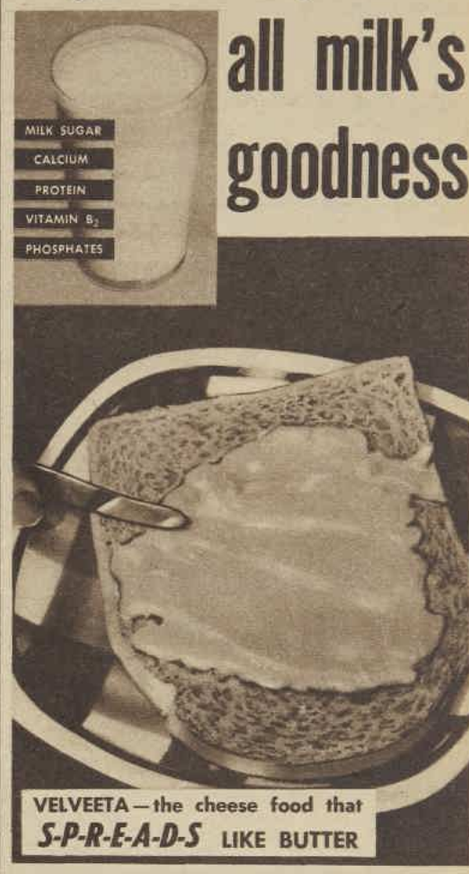

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Christmas Flavor...

• Rich fruit cake and plum pudding studded with threepences are traditional festive-season fare.

FRIENDS and neighbors have a delightful way of calling unexpectedly during the Christmas season to wish you a "Merry Christmas" and to taste the Christmas cake.

Here we give recipes for the traditional cake—dark, rich, and fruity—and for light fruit cakes.

Plum puddings and rich fruit cakes should be made now, and lighter cakes closer to Christmas.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

Half pound butter, ½lb. flour, ½lb. castor sugar, 4 eggs, 2oz. chopped blanched almonds, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 4oz. chopped glace cherries, 3oz. crystallised pineapple, 2oz. dried apricots (soaked 10 minutes in boiling water, then drained and chopped), 4oz. shredded peel, 3 tablespoons sherry, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 2 extra tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter alone until very soft and white. Gradually add sifted flour and continue beating until soft and creamy. Beat the egg-whites stiffly, gradually add egg-yolks one at a time, and beat well. Add sugar a little at a time, and beat until sugar is dissolved. Fold into flour-butter mixture alternately with prepared fruits and nuts; add sherry. Lastly, fold in extra flour sifted with baking-powder and salt, then add the milk. Turn into an 8in. ring-tin lined with 2 layers of stiff brown paper cut 2½in. deeper than the tin. Centre of tin should be lined in the same way. Bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1¾ hours, allow to cool in tin, and stand overnight before covering with almond paste and fondant icing.

ECONOMICAL ALMOND PASTE

Two pounds pure icing-sugar, ¼ cup fine white breadcrumbs, 4oz. ground almonds, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon or more almond essence, 2 tablespoons sherry or orange juice, 2 egg-yolks.

Sift icing-sugar and mix with breadcrumbs and ground almonds. Mix lemon juice, almond essence, sherry or orange juice and egg-yolks. Stir into dry ingredients, mix to a stiff paste. Roll out on board sprinkled with sifted icing-sugar, mould over cake which has been brushed with slightly beaten egg-white. Smooth the surface with the hands dusted with icing-sugar. Stand overnight before applying covering icing. This quantity of almond icing is sufficient to completely cover a ring-cake as illustrated and the top of a smaller-sized cake as well.

FONDANT ICING

Two pounds pure icing-sugar, 2 rounded tablespoons glucose, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, pineapple essence or any desired flavoring, coloring.

Sift icing-sugar and make a well in the centre. Drop in unbeaten egg-whites, melted glucose, lemon juice, and flavoring. Gradually work sifted icing-sugar in from the sides, mixing to a firm mass. Turn on to a board dusted with sifted icing-sugar and knead until sufficient icing-sugar has been absorbed for the mixture to hold its shape. Add coloring a few drops at a time and continue kneading until evenly colored. Roll out with a rolling-pin coated with icing-sugar, lift on to cake, and mould with the hands dusted with icing-sugar. Allow to stand 24 hours before cutting. This quantity is sufficient to completely cover the ring cake illustrated and the top of a smaller cake as well.

by LEILA C. HOWARD
Our Food and Cookery Expert

AMERICAN FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter, 4oz. brown sugar, 3 eggs, 1¼ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, allspice, cloves, nutmeg, and bicarbonate soda, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 tablespoon molasses, ¼ cup sour milk, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. currants, 2oz. blanched almonds, 2oz. walnut pieces, 4oz. shredded peel, ¼ cup maraschino cherries.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly, add egg-yolks. Sift flour, cinnamon, allspice, cloves, nutmeg, and bicarbonate soda three times, and mix ¼ cup of the mixture with the raisins, currants, blanched, shredded almonds, and walnuts. Add balance of dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with sherry, molasses, and sour milk. Fold in fruits, peel, and cherries, and lastly stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place in greased 6in. square or round tin lined with 2 layers brown and 1 layer white paper. Bake in a slow oven about 2¾ hours. This quantity makes a 2¼lb. cake.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE is a pleasant change from the traditional rich fruit cake usually associated with Christmas. It is delicious covered with almond icing and pineapple-flavored fondant. The recipe is given on this page.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING
(Made with butter)

Six ounces butter, ½lb. brown sugar, 5 eggs, 6oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½lb. soft, white breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons brandy, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. raisins, ¼lb. shredded peel, ¼lb. currants, 2oz. almonds or walnuts, 2oz. cherries, trinkets and scrubbed coins as desired.

Cream butter thoroughly with brown sugar. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour, salt, spice, and nutmeg, and add to creamed mixture alternately with breadcrumbs, brandy, fruits, and nuts. Add trinkets or coins. Mix well, allow to stand ½ hour. Boil in floured pudding-cloth or steam in greased basin 5 to 6 hours. Cook 1 hour longer on day of serving.

TO PREVENT MOULD ON FRUIT PUDDINGS

1. Have mixture a firm consistency.
2. Fill basin to within ½in. of edge.
3. Use a basin with a rim so that covering can be tied securely to prevent water entering.
4. Keep water boiling steadily all the time and replenish when necessary with water that is actually boiling.
5. Cook for the required time.

Continued overleaf

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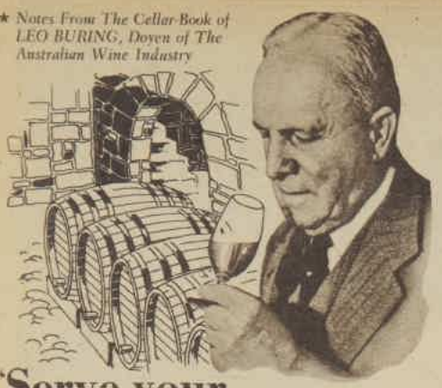
★ Notes From The Cellar-Book of LEO BURING, Doyen of The Australian Wine Industry



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Prize tomato dish

This week's £5 prize goes to a reader who sent an appetising recipe for jellied stuffed tomatoes.

SALADS are first favorite for warm summer days, and our prize recipe this week, jellied stuffed tomatoes, makes a satisfying centre-piece for any salad.

The jellied vegetable mixture is good without the tomatoes. Spoon the mixture into a flat tin. When cold and set, cut into blocks and serve with salad.

All spoon measurements are level.

JELLIED STUFFED TOMATOES

Six medium-sized tomatoes, salt, sugar, 1 cup water, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon cold water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1½ cups diced vegetables (cooked peas, carrots, potatoes, and unpeeled cucumber).

Cut a slice from top of each tomato and remove pulp, being careful not to break skin. Sprinkle insides of tomatoes with salt and sugar and invert on plate to drain. Put the tomato pulp into saucepan with water, finely chopped onion, salt and sugar to taste. Simmer 15 minutes, rub through coarse strainer. Dissolve gelatine in tomato pulp, add vinegar. When beginning to set, add the vegetables and spoon into tomato-cases. Chill until set, serve on a bed of shredded lettuce, or shredded raw cabbage. Serve mayonnaise separately.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Evans, 118 Milson Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

JELLIED STUFFED TOMATOES are good served with lettuce and mayonnaise. You can add any other salad ingredients you wish. See the prizewinning recipe on this page.

TONY'S LUXURY DISH

French Beans Orientale is our luxury recipe this week from Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

"This dish is enjoyed by all and especially by vegetarians," says Tony. "The string beans are at their best when small, but nowadays there are types grown without strings. If the beans are too long to cook whole they can be cut in two."

One and a half pounds small string beans, 5 tablespoons butter, 5 tomatoes (peeled, seeded, and chopped), 1½ tablespoons sugar, 4 shallots (chopped), 1 crushed clove of garlic, a little pepper, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons tomato sauce, 2 cups fresh cream, 3 egg-yolks.

Cook the whole beans (prepared in the usual way) in salted water for about ten minutes. Rinse with cold water and drain. Melt half the butter in a saucepan, add the well-drained beans, and let them saute 3 or 4 minutes. Season with sugar, pepper, and a little more salt if needed. Prepare the Sauce Orientale as follows:

Melt balance of butter in a saucepan, add the chopped shallots, garlic, and tomatoes. When they have cooked until reduced to a third of the original quantity, add tomato sauce, cream, and chopped parsley. Season to taste and thicken with egg-yolks. Put some of the sauce in the bottom of a heat-proof serving-dish. Place the beans in the dish and cover with the rest of the sauce. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese and brown under a griller. Serve very hot.

Family dish

MEAT balls cooked in tomato gravy are this week's family dish, which costs approximately 4/9 and serves four.

AMSTERDAM MEAT BALLS

One and a half pounds minced steak, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 2 dessertspoons chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons oatmeal, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon fat, ½ cup tomato soup or puree, ½ cup stock or water.

Combine minced steak, onion, parsley, oatmeal, beaten egg, sauces, and salt and pepper. Shape into 15 or 16 meat balls with fingers coated with seasoned flour. Brown balls in melted fat, turning to brown evenly. Drain off excess fat, add tomato soup or puree and stock or water. Pressure-cook 10 to 12 minutes or cover and simmer gently 40 to 45 minutes until tender.

Christmas flavor

(Continued from previous page)

ECONOMICAL CHRISTMAS CAKE

Half pound butter, grated rind 1 small orange, ½lb. brown sugar, 5 eggs, 3 tablespoons brandy or sherry, ¾lb. plain flour, ¾ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg, ½lb. raisins, ¾lb. sultanas, ¼lb. shredded peel, ¼lb. currants, 2oz. cherries.

Cream butter, orange rind, and sugar until soft and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add brandy or sherry, then sifted dry ingredients alternately with fruit. Place in tin lined with 2 layers brown paper and 1 layer white paper. Bake in slow oven approximately 3 hours. Allow to cool in tin, then wrap until required for icing.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING
(Made with suet)

Half pound beef suet, 4oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, ½lb. soft, white breadcrumbs, 2oz. ground almonds, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg, ½lb. brown sugar, ½lb. raisins, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. shredded peel, ¼lb. currants, ¼lb. glace or crystallised cherries, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons brandy, 1 tablespoon treacle, trinkets and scrubbed coins as desired.

Prepare suet; remove skin, flake thinly, and chop finely. Rub into sifted flours. Add breadcrumbs, ground almonds, salt, and spices, and mix well. Add brown sugar, chopped raisins, sultanas, peel, currants, and sliced cherries. Mix well, add beaten eggs mixed with brandy and treacle, then trinkets or coins. Turn into greased pudding-basin, filling basin to within ½in. of top. Cover with a double layer of greased paper, then a floured pudding-cloth tied firmly with string under the rim of the basin. Immerse in boiling water, boil 4 hours if in 2 basins, 6 to 8 hours if in 1 basin. If water boils away replenish with fresh boiling water. When cooked remove from water and remove cloth. Dry pudding in very moderate oven, door ajar, for ½ hour. When quite cold rewrap in clean cloth, keep in a dry place.

Kitchen Magic

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Salad Magic . . . so quick, so tasty!

Here's an eye-opening dish that makes 7 melt-in-your-mouth servings.

JELLIED CAMP PIE RING

One can Imperial Camp Pie; 2 cups tomato juice; 1 cup water; 3 dessertspoons (level) gelatine; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; salt and pepper; 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs; salad ingredients.

Break Camp Pie up with a fork, after removing fat and jelly. Heat the water almost to boiling, add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Mix with tomato juice. Pour a little into wetted ring tin, allow to set. Mix remainder with Camp Pie, parsley, salt and pepper to taste. When cold, but not set, fill into ring tin, chill. Unmould, decorate with sliced, hard-boiled egg. Serve, cut into wedges, with salad ingredients.

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Saturday Night Luxury!

Here's a fit-for-a-king meal that's so easy for you—and full of the extra-special deliciousness found only in IMPERIAL Camp Pie!

SAVOURY CAMP PIE

One can Imperial Camp Pie; 1 tablespoon grated onion; 2½ cups cooked rice; ¾ cup cooked peas; salt and pepper; 2 rashers bacon; 1 small can tomato soup; grated cheese.

Remove jelly and fat from Camp Pie, break up with a fork. Mix with onion, rice, peas, salt and pepper to taste, and 1 rasher chopped bacon. Add tomato soup, turn into casserole. Sprinkle remaining rasher of bacon, finely chopped, over top, add a sprinkling of grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven until thoroughly heated and browned lightly on top.

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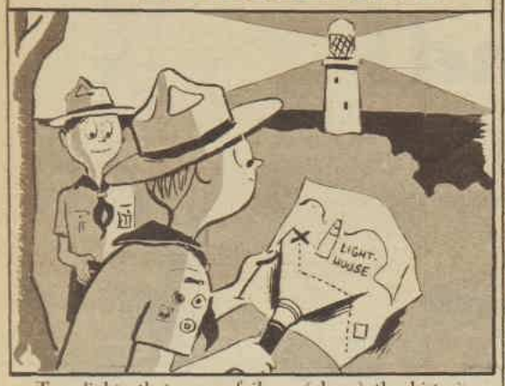

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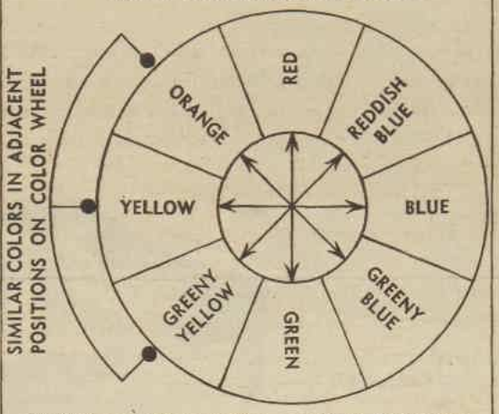
An architect's diary

OPPOSITE ENDS OF EACH ARROW POINT TO CONTRASTING COLORS



SIMPLE color wheel showing contrasting basic colors.

The popularity of strong color in interior decorating makes the selection of color schemes more important than ever.

MRS. LAWRENCE (the name is mine) had elaborate plans for renovating her home.

"There's more to color selection than most people realise," she said to me.

"A number of factors need very careful consideration in a well-designed scheme," I said. "The most important is the aspect of each room."

"You mean whether it's sunny or cold?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"Yes. Colors have definite 'temperature values.' Those with a predominance of red create a feeling of warmth. Blues and greens are cool colors."

"What about the arrangement of the colors for each room?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"Color schemes could be divided roughly into two main types," I said, "one using contrasting colors and the other using similar colors. Similar color schemes create a feeling of restfulness and are good for bedrooms.

"Strongly contrasting schemes are better suited to rooms used for entertainment."

I sketched a color wheel which shows a series of basic colors arranged in a circle.

"Colors selected from opposite sides of this wheel are contrasts. Colors adjacent to each other are similar colors.

"In strongly contrasting schemes, one color should predominate. I suggest that expert advice be sought where strong contrasts are required.

"Although colors may be similar, contrast can be introduced by using contrasting shades of the one color.

"For instance, light green may predominate over a darker shade of green. A very small area of contrasting color such as red or yellow in cushions, curtains, or pictures is necessary to avoid monotony."

Bell McMunsey

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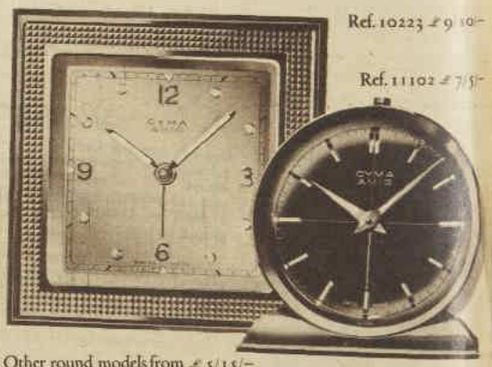

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Fashion PATTERNS

F3908.—Small girls' sundress and matching jacket. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2 to 2¾yds. 36in. material and ½yd. to ¾yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3903.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make empire-line dress. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F3905.—Softly styled torso dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F3906.—Sleeveless slender-line coat-dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3904.—Smart, short-cut beach coat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F3907.—Pretty afternoon dress styled with a long-torso bodice-top and a gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 3yds. bias binding. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 121—SMALL GIRLS' SUNDRESS

Prettily styled dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a floral printed cotton. The color choice includes blue, pink, and lemon flowers all printed on a pastel ground. Sizes: Lengths 18in. for 2 years 13/6, 20in. for 4 years 14/3, 23in. for 6 years 14/11. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 122—SMALL GIRLS' ONE-PIECE DRESS AND MATCHING HAT

Cool summer twosome for the junior miss is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is printed percale, the color choice includes blue and white, pink and white, and lemon and white. Sizes: Lengths 20in. for 4 years 31/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra, 23in. for 6 years 32/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra, 28in. for 8 years 32/9, postage and registration 1/9 extra, 34in. for 10 years 33/3, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 123—LUNCHEON SET

The set, with serviettes to match, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen. Sizes: Centre mat 11 x 17in., plate mat 11 x 15in., serviettes 11 x 11in. Price: Five-piece set including 1 centre mat and 4 plate mats 17/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra. Seven-piece set including 1 centre mat and 6 plate mats 21/6, postage and registration 1/9 extra. Serviettes 1/11 each, postage 3d. extra.

No. 124—TENNIS FROCK

Smart sleeveless torso-line tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 28/6, postage and registration 2/3 extra. 36 and 38in. bust 29/6, postage and registration 2/3 extra.

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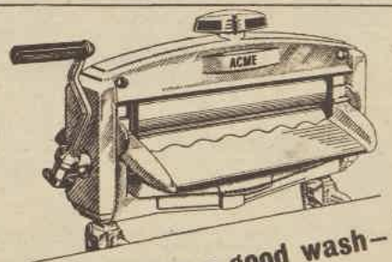

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